# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 192. No. 46. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

An Illust[illegible] Weekly
Founded A° D[illegible] Benj. Franklin

MAY 15, 1920

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Beginning: **The Man From Ashaluna**—By Henry Payson Dowst

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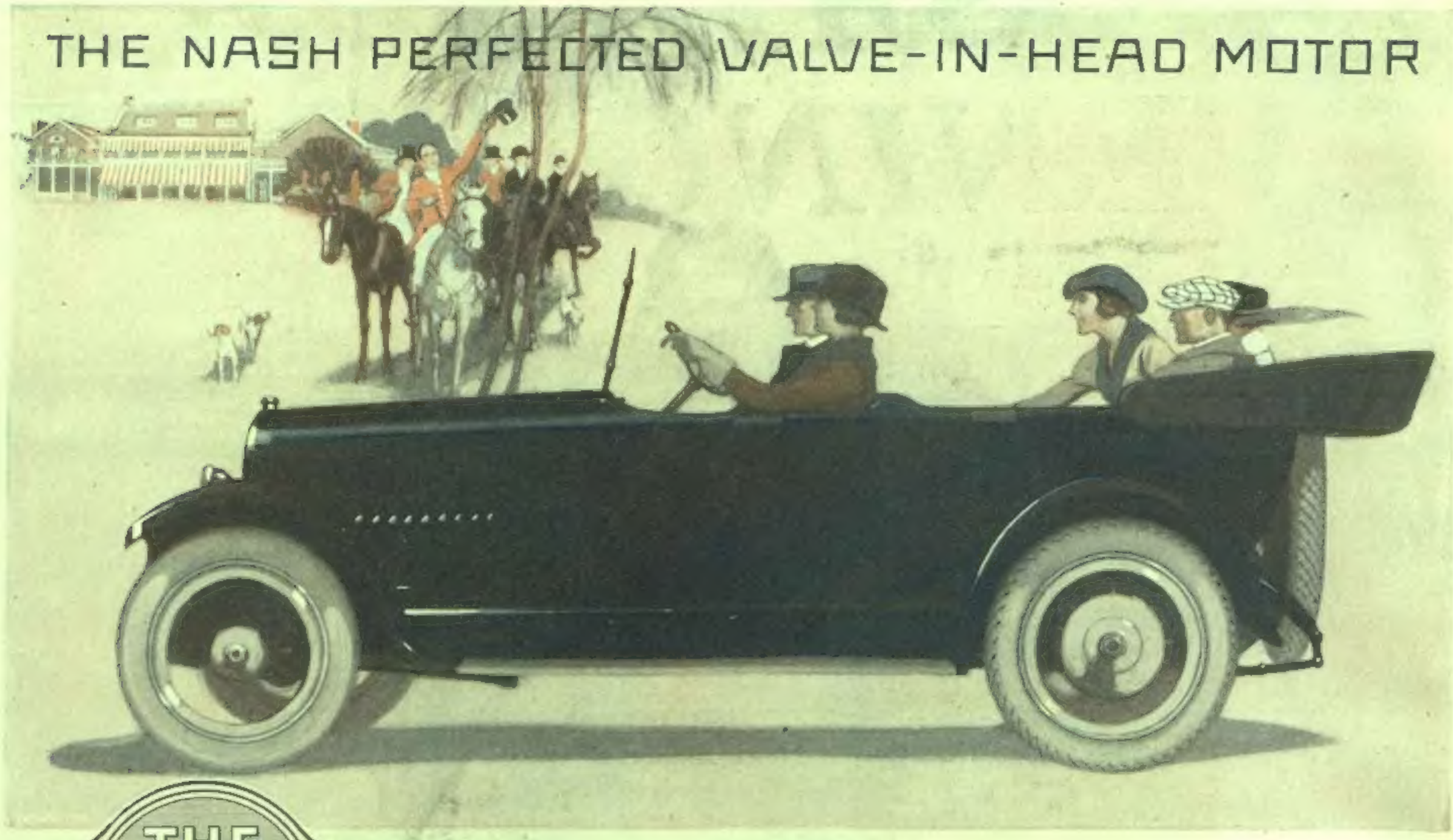

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 192 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, MAY 15, 1920 — $2.50 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 46

# THE MAN FROM ASHALUNA

## By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

BACK from the shell-plowed fields of France, back to the welcome isolation of the Ashaluna, with its scattered rocky farms, its craggy gnarled hillsides, its countless acres of swamp and woodland, came Judson Dunlap, tired of war. Almost savagely he stripped off the wrinkled and somewhat shapeless olive-drab blouse and slammed it into a corner, its buttons rattling against the kitchen wall.

"And I ain't never goin' to wear you again," he declared—"that is, unless—well, I suppose if them Heinies got fresh I'd sorter feel's if I'd hafter take another crack at 'em."

"I must say you're lookin' real good," said Jud's mother admiringly. She was a small, plump woman, apple-cheeked, with a pair of snapping black eyes in which just at this moment appeared a suspicion of moisture. "My sakes, Juddy, ain't I glad to see you back?"

"Not a mite gladder'n I be to git back. How's the hens doin'? Got plenty fresh meat? Guess I'll hafter go out and git us a deer right away. Nice yearlin' buck would go good, I cal'late. No more canned willy for J. Dunlap. Say, ma, how 'bout a batch o' hot biscuit and some o' them damson preserves o' yourn?"

It was true, as Mrs. Judson said, that her son looked real good. An inch or more over six feet, well proportioned, hard as a rock, with shoulders squared by a million hours of drill more or less and just a trace of that swaggering carriage which tells the world what the American fighting man thinks of it, Jud Dunlap surely caused the human eye no inconvenience. Out of a sun and wind tanned face his eyes of crystal blue looked at all comers with a challenging directness and the firm set of his jaw lent those eyes convincing indorsement. Still he did not impress one as imperious, even aggressive. There was too much laughter about the corners of his mouth, too much sensitive fullness to the modeling of lip and chin, too much sympathy in the blue glance, for that.

"What's these stripes on your sleeve, Juddy?" queried Mrs. Dunlap, picking up the discarded blouse and smoothing it appreciatively. "Them's your ep'lets or somethin' that says you're a sergeant, I s'pose."

"Chevrons, ma; and the little gold ones is service stripes."

"You had to boss lots o' men, didn't ye? Did they mind all right?"

"Oh, I dunno. I don't cal'late you'd call it bossin'. All anyone had to do was say 'Let's go,' an' they was only too anxious. I never had to bully no one any more'n anyone had to me. Say, guess I'd ought to do a little K. P., hadn't I?"

"I'm sure I haven't the ghost of an idee what you mean."

"Kitchen police, ma." Jud grinned.

"Don't know what I sh'd want o' police in my kitchen. You ain't goin' to arrest no one, be you?"

"Means peelin' spuds an' onions, luggin' water and buildin' fires an' all such chores. We all took our turn at it when we was privates. Helpin' the cook. Everyone hated the job and stole all the grub he could to make up for it. Say, ma, you stir up the biscuit and I'll tend to the murphies."

For a few moments he went and stood at the side door looking out across the narrow vale at the wooded slope beyond the river. The air was cold with the heavy gray chill which precedes a snowfall. One could almost smell the snow. The ground was frozen, but down in the valley bottom the Ashaluna ran clattering over the stones and the sound of the rips in the sluice came dully to the young man's ears.

*There Wasn't Another Man in the Ashaluna Who Could Have Done What Jud Dunlap Did That Night*

"Glad I got home before snow come," he said, turning back into the kitchen. "I hated to think of you goin' through another winter all by yourself. This is a good place, but all-fired lonesome. Say, where's the potatoes?"

So began winter in the Ashaluna.

And Polly Dunlap was happy, with her big soldier back from the wars and the potatoes and onions in the cellar, the cow mooing contentedly in the tie-up, the hens scratching all day in the dry oat straw on the poultry-house floor, plenty of fresh-killed pork hanging frozen from the woodshed rafters and more put down in brine. There were a new barrel of flour, and beans clean-winnowed in a big bag, baking-powder tins ranged in rows on the pantry shelf, raisins, spices, a huge can of maple sirup, a two-gallon jug of molasses ——

"Oh, boy," remarked Jud with enthusiasm, "we're goin' to live high, ain't we, ma?"

His eyes shone as he inspected and appraised so much providently laid-in foodstuff.

"Seems's if I don't want to do much of anything but lay round and eat."

"You lay round and eat's much as you want to, Juddy boy. That's what it's for. My lands, I guess I worked hard enough! All summer and fall I says to myself this war ain't a-goin' to last into the winter. Don't know why I thought so, but I knowed. Couldn't git hardly no help, but what's the difference? Outdoor work's good for women same as men."

"You'd think so if you went to France, I guess. Women does all the outdoor work there. Well, you won't have to lug water and wood nor do heavy chores after this. I'm goin' to settle down home for the rest of my life right here in Ashaluna and farm and build churns and ——"

The young man hesitated, while his mother noted an odd half-flushing embarrassment in his manner.

"Now, Jud Dunlap, don't you go tellin' me you got some girl on the string. You hain't cal'latin' to git married, be you?"

"Shucks, ma. Not me."

"Well, then, what you actin' so sheepish about? What you goin' to do besides farm and make churns?"

"Paint."

"Paint what? Buildin's? Fences? My land, that's nothin' to be ashamed of! Goodness knows they need it bad enough."

"Pictures."

"What kind of pictures? Letty Hands, down to Ashaluna village, painted some right nice roses in a vase that she had on exhibition at the county fair—well, no, she didn't neither. What am I thinkin' of? She worked 'em on a piece of burlap with colored yarns. Anyhow, they looked as if they was painted, and she got a prize. You wasn't cal'latin' to paint no roses, was you? Seems sort of—well, Miss Nancyfied to me, for a big overgrowed man."

"Jest what I s'posed you'd think, ma. That's why I was kind of bashful about tellin' you. But when I was to Paris I seen some real paintin's—what they call she doovers, and oh, boy! Warn't nothin' Miss Nancyfied about them, lemme tell you. I stopped into a store in New York on my way home and bought me a kit o' paintin' tools and books of directions and such and I'm goin' to spend some of my evenin's at it; an' anyone that thinks it's healthy to make me out a Miss Nancy'll durn soon find out—oh, shucks, ma, course I don't mean you!"

There was something pathetically challenging in Jud's attitude. He intended to defy public opinion as impersonated by his mother and place himself in a class with Miss Letty Hands, who worked roses in colored yarns on burlap. Rembrandt and Michelangelo and others had doubtless faced a problem similar to Jud's. You can't please everyone, so you might as well please yourself, especially if you have the advantage of six feet two inches of exceedingly well-coördinated bone and muscle to back you up.

"Oh, gracious sakes alive, child, who's to hender you?" cried Mrs. Dunlap. "You do's you like. I wasn't criticizin' you—and I thought Letty's roses was real handsome. I don't suppose you'll do anywheres near so good until you've practiced quite some."

*"There Was a Fire and a Man—and He Made Me Drink Something Terribly Bitter—and Gave Me Food"*

There really was very little in Ashaluna to keep Jud Dunlap busy that winter unless he devised extra tasks for hand and brain. The problems of living were not complex. Occasionally he took his rifle and trekked off into the forest for a day, so that he and his mother were never at a loss for fresh meat. The milking, the bringing of wood and water, the feeding of stock—these and sundry other chores were easily and quickly done.

Down by the river in a small building of plank and logs young Dunlap spent much of his time fabricating the Dunlap Patent Reciprocal Churn. I cannot tell you the hows and whys of the Dunlap churn. It is possible only to say that it worked. Jud had invented it a year or so before the war, taking an old hand churn of his mother's and metamorphosing it into what she called a contraption. It was of wood, tub-shaped and firmly hooped, geared in a supporting frame in which it was actuated by a mechanism which imparted to it an oscillating motion very effectual in making butter. It required a minimum of physical effort; it was easy to keep clean; it was in fact an ornament in the well-regulated—hold on, ask any dairyman!

Jud had fitted up his little shop with the crude equipment required to make a few churns for the farm folk of the Ashaluna neighborhood and beyond. Power he took from the river flowing swiftly past his door. A hinged framework supported a paddle wheel which could be let down with a rope and pulley into the flood, and a simple system of belts transmitted sufficient energy to a lathe and a small circular saw in the shop. Much of the work was done with draw shave and plane. Metal parts he obtained from a hardware concern in the city.

It took Jud a couple of weeks or more to produce one churn, according to the amount of time he allotted to the job. There was no need to hurry. He was as yet unbitten by the germ of a great industrial ambition. Wealth he already possessed in the shape of physical well-being, the luxuries of unlimited country air, the freedom of that tremendous world of mountain, lake, swamp, river and forest. The woods and hills were always calling him. He had been born there and he belonged to them. Their moods were his moods.

His comrades of the A. E. F., undergoing that eternity of mud and weariness, the endless clamor of the guns, the intolerable harassments of barrage and attack, the intermittent periods of sodden rest in billets—these talked of home, home, home, each as he understood the term. And most often the thing they desired was a thing of many houses, of netted streets and throngs of people, faces by the thousand upturned to the dazzlement of lights, theaters, food, drinks and girls—always girls.

"Aw, baby, y'oughter see my Jane. Some little queen, I'll say!"

Jud wasn't that way. He wanted open country, space, the big dependable hills whose strong shoulders upheld the clouds as Atlas upheld—but Jud wasn't much acquainted with Atlas as a personality. He thought it was some sort of book full of maps.

He'd never had much truck with girls. They were all right, of course, if you liked 'em. He supposed a world without women would be quite impossible, but there were so many men who did care for women that one who didn't wouldn't be missed. Come to think of it, judging by the way a lot of the boys had talked, there were plenty of men ready and willing to do more than their share in that direction, quite relieving Jud of any responsibility in the matter. It more than evened things up.

But the hills and the lakes and the great woods—there was something worth while. They challenged him. They were always defying him to come and play the game with them. They beckoned him with wheedling soft winds, with dimpled smiles of blue water, with the allurement of cool, mysterious shadows and a thousand perfumes.

"I guess the's only one girl in all this world fer me," said Jud, "and that's Nature. Keeps a feller steppin', too, same's any other female."

Thus it will be observed that Jud was a poet, keenly responsive to the caprices of a jealous mistress. For she was not always complacent. If in autumn she appeared, scarlet-lipped, and painted, bedizened with a thousand fripperies of color, she soon became sullen, scowling, sulking under dull skies. She grumbled and scolded, uttering threats. Jud, irrepressible, laughed at her and bade her be about her business.

Thereupon she would become enraged and start throwing furniture. She became a fishwife, a harridan, shrieking high oaths and charging down the Ashaluna through the rocky gateway that was the sluice above Jud's tiny shop, beating fiercely upon his door and defying him to come out and feel the weight of her wrath. And as likely as not the man would accept the challenge. Storms of wind, rain, sleet or snow daunted him not at all. He was as likely to start out in the night as in the daytime.

"Seems's if Juddy's possessed to be a-trompin' round when other folks'd a heap sight ruther stick close to the stove," commented his mother. This was not by way of complaint, for Judson Dunlap was in her eyes all that was perfect. "I sometimes wonder he ever come home from the war after seein' so much o' the world. I snum, I don't see what the' is round here to interest a boy. I'm thankful, though, to have him back with all his arms and laigs. And I hain't told you 'bout that there croy de gear them French folks give 'im."

Jud, down by the river, scraping and fitting together the staves of his churns, sniffing the spice of new-cut wood, breathing the impalpable fragrant dust that filled the air when his buzz saw sang its one snarling note, told himself he was happy. The little power lathe had its song, too, a kind of strident hum rising and falling as the gouge bit into the spinning wood. It was a pretty good life.

Jud looked off through his small upstream window to where the tall hills, now snow-covered, stood guard over the Ashaluna. There they were, solemn, white-clad watchmen, steadfast, silent, drowsy, yet never asleep.

"Oh, gol-darn it!" suddenly snapped Jud. "I'd like to know what's got into me. I'm so kind of fidgety."

He thrust aside the implements of his churn building, opened a rough cupboard and dragged out a rather nicely made easel, which he set up in the middle of the floor. Also he produced brushes, tubes of color, a piece of broken window glass for a pallet, and a canvas stretched on a frame.

"That's sure a turrible-looking thing," he commented, regarding the result of some previous day's artistic striving. "Off she comes!"

He fell to with pallet knife and scraped most of the offending composition from the canvas. He opined the work was rotten, and truth compels the admission that he was absolutely right.

Presently he was again building where he had destroyed. Strange and terrible shapes began to appear under Jud's weaving brush. Colors that shamed the spectrum and disgraced the rainbow quarreled and rioted before his eyes. Yet as he worked he sang:

*"How you gonna keeppum,*
*Dah nah nah fahm,*
*Ahfter they've see Pair Ree ——"*

But Jud didn't mean what you mean. He was thinking of those things he had seen during a few brief days in the French capital, when with his buddies he had visited the Loover. They had all agreed that the Venus de Milo sure was some Jane, and the inscrutable smile of Mona Lisa gave them the willies. But Jud's impressions had gone deeper. He realized, as he had told Mrs. Dunlap, that he was seeing real paintin'—what they call she doovers.

And now since he had come back home the feel of the big outdoors had taken possession of him. He wanted to express it. It was easy enough to take his rifle and a handful of cartridges, a pinch of tea and a pocketful of bread, and go out into the deep woods and live what he felt. But that didn't satisfy him. He wanted to put it on canvas, on paper, so that other people would see it the way he felt it. And gol-darn it, he couldn't!

II

"I DECLARE I never see such a boy," protested Mrs. Dunlap. "Here it is comin' on to snow like all git-out, and you startin' off as if it was a June mornin'!"

"Aw, let 'er snow!" returned Jud impatiently. "I've stuck round here till I'm plum' bored to death. I need action. If she snows and blows like tunket, all the better. I ain't had a good wrastle with the old gal for quite a spell."

"What old gal?"

Jud laughed.

"Oh, that's jest a way o' speakin', I guess. Don't you worry. I can take good care o' myself."

"Like to know what you got to live on. You're more'n liable to git snowed up some place for a week. I sh'd think you'd be 'fraid you'd starve t'death."

"Haw! I've lived three-four days on a dum sight less'n I got in my pocket now. Didn't I never tell you 'bout that time our communications was cut an' we stood off about a million Heinies for most a week?"

"No, you didn't!" snapped Mrs. Dunlap. "All them experiences you went through in France don't seem to do me no good. You're so much like your father. Land sakes, you never got no information out of him unless you used a corkscrew, specially if it was about himself. Close-mouthed ain't no name fer a Dunlap; sp'inxes'd be better."

"Well, ma, when I git back this time I'll tell ye a whole lot. Always felt's if my affairs wasn't interestin' to other folks, specially if it'd sound like braggin'. Goo'-by. Expect me home when ye see me—and don't go to worryin'."

"Worry? Me worry about you? Good lands, I ain't got time to worry! Besides, I wouldn't give ye the satisfaction, ye big good-for-nothin' lunk!"

She patted her son affectionately on the sleeve and sneaked one last doughnut into the side pocket of his coat.

"Go 'long with ye!"

The woman stood on the stone doorstep and watched her big son as he neared the opening where the tote road penetrated the thick woods. He made good progress, for the snow was hard packed and his snowshoes but lightly scarred the frozen surface. What a boy! Spunky too! Well, he didn't git it all from the Dunlaps. No sir-ree, a woman that'd b'en through what she had in the last coupla years, runnin' a farm and winterin' all by herself with the snow up to the eaves sometimes, she guessed that took some grit.

Back in the house she stole a sly look at her mirror. She did declare now, she didn't look one day over forty. Guess the' wasn't many women her age with good fresh color like that and no more wrinkles'n what she had. Well, not in the Ashaluna, the' wasn't.

She grinned cheerfully at herself. No wonder Jud was independent and not scared of nothin'. She'd always be'n that way herself.

She went now about her household matters, singing softly. It was lots better havin' Juddy trampin' in the big clean woods than up to his knees in them filthy trenches.

By midafternoon Judson had put six or seven miles between himself and the Dunlap farm. He was feeling great. Already he had walked off much of that restless, uneasy fidget which he called a kind of a mean feelin'. The calm of the big woods was now his.

He followed no single defined trail. Occasionally he picked up an abandoned tote road, which he followed as long as it suited him. Then he abruptly turned off and plunged into the thick woods. He climbed long, undulating slopes, where the growth was mostly hardwood and afforded open traveling. Again, he descended into the low ground, threading his way through tangles of thick growth or close-growing cedars in frozen swamps, grooved by the feet of many deer.

He heard the scolding of harsh-voiced jays, the chattering of venturesome squirrels looking among the nude limbs of beech trees for left-over nuts. He heard other forest noises, the endless dull crooning of the wind in the trees, the odd mournful grunt of trunk rubbing upon trunk where the weight of snow and ice had toppled some weak-rooted tree into the arms of a neighbor.

He saw innumerable signs of forest life, the tracks of partridges, of small animals and large, great platter-shaped prints of moose, dainty, stabbing hoof marks of deer, traces of long-heeled rabbits, measured tread of foxes, bird trails as delicate as the lacings of young leaves.

He noted, too, the chewed tips of cedars where the deer had browsed, the white twig ends stripped of tender bark and deep-bitten scars of sharp rodent teeth on many a tree trunk. Once he came upon a tall stump from which far above his head the bark had been torn in flakes, while parallel scratches in the wood told him a bear had reared itself and stretched up heavy paws to sharpen its toenails. But this had been weeks before, for the snow lay thick and undisturbed at the base of the stump, and Bruin no doubt slept soundly in some mountain-side cave miles away.

Judson began to think about preparations for a night in the woods. It was beginning to snow, only a few flakes as yet, but promising more. Twilight was gray among the trees and fast blending into one great blanketing shadow.

"Huh! I come pretty snug to it!"

"It" was a tall wall-sided rock which suddenly loomed ahead. Jud kicked the snow away from a little semi-circular area at its base. Then he cut an armful of boughs and dropped them on the ground, after which he kindled a tiny fire about four feet from the face of the rock.

Not four rods away from this bivouac Jud Dunlap found the frozen carcass of a small deer hung heels up from a bent-over sapling. This deer he had killed some weeks before and left hanging against just such a need as that of the present. Now he took what he required of the meat, though it was so hard he had some difficulty in cutting it. Nevertheless the chunk he obtained soon thawed out and broiled juicily before the fire, and the small tin bucket with melted snow boiled cheerily to make his tea.

The snow was sifting down in clouds, but Jud didn't care. He stacked enough quickly gathered brush against the cliff face to form an effectual shelter, which the heaping snow only

*(Continued on Page 166)*

*It Was a Picture of the Soul of Judson Dunlap, a Soul Strong, Independent, Hopeful*

# THE SOLDIER AND HIS BONUS

## By R. C. Leffingwell

*Assistant Secretary of the Treasury*

THE proposals urged upon Congress to pay ex-service men and women $2,000,000,000, more or less, by way of bonus, or—less frankly—adjusted compensation, are of profound interest. That huge sum of money is not in the Treasury and available for distribution. It would have to be raised by a great bond issue or by additional taxation. It is not within the province of the Treasury to say whether such a distribution of money to those who were called to the colors in the World War is justifiable or unjustifiable. That is within the jurisdiction of Congress. The Treasury's problem is to discover how that much money could be raised if Congress should appropriate it and what the general effect would be on the people at large, on business and on government finances if $2,000,000,000 or thereabout had to be withdrawn from the earnings of 110,000,000 people and paid to 4,500,000.

There are some seventy-five bills pending in Congress proposing beneficial legislation for ex-soldiers and service men. Five organizations of ex-soldiers have made definite, concrete demands upon Congress. The Treasury was called upon by the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, which is considering these proposals, to indicate its view of the financial and economic aspects of the matter. It seems worth while to say it again as clearly and simply as possible.

First let me review as succinctly as possible the specific requests that the organizations of ex-service men have made directly to Congress.

### *Mr. Hale's Testimony*

MR. EDWARD R. HALE, chairman of the subcommittee of the legislative committee of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, appeared before the Ways and Means Committee on March third. He described himself as a married man, an accountant by profession, who volunteered for the Army in May, 1917, and was enlisted as an army field clerk. He is now employed by the association of veterans for whom he appeared before Congress. He told the committee:

"The Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States are concerned with only two measures. We advocate the passage of legislation that will afford partial remuneration to the ex-service men and women who sustained material monetary losses due to their service in the military and naval forces of the United States. . . . It is our thought that if Congress will enact a law granting thirty dollars per month for each month or fractional part of a month served by the ex-service men and women, it will be accepted by them as an expression of the country's appreciation and will at the same time not strain the nation's resources.

"In reaching this conclusion the Veterans of Foreign Wars have endeavored to establish a figure which will equitably represent the average monthly earnings which each ex-service man and woman should have been able to effect if they had been permitted to continue in civil life. The Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States . . . suggest that the necessary revenue be obtained by the imposition of the graduated tax, beginning with two per cent on incomes in excess of $50,000 and reaching a maximum of seven per cent on incomes in excess of $1,000,000 per annum. This, roughly, based on the information obtained from the Internal Revenue Office, would yield approximately $200,000,000 per annum. The interest on $2,000,000,000 of bonds at 4.75 per cent would amount to $85,000,000 per annum, and the residue, after the payment of interest, of approximately $115,000,000 should be set aside by the Secretary of the Treasury as a sinking fund for the retirement of these bonds, the bonds to be for twenty years, but redeemable in ten, at the option of the Government.

"Secondarily, the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States are interested in some plan that will enable the ex-service people to become property owners, not at the expense but with the assistance of the Government. Various measures have been proposed, so-called land-settlement bills. The national legislative committee of the Veterans of Foreign Wars has carefully scrutinized these various bills, and the one sponsored by Representative Dick Morgan, designated H. R. 5544, appeals more strongly to its support.

"With slight modifications this bill would be acceptable to the Veterans of Foreign Wars, but it should be so modified as to permit the purchase of a home or a farm commensurate with the applicant's station in life, and provide that the Government, after proper and competent appraisal, will advance not to exceed $4000 on first mortgage, the balance of the purchase price to be evidenced by second mortgage, if necessary, running to the original owner of the property."

The Morgan Bill proposes to create a government corporation to be known as the Soldiers' and Seamen's Home Founding Corporation. The capital stock of the corporation is to be $100,000,000, all of which is to be subscribed by the United States of America. The soldiers and seamen are to be provided with homes through a system of loans made by the corporation.

Every honorably discharged soldier, seaman and marine would be entitled under this bill to a loan of not more than $4000 with which to purchase a farm homestead or home in town or city. Short-term loans not exceeding $1200 are also proposed to enable the purchasers of farm homesteads to provide themselves with proper livestock and farm equipment.

Questioned by the committee, Mr. Hale made it plain that he did not consider the bonus plan and the Morgan Bill as alternatives. He suggested that the ex-soldier be allowed to enjoy the privilege of both—that is, a bonus of thirty dollars a month for his service, plus $100 if he served abroad, in addition to assistance in buying a home or farm under the provisions of the Morgan Bill. Mr. Hale declared that the organization he represented had a membership to date conservatively stated at somewhere between 500,000 and 750,000 bona fide members, restricted exclusively to men who have seen service in foreign waters or in foreign climes.

Following Mr. Hale, Mr. J. M. Halper, representing the World War Veterans, Inc., and claiming a membership of 500,000, urged that Congress appropriate for each service man one dollar for each day he spent in the service, with a minimum of $180. He originally proposed to raise the money by taxing incomes of more than $25,000 on a graduated scale up to incomes of $1,000,000, but stated that the plan had been given up in favor of a plan for a consumption tax on sales.

### *Other Plans Proposed*

MR. MARVIN GATES SPERRY, national president of the Private Soldiers' and Sailors' Legion, advocated before the committee the passage of either the Sherwood Bill, providing a lump sum of $500 to each ex-service man, to be provided by a graduated surtax on all incomes of more than $10,000 a year, or the Mott Bill, providing a lump sum of $300, to be provided by a consumption tax. Either bill, he stated, would be satisfactory to his organization—the Mott Bill, however, to be amended so as to provide for a $500 lump sum. "The men want not bonds but cash," he told the committee.

Mr. S. Lovenvein, representing the World War Veterans, Inc., and the Rank and File Veterans' Association, Inc., told the committee: "We favor a bonus of one dollar for each day in service, with minimum of $180, this to be paid to officers and men alike, all bonuses to be paid from funds derived from taxation of all incomes in excess of $25,000 annually."

As the result of questions by the committee it appeared that Mr. Lovenvein is urging that after the passage of the bonus bill there be a vocational education bill passed, and after that a land bill, all of which the ex-service men might avail themselves of.

The American Legion presented to the committee a fourfold alternative plan embodying the following optional benefits:

1. Land projects—to be located by the Government in all states of the Union where proper land is available.
2. Home aid—designed to assist ex-service persons in acquiring homes in city and country.
3. Vocational training—to be given without charge to all ex-service persons desiring it.
4. Adjusted compensation—in the event ex-service persons do not exercise the option to secure participation in land projects, home aid or vocational training, then they are to receive adjusted compensation, or extra back pay, based upon length of service.

Ex-service persons to have the option to take one, and not more than one, of the four plans.

It was brought out before the Ways and Means Committee that if any of these bonus plans is taken full advantage of by the more than four million men who would be eligible to their benefits it would involve an expenditure on the part of the Government of $2,000,000,000 or more. Let us see what the effect of this would be.

Secretary Houston, of the Treasury Department, said to the Ways and Means Committee:

"The proposal to expend a sum ranging from $1,000,000,000 to $2,000,000,000 is a very serious one for the people of the nation at this time, and the proposal to meet such an expenditure by the sale of bonds presents or suggests very grave possibilities.

"I am not alarmed as to the conditions of the nation's finances at present. I do not think that the situation is critical. I believe that with economy on the part of individuals throughout the nation, with the avoidance of waste and extravagant living, with economy on the part of Congress in making appropriations and prudence in handling our financial problems, this nation, in spite of disturbed European conditions and their effects here, can proceed in an orderly fashion. I think, however, that to float bonds in the amount of $2,000,000,000 or to meet such an additional expenditure out of taxes will present very grave problems and might bring disaster."

*Disabled Fighters Waiting to Present Their Claims to the Federal Board of Vocational Education*

### *Grave Questions Raised*

"I DO not know how we could float bonds for $2,000,000,000 at rates of interest borne by the existing bonds, and I do not know just what would happen if we undertook to float bonds for $2,000,000,000 at a higher rate of interest. I assume that there would be very great difficulty in floating bonds at existing rates of interest. I do not know that we could sell $2,000,000,000 worth of bonds, even at a higher rate of interest. I am confident that if such volume of bonds were floated it would depress the value of the obligations of the Government now held by 20,000,000 or 30,000,000 of our citizens; to what point, of course, I cannot say. I think that it would lead to a further credit expansion, which has been one of the factors in the upward movement of prices. It would therefore add to the cost of living of the 110,000,000 people of the nation; and one of the many results of this would be that laborers would say, 'The cost of living is rising and we must have more wages.' The vicious price-and-wage circles would persist and extend.

"We are prudently doing what we can to bring about something like a gradual return toward a stable condition of industry and finance. I am not prepared to say that we shall ever reach the prewar normal, but I imagine everybody wishes the country to return to a stable condition. We are having difficulty enough at present in effecting this result.

"A proposal to float bonds as suggested would, in my judgment, not only counteract any effort in that direction but would produce a very grave situation, which I am not sure we could handle.

"If the Congress deems it wise to extend aid to the soldiers, the less harmful way of meeting the expenditures would be by increasing taxes. Taxes in themselves tend toward economy if they are properly laid, because they take so much out of the control of individuals for the time being, and they would not cause further credit expansion.

"But existing taxes are burdensome and in some cases very disturbing to industry. Instead of increasing them we should survey the present tax system with a view to its modification or simplification, with a view to raising the necessary revenue with as little inconvenience as possible to taxpayers. If we have to find new sources of revenue, or if we increase present taxes, we shall further burden industry, probably curtail production, and in any event increase the cost of living.

"The proposal would mean an addition to the cost of living, whatever method of financing it you employ. I cannot escape the conclusion that it would add to the burden of every man, woman and child in this nation if you undertake to meet the expenditure by taxes; and it will add even more if you undertake to do so by increasing the credit structure of the nation.

"That in brief is the way the matter presents itself to my mind. . . .

"In the jam confronting us we ought to be careful, very careful, about adding to the burden of the people, about increasing prices, adding to the cost of living of about 110,000,000 people and depressing the bonds of 20,000,000 people, rousing apprehension on the part of the holders."

Governor Harding, of the Federal Reserve Board, said to the committee:

"The question of an issue of $2,000,000,000 of government bonds in the present circumstances is a very much more serious one than it would have been during the wartime. First, there is a lack of the impelling impulse of patriotism, which is so strong in a time of great stress and danger. Second, there is competition with all kinds of investments and commercial demands. I do not care to express any opinion as to what rates of interest the bonds would have to bear in order to be sold. I do not say that they could not be sold, because I believe that an obligation of the Government of the United States can under any circumstances be sold at some figure."

### *Taxation Safer Than Credit*

"BUT I want to say that if any unusual governmental expenditure is contemplated, looking at it from the standpoint of the Federal reserve banks, it is infinitely better that such expenditure be met squarely by taxation rather than by any form of credit. Throughout the world there is a great expansion of credits, and there is no reason why we should by further expansion of credit get ourselves into the position of some other countries. We should seek to return to a more normal level and to improve conditions by correcting instead of aggravating the existing disproportion between the volume of credits and the volume of goods.

"The proposition that bonds be issued and given to the beneficiaries of the appropriation in order to avoid the

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*Setting-Up Exercises for the Convalescent Wounded*

# THE PRICE OF PICKLES

## By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THERE are two things in this world which a person—or at least a woman over the age of ten years old—had ought to know better than to give: Advice to a friend or a newspaper interview to anybody. And if the uplifters was to get Congress or someone to pass a law forbidding the sale, manufacture or use of; the carrying about on the person, the gift of, or consumption in public of these two articles—I'll guarantee the world would be a more satisfactory place to live in. It would be wholesomer, less full of fights and misunderstandings, fewer homes would be broken up, and a prohibition would be established in this broad land which would actually do some prohibiting, because nobody is going to bootleg advice or newspaper interviews, and nobody is going to pay twenty-five a quart in actual cash and a five-hundred-dollar fine, in all probability, for either of them.

All of which burst of emotion comes of me having just recently once more lived and learned. And it's the truth a person seldom if ever seems able to learn anything without first living through it, and the copy books are so much waste paper, because in addition to forgetting the sentiment nobody writes like that after leaving school anyways.

Well, the particular line of dope which I have just recently acquired without any physician's prescription has marked the last day that I will ever be a mark of the kind I was—and it occurs to me to offer the vaccine to my well-known public—the more especially on account of that newspaper interview coming out the way it done, and me having distinct views to express on the subject of the presidential campaign. If no other opening offers I will read this piece to the helpless members of the White Kittens—a organization to which I have belonged ever since way back in 1917, and some days when we have got little or nothing to report at a meeting a member is called upon to read a paper, and the one which is forearmed surely has the drop on the other girls every time.

Well, anyways, this Society of the White Kittens Association of America is a exclusive theatrical-ladies' organization for the purpose of improving our own selves and any others who will permit it. We are practically all active members and have only five honorary ones, the others proving as a rule quite the contrary, and seldom paying their just dues, which after a while lets them out. But the idea of this society is for every member to do a good turn to some girl in distress whenever required, even if the treasury won't stand for it, and really sometimes it is spiritual aid which is needed, and this was the case with Maude Muriel Maloney.

Maude Muriel was practically a stranger to me, we having absolutely no intimate mutual grounds except my underwear, which she had sold it to me for a good many years at the Chic Shop. But one afternoon she called, and I left her come right in when announced by Musette my personal maid, on account also of Maude Muriel's mother having been my landlady in Rochester often in the old days when I was on tower and the small time, and I had noticed the kid because she never tried to sell me pink pyjamas, size forty, when I was in the store for no other purpose than embroidered camisoles, size thirty-six. It made a big hit with me, though as the manager of a barber shop she would a been a total loss.

Well, anyways, on one of these healthy, invigorating, snowy winter days, which we been having lately, when the air was keen and cold and the streets was full of beautiful old-fashioned snow—so old and out of date, in fact, that you couldn't help but notice it; well, on such a hearty seasonable afternoon Maude Muriel did a little Alpine work which landed her at my flat on the Drive, and I not owing the Chic Shop a plugged nickel, had her admitted at once like I said, and in she come all done up from the struggle between the condition of the streets and the condition of the bottom of her skirts, which was all of half a yard wide and half a wool thick—sort of a demi-tasse edition of the all-wool-and-a-yard-wide standard of them stupid old days when the bourgeoisie had some power.

"I Don't Mean Money," She Says, Sniffling

Well, anyways, in she come, and sat down and looked over my swell new French-Chinese boudoir that the Cohen studios done for me, by having the covers of my ninety-six proof Bourbon furniture embroidered all over with Chow-main or something, and when she got over being duly impressed she turned her earnest gaze upon my pussy-willow lounging robe which she had sold me to lounge in at $98.50, which is some lounge, and a person couldn't do it without intervals of work with which to pay for it—well, at any rate, she fixed me and the price of it with a sorrowful stare, and she says:

"Miss LaTour," she says, "I know I'm awful bold coming to you like this, and that your mail must be full of them, but I thought that such a famous and successful person as you could perhaps help me out."

"How far?" I says, not meaning the door, but quite on the other hand reaching for my purse.

"I don't mean money," she says, sniffling. And then while I was recovering from the shock, but still unable to speak, she pulled out the old powder rag like a true woman and, controlling herself, continued. "You see I got ambitions," she went on, "and what I really come for is your advice."

Now the combination of having your money refused and your advice asked, all at once, is enough to make anybody fall. There may be men who could stand up under the strain, but no woman.

"I'll be glad to go the limit of my poor ability," I says, with the transparent humility of such moments. "I'm at your service. Shoot!"

"Well, it's like this," says Maude Muriel. "I wanner do something big in the world. I got ambitions. Selling dry-cleanable lingerie at twenty-five dollars a garment up on a salary of fifteen a week has got my goat. In other words, it has aroused my ambitions. I don't want them things myself so much," she says, "though of course I'd like 'em if I could get 'em by earning 'em. Sometimes at night I lay awake and almost burst when I think how I got to struggle along with a bundle of imitation clothes, and fake jewels, and a near-good time, when I got a talent burning in my breast," she says, "and so I thought maybe you could help me."

"Well, what do you want to do?" I says. "I don't blame you, kid, for getting fed up with selling them outrageously expensive, impractical things which it's the truth I only buy them myself because my position, especially in dancing, demands that I should, and I got no patience with the modern idea of lingerie. There's only two things to do about it," I says—"either force your competitors to quit using it or dig in and get yours—but get it honestly."

"That's what I thought, Miss LaTour," says Maude Muriel; "so I want to get into the pictures."

"Well, that's probably as near to getting them things honestly as you will ever come," I admitted. "And I will help you if possible. How about your qualifications?"

"Oh, I've studied," she says.

"Ever been on the stage?" I asked.

"No!" says she.

"Done any amateur acting?"

"Well, no!" she says again.

"Had any dancing lessons or experience appearing in public?" I says.

"Well, no, I haven't!"

"Ever been on as an extra in a ballroom scene?" I asked her, getting sort of anxious.

"Not that, either," she had to admit.

"Well, did you ever come into contact with any managers?" I says.

"Only the manager of the Chic Shop," says Maude Muriel. "And that's one reason I'm leaving!"

"You poor girl!" I says. "Did he insult you?"

"I'll say he did!" says Maude Muriel. "I asked him for a raise, and he slipped me a title!"

"Oh!" I says. "Well, of course, fine names don't really affect the high cost of living any. But what have you done makes you think you can go into the pictures?"

"I've studied elocution," says Maude Muriel Maloney.

"Fine!" I says. "The silent drama is the safest place for you. Come on up to the studio this very minute."

Well, that tickled her to death, and by the way my true meaning failed completely to register I could see that she would be ideal on the screen, having no sense either of humor or any other kind to interfere with her acting.

And so I climbed into my little squiffer suit, which is British for accordion-pleated with a Eton jacket to atone for the cockney lower half, and we went right up to the studio—that is, we went as right as we could what with dodging round and over the snow, which the city administration had forgotten to take to Palm Beach with it. And when we reached Al Goldringer's office we at the same time reached the height of Maude Muriel's ambition, because Al has to hire any friend I bring round, because that is a unwritten law of any first-class studio, and one reason for why we have the kind of pictures we do, though in my own case I would not wish a lemon on my own lot because I can outact anybody they can hire of their own free wills, and so fear no rivals, and it is but seldom that I bring a friend onto the floor the way so many actresses do which are afraid of their positions.

Well, Al Goldringer merely says he supposed a hundred and a half would be enough each week to begin on, and they would find some second business for her.

"And by the way, Mary," says Al, rolling his uneasy cigar, as per usual when he's just done something to his pay roll—he never personally gets restive with me, but his cigar does sometimes—"by the way," he says, "you know them six little comedies you wrote—the adaptations from that bird with the Indian name, Shakspere; the ones you dug up for us?"

"Yes, I know," I says; "especially the one with the peach of a title—Much Adieu About Nothing."

"Well, we've changed 'em all round," he says, "put a little jazz into 'em, and are going to make a series that'll be a world-beater—I'll let you know about them later. And say, Rosco is trying to locate you—some publicity stuff. Better see him as you go out!"

"All right, Al," I says. "You know I'm crazy to make that stuff. I'll expect to hear from you later on it. Meanwhile be good to my friend, Miss Maude Muriel Montrose. Ta, ta!"

"All right, I will," says Al.

And then I beat it out of the office, leaving my newly christened crew member behind, and walking nonchalantly across the floor so's I couldn't fail to run into Rosco by accident, which I did almost at once.

"Hey! Mary Gilligan!" he says. "You are the very one I want. There was a sob sister from the Sunday Record Breaker telephoned up here this morning wanting an interview with you. Better give it to her; and make it snappy—some new dope. I let her have your house number and you'd better let her come to the flat. We can't make any outside shots until this weather settles, and you'd better put the time in giving yourself a little hateful publicity. But for land's sake, think of something new! I've fed 'em the old dope about your domestic life, taste in food, colored hair, opinion on Pekingese dogs and favorite diamonds until I haven't an uncooked idea. Hurry home, and be taken by surprise—atta girl! She'll be there by five o'clock."

Well, of course, to one of my refined temperament publicity is a trial, and very much against the grain and on the bias. But naturally I realize that a person cannot be the most successful artist on the screen of her kind, and at the same time remain unknown to the general public, because the great American and doubtless other peoples will never leave it at six reels and your curly wig, but have a insatiable curiosity about what you drink for breakfast and which stocking you put on first; and you lose a lot of commercial value if you don't tell them. It's a queer trait, like most other human ones, but is apparently natural to the animal, and I have often wondered myself if President Wilson uses a dictionary or thinks them letters up out of his head, and if the ex-Kaiser designed his own costumes. Somehow or other it's them little personal things which interests a public, and I'll bet more people know and care about what Gen. George Washington did with his little hatchet than what he did in the managerial office of the White House.

Well, anyways, I reluctantly consented to Rosco's suggestion that I be interviewed and indulge my adoring public's natural curiosity about me, and rushed home as quick as I could, and put in the half hour before the reporter lady got there in making myself look perfectly at leisure, scattering a few good books about the room, which an agent had wished them onto ma once, and which now was about to earn their last installment for me.

I then fixed a bonbon jar full of candy like I never ate it out of the paper box, tied new ribbons on the Peeks' harnesses, got out my ermine couch cover—though for once the janitor had a streak of conscience or a grudge on the landlord, I don't know which, and the steam radiators was actually hot—but I got it out, because everybody hasn't one carelessly draped over their davenport, and in short—for nobody could say a half hour was long, considering the set I dressed in it—in short I done all the usual notions which precedes a wholly unexpected interview, and was then all set to be caught off my guard and in my negligee, just as if I always lived in the private and extreme careless luxury natural to my enormous success. And anyone which has been interviewed or even expected to be interviewed will get me or they are a cheerful liar.

Well, when I and Musette had this interior set of the home of the clever young actress all dressed, and believe you me it certainly looked like "Where wealth and beauty reigned," as our snappy and original title editor would put it, I threw myself down upon the ermine doormat and commenced to think what would I say to the lady from the Record Breaker when she come. And then I got my big idea.

I would talk politics. I would hand out some real dope instead of a few rose-flavored marshmallows of thought, and give the world a pleasing surprise by showing it that a woman in my position could think. If that wasn't a new idea I'll eat my varnished oilcloth hat with the glass grapes on it! A picture actress with brains! Some hunch!

Of course the fans and other public has got a fixed idea that successful stars, if female, is generally without exception made by some nitwit with a screenable face leaving a movie manager treat her rough. But whereas the true fact is that the big screen successes are made by a girl working hard and with brains all over her body, or they couldn't even sell state rights on a picture unless it was done that way; and all the managers which made their victims their stars are now getting their only publicity in the bankruptcy notices, and that's the truth. And any producer which tried to put over a girl only because he was struck on her, or she to win her success in that way, would be a dead failure.

For big money don't come easy in the pictures any more than in any other line of business, and any girl which don't believe it had better try hanging round the lot with her face made up from eight o'clock in the morning until the director gets his mind made up, and she will see how hard and tiresome it is and that the money is certainly earned.

Of course that beautiful old theatrical tradition about virtue being a stumbling block and vice a carriage block is dear to the hearts of the people. But I was never even considered to be in the vamp class but rather in the curly-headed simp set, so the reported loss of my vice would never hurt my box-office returns, while on the other hand if I ventured to express a intelligent idea it might attract some attention. Anyways it would be something new, and that was what Rosco wanted. And so having decided upon this drastic step I was all ready for the lady interviewer when she rang the doorbell, which I failed to hear, being deeply absorbed in reading Starving Belgium which I had snatched up the minute she rang it. And I laid it languidly aside only when she was actually in the room.

And who had they sent to interview me but Dolly Dalrymple herself. You know her, I am sure. The Breaker prints her picture at the head of every interview she does—a lovely blonde with big eyes and a swanlike neck sort of wound round the initial letter. The one that does the special department on the woman's page, too; Hints to the Heartbroken—such wonderful womanly tender stuff with the most intimate kind of things printed right out in full.

I certainly was surprised at the compliment of their sending Dolly Dalrymple to get my

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"All Right, Al," I Says. "I'll Expect to Hear From You Later. Meanwhile be Good to My Friend, Miss Maude Muriel Montrose"

# Our Soviet Sleeping Sickness

## By FORREST CRISSEY

A SOLID citizen, who takes his citizenship rather seriously, lately remarked to me: "Anyhow, there's one cheering consolation in the midst of all our troubles—the radicals seem to have died down and lost their pep in this country. Of course they're still breaking out over in Europe—but that's a long way off and I don't know that it's up to us to do any great amount of worrying on that score. There's a heap of water between here and there, not to speak of a lot of other scenery.

"A little while back this red business got on my nerves until I was low in my mind over what they were likely to do to this country. But I've concluded that we had an overdose of scare thrown into us, and that the red fire has been about stamped out. After all, this is America! The atmosphere here isn't suited to the spread of this soviet stuff!"

Probably the same consoling sentiment has been voiced lately by several million other citizens of America, or at least it has been shared by them. Certainly popular tension with respect to the red peril has been relaxed of late to a perceptible degree. A good many of us have blamed ourselves for getting jumpy and overwrought about the radicals.

*Lusk Investigating Committee. Standing, Left to Right—Major Rich, Van Soars, Deputy Attorney General Samuel A. Berker, Attorney General Charles D. Newton and Fred J. Burr. Sitting, Left to Right—A. E. Stevenson, Inspector Schell, Assistant District Attorney Alex Rorke, Senator Clayton R. Lusk and Assemblyman Louis Martin*

From a state of near-hysteria the average American citizen has relaxed into a more or less comfortable contemplation of the annual income-tax ordeal, the lure of the seed catalogues and the sporting chances of presidential candidates. He is even inclined to wonder if we haven't been a bit rough and intolerant in our deportation methods, a trifle narrow and un-American in applying the lid to free speech. This is, I believe, a fair cross section of the temper and attitude of the great body of busy and sober American citizens to-day.

### *Radical Purposes Unchanged*

HOW far is this placid attitude toward the future of the red peril in America justified by actual facts?

Realizing the importance of a right answer to this question I have made a conscientious attempt to find it, strip it of all sensationalism and set it out in its naked proportions. If I have approached this task with any special qualification it is that I have never had an attack of antiradical hydrophobia. The red rabies seems to have passed me by and left me with the profound and comfortable conviction that because America is immeasurably the greatest country in the world in its opportunities for the common man it is going to be impossible for any body of propagandists, no matter how adroit or cunning, to stampede any material number of the common people of this country into a serious attempt to overthrow our present form of government.

The results of my investigation have not been wholly reassuring. My cocksure serenity has been considerably disturbed by an array of stubborn and disquieting facts. I am somewhat in the position of the film hero who has come out of a heavy slumber to find that he has been slipped a sleeping potion by the industrious villain intent on his wicked purposes.

To be more specific, I have been confronted with a most convincing basis for the belief that the present state of the public mind in America, typified by the expression of the citizen quoted at the outset of this article, is directly the result of deliberate manipulation on the part of the communist leaders of the Old World as the slumber induced by a sleeping powder is the result of the calculated intent of the person administering the dose. It has served the purpose of the communistic chess players now in charge of the revolutionary destinies of the world to apply the soft pedal to the activities of their comrades in America, to put the public mind in this country into a peaceful drowse.

The sinister purpose of the radicals in America has not been changed in the slightest. They want what they have always wanted, in the way they have always wanted it, and with all the strength of determination to get it that they have ever felt. And they are now working as hard as they have ever worked to achieve this purpose. They have simply slowed down their tactics for the time being in order to protect soviet Russia, the main revolutionary fortress in Europe, to secure the greatest ultimate revolutionary results and to prevent, in sportsman's terms, the flushing of the covey.

It is impossible here, or in any correspondence rising from this article, to reveal the sources of the information which has convinced me that the American public has been handed a sleeping potion by the head revolutionary doctors who are writing the prescriptions for a world afflicted with capital, centralized government, the bourgeoisie, and so forth. I can only say that it is apparently the soundest, the most specific and the most important information on the subject in the hands of any loyal American in this country. If it is incorrect, then there is not a man in any position in America, no matter how high or responsible, who has access to it, who is not also fooled by it. At any rate this basis must suffice, and those who cannot accept the statements offered "as is" are at liberty to make their own discounts or reject the offering entirely.

In a small hall in a business building in Amsterdam, Holland, a group of about fifteen communistic delegates gathered on February 3, 1920, to dispose of pressing and important matters regarding the manipulation of communist interests throughout the world. Delegates from Russia, Holland, the Dutch Indies, Belgium, Germany, Great Britain, China and America attended.

If the complacent citizen whose sentiments are expressed at the outset of this article could have attended that conference his serenity would have been considerably shaken by the proceedings. And this statement goes for any of the millions of other Americans of his class and habits of thought! He would have received, for one thing, a startling realization that the communists are thinking in international terms.

Incidentally he would have been made to realize that the men who are exercising the control of revolutionary activities throughout the world do not propose to risk what they have gained of actual power for any consideration whatever, and that the nourishment of the soviet republic is the big job to which all the power and genius of the revolutionary medicine-makers must be applied for the present. The soviet child needs adoption into the family of nations, it needs physical and financial nourishment, and it must have a chance to harden its muscles before it starts to beat up the well-nourished and older members of the family.

In particular, the delegates assembled in Amsterdam were clear in their realization that America is now holding the nursing bottle for the world and that as soviet Russia is very hungry it is most necessary to create the impression in America that this child of doubtful parentage has been grossly slandered and ought to be raised instead of starved. Hence the necessity that all communist workers in America step softly, work quietly, and otherwise behave themselves to the end of getting the nursing bottle firmly established as a fixture between the hungry lips of the infant soviet government. The diplomatic recognition of the soviet republic by the United States—not to speak of the other powerful allies—and the opening of the closed channels of trade and finance are the supreme considerations for the cause of revolution in every part of the world.

Remember, soviet Russia is the only spot on earth where communism is actually enthroned and has full control of all the powers and resources of government!

Perhaps a more graphic statement of the situation would be this: Soviet Russia is the only country on the face of the globe where plotting world revolution is held to be the highest proof of good citizenship that a member of the proletariat can offer, and where the doctrine of the destruction of private property rights is meat for open-air mass meetings, while the theory of protecting such rights may only be voiced with safety in secret.

### *The Slow-Down a Matter of Tactics*

THAT under such conditions it is not only natural but inevitable that the nursing of the soviet republic to a state of established maturity should be the one paramount consideration in the minds of all revolutionary propagandists in America is clearly apparent. The slow-down is simply a move of the revolutionary masters in Russia and other parts of the Old World to pull the wool over the trustful eyes of Uncle Sam, to capitalize the natural patriotic optimism of the average citizen of the United States.

In short, we are reacting at the present moment precisely as the international psychologists planned that we should. In wondering how we came to get so excited about the revolutionary business over here in free and fat America, where the member of the proletariat who does not own a flivver or wear a silk shirt is out of standing among his fellows, we are performing strictly according to revolutionary expectations. Also we are a little inclined to wonder if the soviet republic hasn't been somewhat slandered and if this latest addition to the nursery of republics may not be a lot better than its reputation in spite of its sadly mixed

parentage. That, too, is entirely in line with the diagnosis and prescription of the revolutionary doctors.

Incidentally it should be remarked that this policy of slow-down, of soft-pedal performance on the part of revolutionary workers and propagandists in America, is not rigid enough to deprive them of personal nourishment. According to the best information obtainable there are fully 8500 members of the revolutionary forces in America to whom the organization and propaganda work is a steady meal ticket in spite of the general slow-down. Though things are a bit slack, for the time being, in the rougher lines of work, there is still work enough of a sort to keep the wheels turning and prevent any tried and trusted man from getting rusty or going hungry.

The past year has helped immensely to clear the way and define just about how far the pioneers of revolution can proceed in any given direction without getting into serious trouble and having the freedom of their movements interfered with by the walls of jails and prisons. The hidden reefs and sand bars have been fairly well located and charted, and propagandists are paying strict attention to these charts. They are under orders from the chief control in Russia and Holland not to start anything calculated to disturb the deepening slumbers of the solid citizenship of the United States or of the Government of this country. Besides, it is far pleasanter to circulate freely among the proletariat in this time of plenty than to languish in prisons or be pestered by Uncle Sam's capitalistic prosecutors. And also this is the seed time for the planting of the revolutionary crop that is depended upon to ripen into the overthrow of all established government in America and put the control of this entire country into the hands of that pleasant brotherhood of the communists, the I. W. W., and the various other less conspicuous members of the proletariat commonly known as the pinks in contrast to the blood reds.

This brings us back to the relatively recent meeting of the bureau of the Third International in Amsterdam, early in February, when the world-propaganda plans were formulated, general policies determined and international assignments made. One of the big jobs of that busy little gathering was to determine the attitude of the Communist Party toward trade-unionism. To the unsophisticated average employer in America all trade-unions may look alike—but not to the steering committee of the international communists. To the revolutionary leaders trade-unionism has as many different strata as an expert geologist can find in that portion of the earth's crust covered by the map of the United States.

### *Working Through Small Groups*

AT THE Amsterdam meeting of the bureau of the Third International fully a day and a half was occupied in a heated debate of this fruitful topic. The discussion was grounded on a general thesis which was officially offered as expressing the attitude of the bureau and of the communist Third International behind the bureau. This was speedily torn into shreds in the conference, with the result that it was rejected and in its place a thesis prepared by one of the delegates from the United States—whose uncanny vision and ability are recognized by Lenine, Trotzky and the other real revolutionary leaders—was adopted. This fact is mentioned by way of indicating that America cuts no trifling figure in high revolutionary councils.

Certain secret amendments to this general thesis were adopted. The most important of these will be of special interest to those employers of labor in America who are inclined to cherish the soothing belief that the red stuff has about blown over. It will be of equal interest to several million American wage workers who believe that the United States is the best country on earth in its opportunities for the common man and that our republican form of government is the top-notch of human achievement on the part of a free people. Here is the amendment adopted in the secret council:

*Police Confiscate "Red" Literature*

The communist parties, groups and organizations in England and in other countries must in any event try to create, as it is possible, communist groups within the working masses. The bureau of the Third International shall see to it that these groups shall grow larger and larger and will support these little groups both morally and financially through the official communist parties of the various countries or any other accredited organizations.

In the course of the discussion on this secret amendment the following explanation was offered: "Say, for instance, take England—the Communist Party of England which it is hoped to organize very soon, is to select trusted class-conscious comrades from among the ranks and send them into the various shops. These comrades must not try to work on a big scale, but each is to select another one or two workers and organize a small group within the shop, and then, little by little, by gaining the confidence of their fellow workers in their respective shops, the members of these little groups will be able, after a very short time, to create thousands and thousands of little communist groups within the labor movement, even if the labor movement is dominated by so-called reactionary trade-unionisms."

An English delegate gave a very detailed and clever report about trade-unionism, the shop stewards' movement and the revolutionary movement in England. He said that he did not believe that the proletariat of England will be able to accomplish anything through reactionary trade-unionism which exists now in England. As a representative of the shop stewards' movement at the conference he laid great stress upon this movement in England, and said that there is a great tendency among the trade-unionists to get rid of all reactionary and traditional tactics of the trade-union movement, and that the rank and file, mostly the younger generation, are in a revolutionary spirit against their reactionary leaders. He believes that, by having the support from the Third International and the official revolutionary movement in England, the shop stewards' movement may become one of the greatest factors in England, in spite of the fact that it is now practically invisible. There are about 40,000 members in that movement besides thousands of adherents, according to his estimate.

The neat plan tersely outlined in the secret amendment is officially known in revolutionary circles as "boring from within." Though it was much discussed as applying to the English situation it was adopted as an international scheme of work, and it is this plan which the revolutionists in America are now engaged in carrying out. It is the task of planting charges of communism throughout the length and breadth of American industry, ready for the explosion that is expected to take place when the spontaneous combustion of the first general period of unemployment in this country sets them off.

### *Reaching Out Into Asia*

THAT America and other countries besides England were not neglected in specific plans may be understood from the fact that the following suggestions were made and taken into consideration by the conference, and after discussion the bureau was instructed to act upon them and to publish revolutionary-propaganda literature in every language and to send literature to various countries:

Agitators speaking Hindoo and other similar languages shall be found among the revolutionary ranks in Europe and sent to India, Afghanistan and the Latin-American countries; also, if possible, into Japan.

A sub-bureau of the Third International shall be created in America and shall unite with itself all the revolutionary organizations standing upon the communist platform of the Third International in America, Mexico, Cuba and all the Central and South American countries.

Another bureau, according to the most prominent member of the council from Holland, has been established already in Spain. This bureau, he explained, was established by several of the Russian emissaries who went to Spain a couple of months ago.

Sub-bureaus are under the supervision of the Third International in Holland and act on international methods only according to instructions from the Third International; while on local matters they are independent.

The definiteness of the machinery for international control of the revolutionary movement from Europe is suggested by the fact that it was agreed by the Amsterdam conference that:

The bureau of the Third International will consist of three steady members appointed by the conference—the delegate from Russia and two delegates from Holland.

*(Continued on Page 145)*

*Soviet Ambassador and Secretary Pose for Washington Camera Men*

# A RUSH TO COVER

## By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

THE Honorable Lem Scales, of Tory Corner, was distinctly worried. True, he didn't seem to be. He was through for the day. With one foot upon his desk, his black slouch hat set rakishly upon his well-shaped head, he sprawled luxuriously in his swivel chair and read the last edition of the Tory Corner Call. It was the Tory Corner Call that bothered him. For upon the third page of the Call, just next to reading matter of undoubtedly attractive kind, there was spread a three-column advertisement of an unusually seductive and suspicious character. Judged by his own standards, this advertisement on its face was one of a notorious class which long ago he had warned the Call against. It was in fact an advertisement of the generally forbidden kind. Yet there it was in the upper right-hand corner of the third page of the Call, three columns wide, twelve inches long, shrieking its nefarious appeal to all who read or ran.

It was bad stuff. Lem Scales didn't like it. It was his business not to like it. He was prosecutor of the pleas of Prothero County. As such he had constituted himself a committee of public safety, a guardian of the fortunes and the well-being of his people. Particularly had he set his face against financial fraud. He had fought the wildcats tooth and nail. Thousands of Tory Corner's proletariat had made thousands during the war—had invested thousands in government bonds or salted them down in local savings banks. Lem Scales had jealously guarded these funds. Possessing the instincts of a thorough-going prosecutor of the pleas, he had devoted quite as much energy to the prevention of crime as he had to the prosecution of crimes. He had forced through the legislature of his state blue-sky laws of the most drastic order and far-reaching effect: laws which undoubtedly infringed the constitutional rights of every crooked money-maker within the territorial limits of the commonwealth. The supreme court, winking the other eye, had repeatedly sustained these laws. And pursuant to and by virtue of the authority conferred upon him by these laws, Lem Scales had already inaugurated and carried through such spirited crusades in his own home town as had made the city of Tory Corner famous from Quebec, P. Q., in the northeast, to Tia Juana, Mexico, in the far southwest. Lem Scales had planted his iron-spiked heel upon every snake that rustled, seen or unseen, underfoot. Most of them he killed outright. Some he only scotched—but these wriggled off in frantic haste; glided brokenly away never to return.

"Back to Headquarters, Boys, and Not a Word of This Cheap Bluff to Anybody! I'll Ram This Vaudeville Stunt of His Down His Throat"

Yet here and now, right under his nose—it seemed impossible. He pressed a button on his desk. A homeward-bound assistant answered the summons, pulling on his overcoat as he came.

"Have you seen this ad?" queried the prosecutor.

His assistant grinned and nodded.

"Got marked copy in my desk," he answered. "Going to show it to you in the morning."

"Have you read it?" asked Lem Scales.

"Yeh," returned the young man.

"Read it again," said Lem, handing the clerk his copy of the Call.

The clerk read it again. Then he glanced inquiringly at Lem.

"What do you make of it?" queried Lem.

"To tell the truth," confessed the clerk, "I don't make anything at all."

"Just what I made of it myself," said Lem; "which proves to me that the thing is sinister beyond its kind."

The clerk paused at the door.

"What do you say, chief, if I run in and see the Call?"

The prosecutor shook his head.

"Nothing doing," he returned. "I won't go near the Call until I have to. Too many chips on its shoulder. The Call's sore at me and I'm sore at the Call. I'll size this up myself. Say nothing. I'm going down to see Joline right away. I'll be here at nine-thirty in the morning."

Joline was located on the third floor of the Post Office Building, in the heart of Tory Corner. He was the United States district attorney for the district. He was a colorless, systematic, businesslike automaton, whose home was in a far corner of the state and who had no political affiliations in Tory Corner. He was therefore cheerfully independent at all times. He cared not upon whose toes he trod. Lem Scales, a bit of an angry flush upon his long lean face, swung into Joline's private office and handed him the paper.

"Thought I'd fetch it down myself," said Lem. "I checked it—blue mark in the corner."

Joline read the advertisement, then glanced doubtfully at Lem.

"Read it aloud," said Lem. "I want to sense the thing again."

Joline obeyed. This is the advertisement that he read:

TO ANY SKILLED LABORER OF TORY CORNER

WHO IS ALREADY MARRIED, ABOUT TO BE MARRIED, OR WHO WANTS TO GET MARRIED

GREETINGS:

GET IN TOUCH WITH ME

I CAN INCREASE YOUR INCOME BY THIRTY-THREE PER CENT

I AM DEALING IN A PRESENT-DAY COMMODITY MORE VALUABLE THAN PLATINUM OR GOLD—MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES

WRITE ME—DO IT NOW. X Y Z, *The Call.*

Joline laid the paper down upon his desk. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well?" he said coldly.

"First time you've seen it?" asked Lem Scales.

"Personally—yes," said Joline, implying that the Argus-eyed machinery of his office must have known all about the advertisement from the moment that it had been formulated in the brain of X Y Z.

"First time you've heard of it?" persisted Lem.

"Personally—yes," repeated Joline.

"Nothing turned up in the mails that fits in with it so far?" asked Lem

"Personally—I should say not," returned Joline. "I recall nothing of recent date, to say the least."

"What do you think of it?" queried Lem.

"What do you think of it?" echoed Joline.

"I think," mused Lem Scales, "that it is a clever piece of work."

"How so?" returned Joline, sniffing just a bit. He was interested.

"First off," said Lem, "Brother Joline, you and I have got this community educated on finance. Tory Corner's eyes are open to the last digger in a ditch. Tory Corner is sophisticated. This chap knows it—discounts it. What does he do? Does what they all try to do, only he does it in a different sort of way. His first clever move is to exhibit moderation. See?"

"Not quite," returned Joline.

"You will," nodded Lem Scales. "Any duffer who came into Tory Corner at this late date and offered one hundred, two hundred, three hundred per cent on your money—he'd get the merry ha-ha, wouldn't he? Sure thing! This chap knows that. So what does this chap do? He says he can increase your income by thirty-three per cent."

"I'm willing," said Joline; "go on."

"That's possible and plausible," went on Lem. "That's what these guys have all been asking for. That's what they strike for, more or less. Thirty-three per cent—it's humdrum, but it's solid; humdrum, so he's got to dress it up. He adds his dash of spice. He's dealing in a present-day commodity—he doesn't say what. But it's more valuable than platinum or gold—more precious than rubies. What the devil is it, eh?"

"I get you," nodded Joline, a bit of color creeping into his face.

"And now," said Lem, "to cap the climax he pulls his human touch. To whom does he appeal—you tell me that?"

Joline looked once more at the advertisement.

"To any skilled laborer of Tory Corner," he returned.

"Not on your life!" said Lem. "His appeal isn't to skilled laborers at all. His appeal is to a woman—to a woman who has influence over a man who's earning the money of a skilled laborer. He appeals to the wife of the skilled laborer—does she want her husband to increase his income? He appeals to the girl that's engaged to a skilled laborer—does she want her fiancé to earn enough to set the wedding bells a-ringing? He does all that. But he goes further; he appeals to a far more romantic and seductive class. He appeals to the girl who is after some particular skilled laborer, but who hasn't closed the deal. Peaches and cream! Moonlight and honeysuckle! Influence? The gentleman will turn himself inside out for her. This boy is a genius, Joline. He's addressing every man who has to listen to a woman—and every man that wants to listen to a woman. He's appealing to the great American legion, Joline. He's got 'em buffaloed. You see?"

There was no note of admiration in the voice of Joline.

"I see," he said, "that the man is a dangerous proposition. What's your idea—just what am I to do?"

"We look our best in double harness, Joline," suggested Lem. "We've turned many a trick that way before."

Joline for answer touched a button. A girl stenographer appeared, notebook in hand. Joline picked up the Tory Corner Call.

"Miss Keeley," said Joline, "are you married yet?"

Miss Keeley cast her governmental eyes appraisingly—not to say invitingly—upon Prosecutor Lem Scales.

"No such luck," she said.

"Are you about to be married?" asked Joline.

Miss Keeley smiled languishingly upon Lem.

"Is this question purely academic," she demanded, "or is there something in the air?"

Lem Scales edged off a bit.

"Do you want to get married?" said Joline to the girl.

"Lead me to matrimony!" returned Miss Keeley in a hollow tone of voice. "I'd be glad to consider it in any shape or form."

"You see," Joline explained to the county prosecutor, "she is not impervious to sentiment. She will do. Miss Keeley," he continued, handing her the copy of the Call, "will you kindly make a noise like a Tory Corner skilled laborer of the emotional type therein described and draw X Y Z's fire? I want to get him through the mails."

"A nice sincere letter," interposed Lem Scales.

"She knows what is wanted," nodded Joline. "Miss Keeley, perhaps you'd better write it from the Chapel Street address."

Four days later Joline wended his way up to the county courthouse and returned Lem Scales' call. He shook his head.

"Two letters out of him," said Joline. "But the guy is either mail shy or mail proof. All he says is that he appreciates J. Goble's interest in the project."

"J. Goble?" echoed the county prosecutor.

"Miss Keeley," explained Joline, drawing forth a slender file of correspondence. "And all that this crook gives up in return for all her blandishments is that the thing is too complicated for a letter and he'd like to meet J. Goble face to face "

Lem Scales reached for his overcoat and hat.

"J. Goble will accommodate," he grinned. "Best thing to do is to round this chap up first and let him explain afterward. Does he say when and where to meet him?"

"Bauerle's Old-Fashioned," nodded the Federal official, "out on the Clifton Boulevard near Ericsson's—end of the trolley line."

"Bauerle's Old-Fashioned!" exclaimed the county prosecutor. "The old race-track road house. Can't be! It's deserted. Bauerle closed up on the first of last July."

"See for yourself," returned Joline; "there's his letterhead, 468 Clifton Boulevard. That's Bauerle's. No other house within a quarter of a mile."

Lem Scales took the correspondence and leafed it over. He started as he saw the signature.

"Phil Rising," he exclaimed; "signs himself Phil Rising! I know Phil Rising."

"I don't," said Joline.

"And I know his signature," said Lem; "that's Phil's. I know him mighty well."

"What's his business?" asked Joline.

"Used to be stock-brokerage," nodded Lem; "used to be. I haven't seen him for an age. Dropped out of sight. War, I take it."

He reached for a telephone book.

"You won't find him there," said Joline. "But that's our man. I've got a mercantile report on him. It says just about what you've said, and nothing more. There's one thing, though, Friend Scales. Once a broker, always a broker. You can stake your bottom dollar that he's broking yet."

"Dealing," mused Lem, "in a present-day commodity more valuable than platinum or gold—more precious than rubies."

"Contraband," smiled Joline, "or maybe tapping wires from New Orleans."

"If it's contraband," said Lem, "you're interested too."

He drew his hat down over his forehead and caught Joline by the arm.

"Personally conducted raid?" smiled Joline.

The prosecutor shook his head.

"The man's a gentleman," he said—"or was "

"All these guys are—or were," returned Joline.

"You come along," said Lem.

Joline grinned.

"Need me to put on the screws, eh? He's a friend of yours. All right. I'll be the goat."

Bauerle's Old-Fashioned on the Clifton Boulevard was a Tory Corner institution, or at any rate it had been up to a few months before. It was a rambling old hostelry that Bauerle had turned into a beer hall. The place was open. As Lem Scales and Joline drew up before the door a dozen or more men were lounging on the front piazza. Lem swept these individuals with a comprehensive glance. Then he pressed on into the place with Joline at his heels. The bar was deserted, save at its forward end. There a single bartender was selling cigars, a soft drink now and then, chocolate candy combinations wrapped in tinfoil, a magazine or so. The two officials pressed on to the back room—the huge beer-drinking and dance hall of which Bauerle had been so justly proud. It was dimly lighted after Bauerle's artistic method. Ghostly shadows played about its corners and the huge oak beams above. A huge log fire burned brilliantly in the old historic fireplace. A hundred men and perhaps a dozen women were scattered about the hall. They seemed lost in it almost. Lem Scales tapped one of the men on the shoulder.

"Where'll I find Rising?" he queried.

The man jerked his head toward a far corner.

"He's in Bauerle's old private suite," he said.

In Bauerle's old private room they found Phil Rising. He was an average type of young business man, thirty or thirty-two perhaps, well-enough looking, slender about the waist and dressed in the mode. He was seated at a desk interviewing a prospect. A young woman sat at his side taking notes. She was winsome—and twenty-eight perhaps. What is more to the point, the Honorable Lem Scales knew her.

Knowing her, he made a precipitate attempt to back out of the room. But it was too late. Phil Rising and the girl saw him at the same time. Phil rose. He saw Scales—he saw Joline. He knew them for the men they were. He turned color just a bit.

Lem Scales looked at Joline.

"The girl," he whispered, "is a girl named Anable. Know her well. Know her father too."

Joline smiled delightedly. He didn't know any of them.

"All right," he whispered back, "never fear—I'll be the goat."

Phil Rising dismissed his prospect and beckoned to the newcomers. He shook hands with Lem Scales. Lem bowed to the girl.

"Judge Joline," said Lem, presenting his companion.

"Of the Federal Building?" queried Phil.

"You have me pat," returned Joline. The girl looked worried

"Look here," said Phil Rising suddenly, "you—you gentlemen are not here in your official capacities, I trust. You—haven't got me on some new law?"

"Not at all," returned the Federal official blandly. "Came to see you on a strictly private matter."

"Personal matter," mumbled Lem Scales. "Confidential talk. Want you to help us out."

Phil Rising, relieved, waved them to chairs.

"Shoot!" he commanded.

Lem shook his head. He leaned over and whispered to Phil.

"Presence of ladies," he demurred.

"Oh, well," said Phil. "In those circumstances—come with me."

They came with him willingly. The Anable girl watched them as they disappeared into another room. She wondered—in fact she shivered just a bit. After a while she went on with her work. Half an hour passed. Then the three men made their reappearance. They were all laughing. The two officials were smoking good cigars. But upon the countenance of Joline there was an expression of astonishment—amazement. Lem Scales seemed thunderstruck.

"I've got to come across," he said sheepishly to the Anable girl. "We came here to investigate in official capacity."

*"Look Here," Said Phil Rising Suddenly, "You Gentlemen are Not Here in Your Official Capacities, I Trust. You—Haven't Got Me on Some New Law?"*

"They're not through investigating," smiled Phil Rising. "They want to know how much net profit we've had coming to us in the last four weeks."

"A deliberate misrepresentation," said Lem Scales, flushing. "We never said a word about it. He volunteered—told us to ask you."

"I'll be the goat," nodded Joline. "I'd like to know how much money you have made in one month, net."

The girl drew forth a morocco-covered ledger. She made a swift calculation. Then she shrugged her shoulders carelessly.

"Oh," she returned, "offhand, twenty-five hundred—three thousand. Maybe more."

"In one month?" gasped Lem Scales.

Joline stared at Phil Rising.

"How long," he demanded, "can you keep that up?"

Phil shook his head.

"We can't stop," he laughed. "We keep on going. Arithmetical progression. Next month we make much more."

Joline took out his check book.

"Look here," he demanded, "isn't there a chance of my getting in on this good thing?"

Lem followed suit.

"Don't forget your old friends, Phil," he said.

Phil shook his head.

"Sorry, gents," he said, "but you can't qualify."

"Completely out of it?" queried Joline.

"Absolutely," said Phil.

Joline looked at Lem.

"Do you know any law," he queried, "that fits this case?"

"No," said Lem threateningly as he waved his check book toward Phil Rising; "but we can try and have one passed."

"Go as far as you like," laughed Phil. "Personally you have my profound admiration and respect. Officially you can go—back where you belong."

They went. On the way back Lem Scales pinched himself to be sure he was awake.

"More valuable than platinum or gold—more precious than rubies," he murmured, "and all as simple as—X Y Z."

II

WEEKS before that on a winter's morning Phil Rising stood on a downtown curbstone, leaning against an electric-light pole, smoking a pipe and idly perusing Sam Breen's optimistic, lurid bulletins posted on the outside of the Beasley Building just across the way. Phil was not alone—not by any means alone. He was just a fair-sized atom of a considerable aggregation of atoms that choked up the business thoroughfare and spilled its ragged ends down side streets and adjacent alleyways. A thousand people maybe—maybe more. Noisy, throbbing, palpitating, purposeless. On a street corner a soap-box orator was holding forth. He might have saved his breath. He was no slouch, this man, but that didn't get him anything. His sole auditor was a blind vender of shoe strings. Nobody else paid any attention to him—the multitude was far too busy elbowing its way across the street and shouldering its way back again.

"Nuts," said Phil Rising to himself, "and I'm one of them. Kids—crazy kids on a moonlight excursion. What are we here for—nobody knows or cares."

Sam Breen knew, however. Sam Breen was the picturesque, sensational, remarkably efficient chairman of Electrical Workers' Local 77—head devil of a strike. Over there in his headquarters in the Beasley Building Sam Breen and his familiars were holding secret session, shaping the destinies of three thousand souls and more. Sam Breen was as crazy as a hawk. But he was a live wire; he knew his business; there was considerable method in his madness. Only the day before in that still orderly fashion that Sam Breen prided himself upon he had pulled the long-expected strike at Ericsson's. Thirty-two hundred hands had walked out of Ericsson's huge plant; and Sam Breen, with many an obscene oath, had sworn that these thirty-two hundred would walk back only on his terms. The thing was real enough. As corollary to it there were sympathetic strikes. For the first time in its industrious industrial career the town sat with folded hands. For Tory Corner it was a stupendous matter, a soul-stirring thing. Ericsson's was Tory Corner's pet industry—Ericsson himself was the apple of Tory Corner's eye. Sam Breen figured that this strike was going to hit Tory Corner where it lived.

A fellow atom jostled Phil from his comfortable lounging place.

"Ain' it miserable?" quoth this fellow atom joyously with a wide grin on his face.

Phil jostled himself back again.

"You said it, feller," he grunted in return. Then he bowed low and held out a glad hand. "Greetings, Tony Lasalle," he said.

Tony Lasalle grinned some more. He was a very friendly proposition. He was a quick little French Canadian with a pair of eyes that registered continuous, unvarying surprise. The whole world was his confrere. He was arrayed as are the lilies of the field. But so for that matter was everyone else. Tony Lasalle kept nodding vigorously.

"Side partners, eh," he grinned, "you an' me? Always! In Tory Corner, yes. And," he added insinuatingly, "side partners on Broadway."

Phil stared at him.

"Broadway!" echoed Phil joyously. "By gosh, you said something, Tony! You're a life-saver! Broadway!"

"One, two, t'ree days maybe," chuckled Tony—now become the very personification of infantile joy—"ain' it miserable, my fren'?"

A minute before a pretty girl clad in a fur coat had stepped into a convenient candy store—had done so with malice aforethought. A moment later she emerged therefrom clutching a large-sized paper bag. She thrust her hand into the bag—she laughed gayly, hysterically.

"Thus the farmer sows his seed," the girl lilted rhythmically, not to say seductively as well. She scattered confetti right and left as she charged across the street. Phil Rising and his self-constituted side partner stood unconsciously in the direct path of destruction.

"Ain' it miserable?" laughed the girl mockingly, and thereupon cast handfuls of confetti forcefully and recklessly into Phil Rising's face. Phil, obeying an impulse of the moment, caught the girl, swept his arms about her, drew her close to him—kissed her. In the sight of a full score he kissed her. The girl, shocked and seemingly dismayed, broke away from him—then faced him with flashing, flaming eyes. She was beside herself with indignation—so it seemed.

"Oh, say, look here," cried Phil contritely, "I didn't mean—that is, I couldn't help ——"

He was really shocked himself. It was the first time he had ever kissed a girl in public—that is, on this side of the Atlantic. He was abject, contrite. But the girl made it all right for him. She giggled hysterically. Then she smartly slapped his face. This move on her part automatically set into operation the unwritten law—Phil started out to get another kiss. Then something happened. As he caught her for the second time the girl, with real terror in her eyes, jerked herself frantically away. Shrieking, she darted back to the safety of the sidewalk. "Look out!" she cried to Phil. "Behind you—look ——"

*"I Might Have Cleaned Up When I Got Back From France. Always Doing the Right Thing at the Wrong Time"*

Half a hundred throats took up the cry. It was too late. The forward buffer of a big motor car tackled Phil firmly from the rear and laid him low. In an instant he found himself upon the ground. As a matter of fact, the thing was not at all serious. A moment before the car—a big sedan—had made its way round the corner at a pace not exceeding one mile an hour and had cleverly nosed its way noiselessly through the tightly packed crowd of people until it had collided with Phil Rising. Then it stopped. The girl in the fur coat and the little French Canadian dragged Phil to his feet and brushed him off. Meantime the owner of the car alighted from it and pushed his way through to Phil.

"You—hurt?" queried the owner of the car.

Phil shook himself. Then he placed his hand against his face and glanced reproachfully at the girl in the fur coat.

"Well, to tell the truth," said Phil, "it stings a little yet."

"You have interrup' parliamentary proceedings," said Tony to the man of the car.

The man of the car adjusted his nose glasses and took a closer look at Phil.

"I know you," he said to Phil—"met you some time, somewhere. Know your face. Can't recall you ——"

"I know you of course," said Phil. "You're Anable. I've met you at your home. Rising—Phil Rising. I know your—family. And once I sold you stock."

Anable looked him over.

"What are you doing with this bunch?" he asked.

"One of 'em," said Phil. "Shop foreman at the E. E. E."

Anable's eye brightened.

"Good—good enough," he said, dragging Phil energetically toward the open door of his car and thrusting him inside. "You're the man I'm looking for. Thought I'd land somebody that I knew. I—you've got to help me out."

The crowd without watched and wondered, enlivening the dullness of the moment with caustic comment upon the make of the sedan car, and expressed doubt as to its ability to get anywhere at all. The man of the car, behind closed doors, talked earnestly into Phil's ear. Phil listened closely—hesitated for an instant. Then he nodded to the man named Anable, opened the door and stepped down from the car. He scanned the crowd.

"Tony!" he yelled. "Tony—have a look-see here!"

Tony obeyed the summons, bristling with eagerness. Phil dragged him into the car and shut the door again.

"Assistant foreman, my room," said Phil, introducing him.

"Side partners," nodded Tony, showing his white teeth.

The car started on its way. Phil explained the matter to Tony—expatiated on its urgency. Tony listened, but his brow clouded. He kept his gaze fixed upon the tower of the R. & P. passenger station, visible in the distance Vigorously he shook his head. He turned to the man of the car.

"Broadway," he protested to Anable—"it is a matter between my side partner and myself. It is all arrange'? We have been summon' to Broadway."

"Tony!" cried Phil. He caught him by the shoulder and whispered in his ear. "Friends of mine, Tony—particular. Matter of etiquette—matter of honor, Tony. You come. It can't be helped."

Tony sank back glum and despondent into a corner of the car.

"Ain' it miserable?" he groaned.

That settled, Anable touched Phil Rising on the knee.

"You'll need two more men at least," he said. "I hired a crew of four."

Phil shook his head.

"I doubt if I can get you two more men out of that variegation of idiocy," he returned. "Best take the goods the gods provide. Tony and I will have a look-see first."

"Look here," persisted Anable, "I've got your promise. You'll be sure to help me out?"

"We'll help you out," said Phil with conviction in his tone. It was just as well to say so anyway.

The sedan car cleared the crowd, shot over a few miles of intervening space and drew up at an ivy-covered parish house that nestled in a clump of trees. Anable stepped once more from the machine. Phil followed him, with Tony, who had a very incomplete idea as to just what all this might be about.

"It is fitting," said Tony. "Prayers first, and then Broadway."

Anable pushed his way into the vestibule and pressed on through the swinging doors.

"Daisy!" he boomed, the triumph of a victor in his voice.

There was a sudden rustle somewhere in a dim and distant corner. Daisy Anable came forth—another girl in furs. She was worried, flushed, excited. She registered immediate relief as she caught sight of the two straggling individuals that her father had brought in. She hastened toward the two with outstretched hands. Then she caught sight of Phil Rising, and drew back in some confusion.

"You!" she faltered. She stopped.

"Me!" said Phil, a trifle shaken himself. "Your father picked me up—out of the gutter—and brought me in."

The girl recovered herself.

"I was expecting ——" she began.

Phil nodded.

"We're them," he said, introducing Tony to the girl. Tony bowed low, showing his white teeth.

"Come across, Miss Anable," said Phil to the girl. "Hold nothing back. Lead us to it and let us look it over."

"It's a two-day job for a crew of four," grunted Anable. Daisy led the way up the middle aisle.

"It's a matter of a Christmas play," she said—"of any number of plays. We've turned our platform into a

(Continued on Page 109)

# THE AMATEUR RAILROADER

*For More Than Half a Century the Lebanon Valley Has Been Almost Their Sole Means of Communication With the Outer World*

## As Told to Edward Hungerford

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS RYAN

IT IS almost exactly eight years ago that my honored father-in-law caught me by the shoulder as we were going in to dinner. "I am going to wish the Lebanon Valley on you, Peter," said he in his casual, offhand way.

If he had announced his intention of bequeathing me the Brooklyn Bridge I could not have been more astounded. Of course I knew that the little Lebanon Valley was a family property of his—of ours now—but I had never dreamed that the old man would fret upon a property that was a regular rock of ages in its six per cent annuals. Besides, what was to become of Henry G. Tillson—Henry G. Tillson who had been running the Lebanon Valley almost since the year One—at least so it seemed?

"I didn't suppose ——" I began to the old man.

"There's a whole lot of things that you haven't supposed, son," he continued, "and one or two that you haven't even remembered. For instance, you don't perhaps recall that when I told you, three years ago, that you could take my Bessie, I suggested that there would be some other things that I would ask you to take—a little later on. Well, 'a little later on' has materialized. It's now—to-day—don't you understand?"

### Too Much Experience

MY REVERED father-in-law paused, cleared his throat, and then started in: "You've married into a family of a good many traditions, Peter. And one of the very best of them is that everyone in this household takes an oar in the boat. The Lebanon Valley's going to be your oar, boy. I've worried about it long enough. It's not along my line enough—banks and mining. And Henry G. Tillson's getting old. We all are. And mother and I have set the next two years for that little belt-line trip round the world that we've been waiting for the best part of our lives. We can't take that trip without the Tillsons. There isn't a pair of better bridge players in the entire state. I guess it's up to you, Peter."

"I can't ——" I faintly began.

"Not in our vocabulary."

"But I never in my life have had a day's railroad experience."

My revered father-in-law swung quickly about and faced me.

"That's just it!" said he.

"Just it?" I inquired.

"Precisely. It's too much experience that damns the average railroad man. He's had experience—and precious little of anything else. You ought to know something of railroading, Peter, you a graduate of one of the best technical schools in the land. And, my Lord! boy, how you have come to me and kidded Henry G. and me about the Lebanon Valley and what we ought to do about it. About those English and French railroads that you'd seen—with all of their nifty ideas. Still got the ideas, haven't you? Well, now you've got the Lebanon Valley. Here's the gun. You go out and get the turkey."

"I—I—I ——" I stammered.

"Yes—yes—yes!" translated honored pop-by-marriage, and shut off further conversation by taking me by the coat collar and forcing me in toward dinner.

The Lebanon Valley was mine. Within the next sixty days there had been meetings of the stockholders and the board of directors, Tillson's resignation and my election to his post of president and general manager, and within thirty-six hours of this last step the Tillsons and my own revered parents-by-marriage were off in the Lebanon Valley's one private car on their way to New York and the steamer that was to carry them on the first leg of the globe-girdling expedition. And the while I sat in Tillson's office, at Tillson's very desk, and contemplated the plan and profile of my inheritance.

It was not a big road, the Lebanon Valley; as we know railroad properties in this country, not even a good-sized one: with but a little more than four hundred miles of line all told. Moreover, its rails were laid in a hotly competitive section of the country, albeit a fairly well-populated one, well advanced in both industry and agriculture. From our most important terminus at Tremont—I am purposely disguising the real names of the communities that we served—our main line ran up through the fat farms of the Lebanon Valley country nearly two hundred and fifty miles to Jacksonport. Tremont has more than 500,000 people, Jacksonport barely 150,000. They are good towns—in a traffic sense as well as a moral one. Our line which connects them is low grade and, with the exception of a few sharp curves where we follow the river edge and under the hill, fairly straight, and so is easy and economical to operate. From it eight or ten branches of varying length extend—or extended.

That is our system; snug, well placed but inconsequential. That is, you, with your ideas of Pennsylvanias or Northwesterns or Santa Fés, might call it inconsequential. I don't think that the folks of Middleville or Cryosset or Shampaug would call it inconsequential. These are good towns—Shampaug says that the new shoe factory and the 1920 census will bring her close to the 30,000-population mark—and for more than half a century the Lebanon Valley has been almost their sole means of communication with the outer world. It is something more than consequential to towns such as these.

### New Competition Ahead

IT IS because after nearly a decade of railroad operating I have begun to know and to understand the Middlevilles and the Cryossets and the Shampaugs across the land and their dependence upon their railroads that I had so much sympathy with Senator Cummins when he instigated legislation in favor of the protection of the so-called weaker lines. They are not weak to the towns and townships that are dependent upon them. To these they not only are but must remain the full strength of transportation, the most vitalizing and necessary thing to American industrial progress of every sort.

Excuse me, I have no desire to sermonize. I want merely to tell you that on the very first day that I sat at Henry G. Tillson's old desk Wilkinson, the veteran secretary and treasurer of the Lebanon Valley, his long-jawed face drawn to fresh lengths of misery, addressed me.

"Do you know what they are doing now?" he inquired in the whispering simper of the undertaker who asks if the flowers are to be removed with the body.

I knew. I read the papers pretty carefully myself. The Atlantic Eastern—our hottest and therefore our most reprehensible competitor—had announced boldly in the public prints that it was about to proceed with the completion of the Jefferson County Railroad. The route of that small projected line—all told it was not twenty-four miles in length—was indicated in a dotted line across the map underneath my desk glass. It was an inoffensive-looking thing, yet Henry G. Tillson and S. Rogers Bartlett, my esteemed father-in-law, had in past years spent a good deal of time and money in preventing its construction. For once done it would give the big Atlantic Eastern—you would know it in a second if I were to mention it by its real name—what it had hankered for for years: a fairly direct line between Tremont and Jacksonport. True it would still be fifteen miles longer than ours, but that is hardly a fighting point.

"I heard that they are going to put on a through sleeping car from Tremont to

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*The Traffic on Those Two Trains Climbed Another Fifteen Per Cent It Had Come to Us—Seemingly From Out of the Thin Air*

# ELIZABETH ANNE

## By ROLAND PERTWEE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

To My Rescue There Came a Further Attack of Somnolence

I KNEW a man once who held and aired very idyllic views on the subject of matrimony, such as were a great credit to himself if somewhat of a weariness to his friends. These views prevailed throughout his days of bachelorhood and even for the first two years of married life. After that they dissipated in a gauze of clandestine gayety when abroad and morose sullenness when at home.

I was five and twenty at the time, the age of all others at which impressions are most easily formed, and it saddened me to think that his dreams had developed into no more substantial form than a desire for escape and an added craving for consuming whisky and soda in the company of male friends. He informed me confidentially that marriage was no good and there was nothing in it. Subsequently I found that he propounded a like philosophy with equal confidence to entire strangers.

Of this fact, however, I was not aware until later, or I might have attached less importance to his observations, which at the time of reception produced in me a very profound melancholy. They were exclusively responsible for my attitude of looking round for other examples of marital infelicity, a pursuit in which, sad to say, I was rewarded by all too many similar finds. With no small shock I observed how the union between my Uncle Martinsyde and his wife could in no sense have been made in heaven. A parallel case was afforded by the married life of my cousin, Helen Waring, the complaint in this instance being lodged against the husband, who disregarded his responsibilities in a very grievous fashion. Reviewing the situation, I am bound to admit my investigations yielded a sorrowful harvest, which forced me to the unwilling acceptance of the opinions of my friend.

"Marriage," said I to myself, "is a failure;" and subsequently growing stronger in conviction, I was guilty of expressing the same opinion in company.

Now since there is no virtue in saying one thing and acting another, I was constrained *ipso facto* to don the habit and uniform of a misogamist. It is a painful thing for any young man to be a misogamist at the age of twenty-five, and to cut himself adrift from the appeals of man's natural complement. On three or four occasions my self-imposed celibacy came near to foundering under the torpedo attacks of blue eyes and brown. The fact that it remained afloat was due rather to ignoble retreat than to any pronounced strength of purpose. In the language of the fourth form, I hooked it at the sight of danger, feeling very much as a trout must feel when the hook only just fails to hold.

I am not ashamed to write the foregoing paragraph, for the man of probity does not exist who can look back at his youth and honestly declare that never once did he believe that a woman was setting a snare for him. Only in after years do we blush over these vulgar conceits and metaphorically put ourselves into the corner of repentance.

I dare say there are women who pursue men, but equally there are men who pursue women; and I am certain the dishonors of the enterprise are divided. One should be grateful, moreover, that women exist who are gentle-hearted enough to lend a hand to the reluctant male over the slippery stepping-stones of early courtship. Were it not so there would be far more suicides of unhappy bachelors driven to self-extinction by the exhaustion of a life spent in their own company.

I was thirty-eight at the time the Riverina Ballaroo Company approached me. It was proposed to run five hundred miles of rail east and west of the Sydney–Melbourne line, and my services were employed in charge of the contract.

In the month of November I left the Orient Liner at the Circular Quay, Sydney, and armed with a packet of newly arrived mail made my way to the Hotel Australia, where I proposed to spend a few days before going down country. Most of the letters were in connection with business at hand, but one was in a writing which I recognized as having been familiar some twenty years before. It proved to be from a man named James Gosport Rendall, whose fag I had been when we were together at Radley. Rendall was seven years my senior—an easy-going, thoughtless kind of fellow with an inexhaustible capacity for getting into trouble. He had departed from England shortly after leaving school, as a result, I believe, of some foolish escapade which his relatives, Northern County folk, were pleased to consider in a serious light.

Accordingly James Gosport had packed his bag and vanished into the blue, or rather into the Antipodes, where he followed every kind of trade from rabbit snarer to boots at an Adelaide hotel, and thence, on the upward grade, to the position of middleman representing bush farmers to their patrons in the city markets. In the course of his wanderings, probably while boots at the Adelaide hotel, he had, with characteristic shortsightedness, contracted a marriage with a blond person, sprightly of tongue and deft at the handling of beer engines.

But the letter which awaited me at Sydney argued that his high spirits had long since been crushed out. He started by saying that he took up his pen to write to me with feelings, and so on. It was a pathetic document, interlarded with Biblical references and praises for my deliverance and his. In conclusion he asked me to make my headquarters at his house during my sojourn.

I am by nature a companionable man and even at the risk of conversion I preferred stopping in a private house to the somewhat desultory attentions of a mid-Australian hostel.

"Splendid!" I wired. "Expect me Thursday."

Rendal was not at the station to meet me, and when the small crowd of passengers and their friends had dispersed there remained no one on the platform save myself and a girl. Accidentally I caught her eye and formed the unworthy conclusion that with a little encouragement she would probably address me. Accordingly I modestly retreated to the extreme end of the platform and made some pretense of interest in the signal box, while out of the corner of my eye I watched the movements of the little lady. She was, I judged, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, very slim and clean built; her face was small and oval, and even at the distance which separated us one could not fail to notice that she possessed a remarkable pair of eyes. They were of a strange luminosity—more green than blue—the color in fact of an aquamarine. Her hair, which rioted all ways at once in defiance of the attempted mastery imposed upon it by the tam-o'-shanter she wore, was of a reddy gold almost dazzling in brilliance. To the eyes of inexperience she created an impression that both satisfied and disturbed after a fashion with which I was in no sense accustomed.

"A Dirty Thief Who Steals in the Night." And So Saying He Peeled Off His Coat and Threw it Aside

I was beginning to revile the name of James Gosport Rendall for leaving me alone and unprotected in an Australian railway station when I observed a sudden activity on the part of my small fellow lingerer. She approached my trunks and with great determination set about to read the labels. Having done so, she squared her shoulders and bore down upon me. The position in which I found myself was one unsuited to further retreat. I was therefore compelled to stand my ground.

"You are Hugh Dempsey," she said accusatively.

"Yes, but I'm not doing any harm," I replied feebly, and burnt my fingers with a match which I was applying to my cigarette. The aquamarine eyes settled upon me with a serious stare. "Why do you say that? Are you frightened of anything?"

"No; 'course not. What should I be frightened of?" I replied untruthfully.

"But you were hiding round the signal box just now."

"I'm a railway man; these things interest me," I began.

"That's silly," she said. Then: "Dobs doesn't like waiting, so p'raps you'll hurry up."

"Who's Dobs?" I asked.

"The horse, of course."

She took hold of my sleeve and led me toward my luggage.

"Get hold of one end; I'll get hold of the other," she ordered.

"But where are we going?" I demanded feebly.

"Have you forgotten that you're stopping with us?"

I shook my head.

"But I'm not. I'm stopping with my old friend Rendall."

"Well, that's father, stupid."

"Oh," said I, "is it? What I mean is, why didn't you tell me you had a stupid father?"

She ignored my joke altogether.

"Who did you think I was then?"

"Hadn't the least idea. He never told me he had a daughter; he hadn't one when I saw him last."

She laughed.

"That was twenty years ago, and I wasn't born. Oh, you are silly!"

"I suppose," I replied after due consideration, "that I am, but there is some novelty in being told so. No, no; I can manage this trunk."

"The cart's over there," she pointed and took possession of the gripsack.

"Put it down," I ordered.

"Shan't," said she, and that branch of the argument ended in her favor.

"I hope," she said as we took our places in the cart, "you didn't think I was rude just now."

I negatived the idea with a lifted shoulder and she went on.

"But I always do say what I think. Father told me you were very clever and quite a great man."

"He's altered his opinion since the old days," I observed dryly. "At school he addressed me always as the Owl."

She looked at me critically.

"Yes," she said; "that was a good name."

"Nothing of the kind!" I returned hotly.

"I expect it was because you always blink when you get into a strong light."

"I don't do anything of the kind," said I.

"People are funny," said she.

For a while we drove in silence. At last she broke it to ask: "You've never been married, have you?"

"Correct," I replied.

"Father's been married twice. I'm his first wife's child."

This was news to me, and I showed surprise.

"My poor mummie died when I was born," she proceeded, and added wistfully, "I wish she hadn't. Don't you wish you'd been married?"

"Certainly not."

"You're not sorry?"

"That is what, in my owlish fashion, I was endeavoring to convey."

"I'd like to be married," she said slowly, "if only—to make sure that it could be—all right."

The remark sounded oddly from the fresh red lips that uttered it.

"The seeds of doubt appear to have been planted early," I murmured.

She nodded.

"It's horrid when the things you believe in turn out badly," she said.

And that was as far as we went with the subject of marriage.

"We'll be home in five minutes now. Did I tell you that father had to go to Wangaratta for two days and won't be back till to-morrow? That's why he wasn't at the station. My stepmother will be there."

I bore the news with outward fortitude.

"Father goes away a lot," she added; "sometimes for weeks on end."

"Tell me," I ventured—"your father is a deeply religious man, is he not?"

Her reply was unexpected.

"Yes; but there's nothing funny in that."

"I didn't suggest ——"

"I know. If only he'd pull up his socks —" she began fiercely. "But it's no good, I suppose."

"You mean?"

"Oh, you'll see soon enough." She gave the pony a flick with the whip. "Wouldn't it be a lovely old world if all the might-be's were?"

I cleared my throat and said I thought so, too, but I didn't understand what she meant.

"You haven't thought anything about it," she said.

Next moment we turned into an open gate and drew up before a low-built house dotted with white and crimson roses.

"Out you get."

I obeyed and, letting down the chain of the tailboard, shouldered my trunk and seized the gripsack in my right hand.

"Lead the way," I ordered.

We mounted wooden steps to a veranda and pushed open a French window.

"This is your room. There's a table to work on, and if you want anything else tell me." She plumped herself down on the bed. "'Tisn't much of a one—rather lumpy! But when you get to know it, 'tisn't so bad."

I looked round the room and nodded appreciatively. It was very clean and boasted by way of decoration a fine array of colored post cards. The curtains were tied up with starchy pink sashes like little girls at a school treat. On the mantelpiece were a number of cheap vases, a doll, a Swiss clock and a serious-looking Teddy bear arrayed in a pair of triangular scarlet bathing drawers.

"Do you like it?"

"Very much," I replied; "but who usually occupies this room?"

"Me."

"Then I'm turning you out?"

"Oh, that's all right."

"Not at all. I—er—where are you accommodated then?"

"Ask no questions ——" came the pert rejoinder.

"But I insist ——"

"Well, there's a sofa in the sitting room there."

"Yes, but I can't allow ——"

She jumped to her feet, a brave color on her cheeks.

"This isn't your house, and you'll do as you're jolly well told! I'll shout when lunch is ready."

She made for the door, but with surprising strength of mind I barred the way.

"You are not going," I said, "until ——"

"Until what?"

I felt the lightnings of the aquamarine eyes strike clean through me, and the determined note in my voice tailed off to an ineffable weakness.

"Until you tell me your name," I mumbled.

"Oh," said she, "if that's all! You can call me dearest."

"But look here ——" I hesitated.

"My mummie used to call me that, though I never heard her. My real name is Elizabeth Anne, but I don't like it."

"I've never called any woman dearest," I managed to say.

"You'll soon get used to it," said Elizabeth Anne. "It'll please me too."

She jerked her head to one side to indicate that I should clear the path, and marched out of the room.

"I wish," said I to myself as I worked at the straps of my trunk—"I very much wish I had decided to put up at the hotel."

Half an hour later I was summoned by a shout of "Mister Ow-wll Lu-unch!"

Following the direction of the sound, I crossed a dark hall and entered the room opposite. Elizabeth Anne was standing at the end of a table, carvers in hand and a roast joint before her. She nodded to a place at her right and I seated myself. For a while she carved the joint in silence, then pointed to the shadows at the end of the room with the fork. "Mother," she said.

Immediately I rose to my feet.

"You needn't do that; she won't wake up yet."

With an effort to cover my surprise I followed the line indicated by the fork. Recumbent on a couch lay a stout woman with a mop of frizzy yellow hair. Her ample bosom moved rhythmically to the even respirations of sleep. Her face, which was turned a trifle toward me, glowed as from a light within, and round the corners of her moist mouth a beatific smile played in harmony to the happier passages of her dreams. One fat hand at the end of a short plump arm had slipped to the carpet and lay palm upward. I confess that my hostess, viewed thus for the first time, provided me with little enchantment.

"I trust she is not indisposed?" I inquired politely.

"She'll be better after her sleep. D'you like fat?"

"No," I replied; "I don't at all." Then realizing that I was not replying to the intended question, I veered round the sentence to "That is, just a little, please."

With tight lips Elizabeth Anne attacked the joint. The knife slipped and struck the dish a fine ringing blow. The effect upon the sleeper was immediate. She sat bolt upright, her eyes wide open.

"Who did that?" she cried. "Who did it on purpose?"

Elizabeth Anne crossed quickly to her side and spoke in what struck me as a warning note.

"Mother, this is Mr. Dempsey—father's friend."

The wife of my old schoolfellow brought her feet to the ground and with a movement of propriety drew down her skirt while slowly the affairs of the world irradiated her sleep-logged brain.

"Yes—indeed, yes," she murmured. Then, as though that were inadequate to the occasion: "Fancy that!"

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*I Rocked a Little on My Heels and Tried to Smile. "You—You, Too!" There Was a World of Disgust and Disappointment in Her*

# FOLLOWING THE FRONT

German Prisoners Fraternizing With Jean, the Chauffeur. Above—American Cemetery Near Belleau Wood

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ACCORDING to latest advices every American who—after paying his income tax—has remaining the price of a second-class steamship ticket is planning to go to France this summer. A majority of these intend privately to take in a piece of the Front before their return. We are told that the French are awaiting them with open arms, which is doubtless true; and that the French Government, besides placing an import duty on incoming Americans, is subsidizing the building of mammoth hotels in the battle zone for their accommodation, which is not!

This article is written for such as have a legitimate excuse for visiting what is hallowed ground, in order that they may not be misinformed as to the conditions which there exist and only under which the Front may be seen. It goes without saying that no mere junketer or sightseer has any business there. But assuming that the intended visitor has reason for touring the Front he should be advised at once that unless he goes betimes he will find it difficult, if not impossible, to procure any place to sleep. It is not a question of inconvenience or discomfort—nobody would mind that—but of shelter. In fine weather one might not mind sleeping, at a pinch, in the open fields. But in a downpour of rain even a good sportsman might object to an *abri* half filled with water, and would find a Flanders stable a trifle malodorous. Food and drink are plentiful, but beds are scarce, and the Front is a big place and a long way from home. Most people have only the vaguest idea of what they mean by the term. Generally they have in mind a day's outing to Rheims or Soissons and the Chemin des Dames via rail and char-à-banc for twenty francs—meals and megaphone lecture included—under the chaperonage of a tourist agency. But that isn't seeing the Front; at any rate it will not enable one to feel the Front, and that is what one goes there for.

### A Model Route

THERE are, of course, numberless routes, and apart from certain individual points like Ypres, Soissons and Verdun, one demolished town looks almost exactly like another. But if possible one should cover the whole line from the Channel to Alsace in order to gain a correct idea of the magnitude of the contest, the strategy of the different operations and the superhuman courage and self-sacrifice of our Allies.

Our own trip was laid out with the kindly assistance of Mr. Philip Gibbs, of the London Times, and covered roughly the 600 kilometers from Ypres to Verdun. An additional 100 kilometers would have included St.-Mihiel and the Toul sector to Nancy. Starting in the afternoon on the arrival of the Channel boat at Calais, our schedule ran as follows:

| | DAY'S RUN |
|---|---|
| First day, Calais—St.-Omer—Cassel | 58 |
| Second day, Cassel—Ypres—Bailleul—Lens—Arras | 138 |
| Third day, Arras—Bapaume—Albert—Amiens | 127 |
| Fourth day, Amiens—Peronne—St-Quentin—Noyon—Vic-sur-Aisne—Soissons | 170 |
| Fifth day, Soissons—Coucy-le-Château—Anizy-le-Château—Berry au Bac—Rheims | 130 |
| Sixth day, Rheims—Châlons—Verdun | 113 |
| Seventh day, Verdun—Châlons—Château-Thierry—Belleau Wood—Meaux—Paris | 260 |

This route was chosen simply because it offered the best towns in which to stop over. It is, of course, capable of considerable variation.

At Cloth Hall, Ypres

### The Beach of the War

NOW the Front is the entire stretch of Belgian and French territory over which ebbed and flowed the tide of battle for four long years.

At the northern end it begins roughly at Dixmude on the Yser and swings south and then eastward round Montdidier, Noyon and Soissons, by Rheims to the Swiss border. At the ends it hangs practically stationary. In the center it bags out westward like a hammock, the distance between the extreme limit of the German advance and the stabilized line of 1918 varying from a few kilometers on the Flemish plain to fifty, sixty, seventy or more northeast of Paris toward and beyond Soissons.

If you look at a strategical record map you will see that this fought-over region has no particular shape, and that the lines of advance and retreat are sometimes close and sometimes far apart at closely adjacent points. For all the land which was at any time the scene of military operations—that is, was at any time the Front—is the Front now. By the term we do not mean the Front on September 5, 1914, September 10, 1914, July 1, 1916, April 1, 1917, March 20, 1918, July 18, 1918, or October 23, 1918, though we might select any one of these dates, or others. Thus to see the Front—that is, the whole beach of the war between the high and the low of the German tide—one not only has to travel south and east, but also has to cross and zigzag in order to cover the main points of strategical interest.

One's ability to travel over this depends naturally on the condition of the roads, the availability of means of transportation, the possibility of obtaining sleeping accommodations.

So far as the roads are concerned, the main highways, at least in good weather, are in excellent shape, with a few exceptions, such as on the Chemin des Dames. I do not recall more than two détour signs between Calais and Verdun, and the only rough road we traveled was for about twenty kilometers between Chavonne and Berry au Bac, and we need not have taken that. Once off the highways, however, and one is in trouble.

particularly during wet weather. And this is an important consideration in view of the probability that persons following the Front this summer, finding the hotels in the larger towns full, will be obliged to go cross country or follow narrow roads in order to seek sleeping quarters in the smaller villages.

But the French roads to-day are good, many of them far better than before the war, notably the one from Paris to Versailles, which used to be execrable but has now a perfect surface.

As to the availability of motor transportation, I can prophesy nothing. I only know that there is an unprecedented demand for motors, especially touring cars, both in England and France. Gasoline can only be obtained in the largest towns, and in February cost four francs fifty a gallon. With francs at fifteen to the dollar that is not any worse than in America—if you can find the gas—and it is easy to carry enough for the trip if you have a covered car; and if not you can manage on the running board, cut down your inside luggage or your trip.

Motors can be rented, everything included, for three francs a kilometer, with a fixed minimum of 150 francs a day. As you will average about 150 kilometers a day, this will make your motor cost you 450 francs, plus the final—and not inconsiderable—gratuity of from ten to twenty francs a day. Formerly this would amount to more than ninety dollars a day, but good Old Doctor Exchange comes in and cuts it down to thirty dollars, which is cheap enough, considering that the chauffeur supplies himself, the car, tires, gas, oil, his own keep and takes all risks. Some days you will only go fifty kilometers and pay only ten dollars. But the chauffeur is nevertheless getting what to him appears an incredibly large sum—about three times what he received from his car before the war, and naturally is quite satisfied. We on the other hand, owing to the depreciation in the franc, are getting off at an even lower cost than in 1912. This leads to the extraordinary phenomenon of a Frenchman who doesn't want to earn any more money at that particular moment. After your chauffeur has run you a couple of hundred kilometers he very likely will indicate that in his opinion you have gone far enough for that day. No, thanks to the freaks of the French franc, the expense of motoring is not a cause for anxiety if you can afford to go across at all, and if you can hire a car.

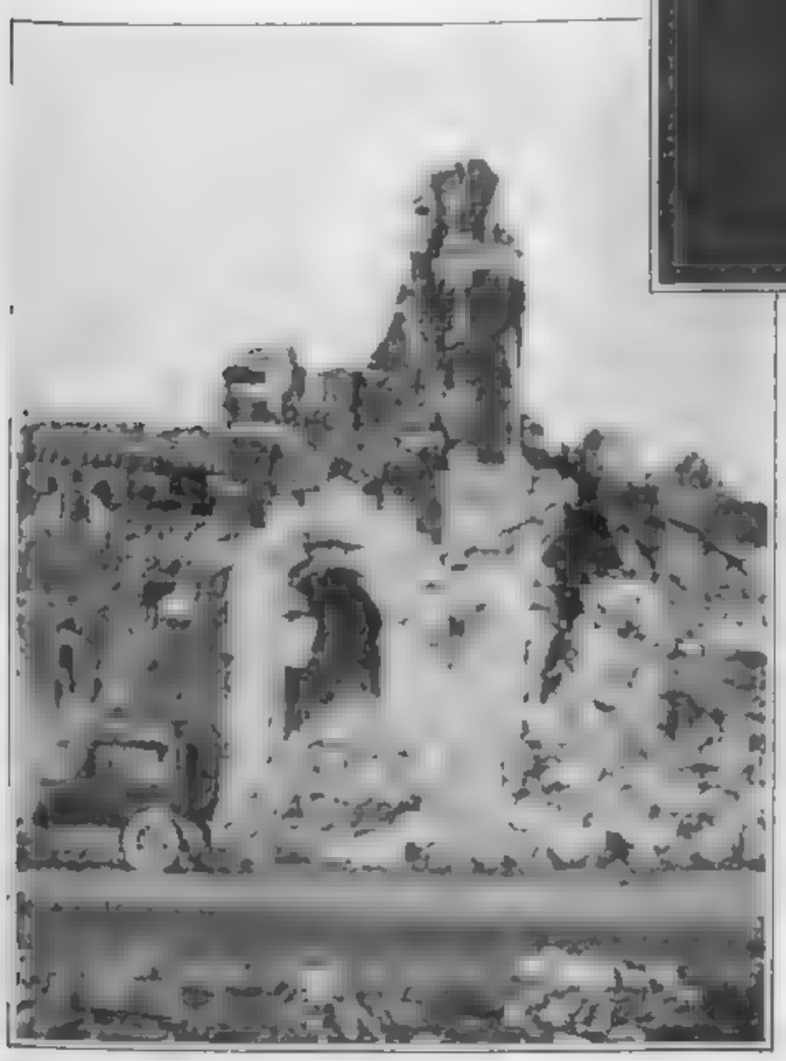
### *The Sleeping Problem*

THERE still remains the question of whether the motorist on the Front can find satisfactory sleeping accommodations if there is any considerable amount of travel. The outlook on this score is not encouraging. Even if he or she is prepared to rough it, I cannot conceive of the inns of even the larger and less damaged towns being capable of accommodating one-hundredth part of the tourists who are now planning to do the Front. The big commercial towns like Arras afford each a couple of hotels, which are always crowded with commercial travelers, even in winter.

When we stopped there in February we could find no rooms at the hotels and were obliged to pass the night at a one-story combination barracks and hotel built of portable material, the cubicles of which—besides being very dirty—were frightfully cold. And Arras is the ancient capital of the Spanish Netherlands and the most important town in France, save Lille, north of Amiens!

Amiens itself is on the direct railway line from Calais or Boulogne to Paris and the only express stop. There are several good hotels there, but unless rooms are engaged weeks ahead I shudder to picture the courtyard of the Hôtel du Rhin on an August afternoon next summer when the motors begin to choke the narrow entrance. However, the sight which will doubtless be seen there may inspire someone to write another poem

*The Ypres Cathedral*

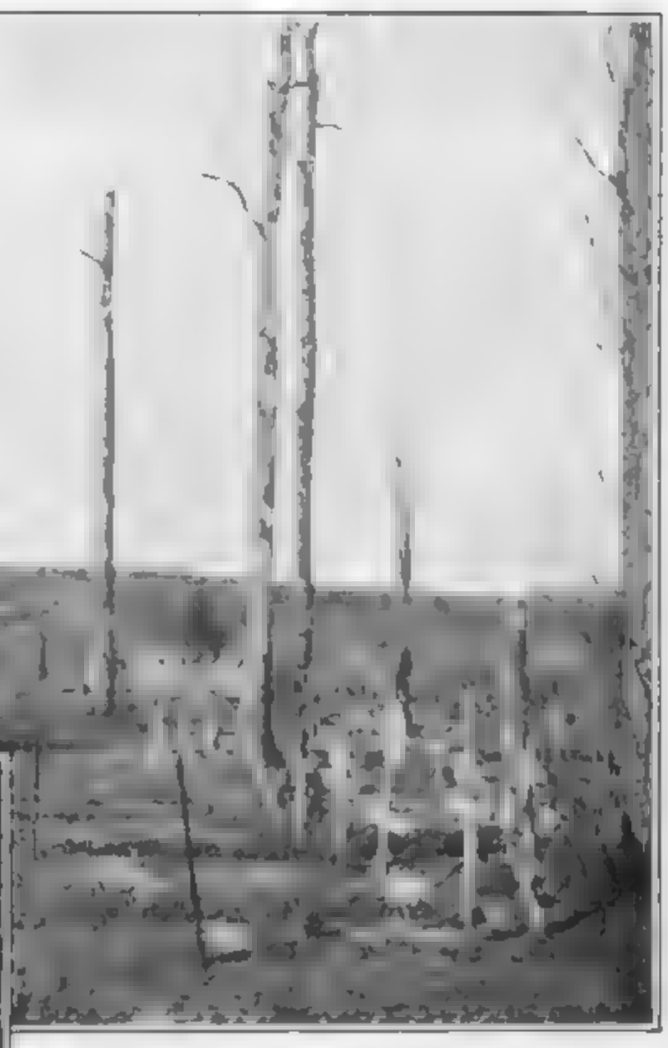


*Ruins of the Cathedral at Albert*

with the refrain, "Such things must be after a famous victory."

As for towns like Verdun and Rheims, the sleeping quarters would be negligible at the flood of the tourist tide, and elsewhere on the Front there are, in effect, no accommodations at all. This means that unless he goes out of season—as we did—or very early in the season, the motorist on the Front will have to pursue one of two courses: Engage accommodations long in advance in either Paris, Amiens, Soissons or Rheims, and radiate daily from a single point, returning to his hotel each night; or plan on reaching each evening some smaller town outside the battle zone of which his fellow motorists have not heard and which contains a hotel fit to sleep in. There probably are such towns, but I have no list of them. Sainte-Menehould is one, about an hour's run this side Verdun, and I should advise anybody to stay there at the excellent inn on the main street.

In a sense, good hotels would spoil the trip, and there would be something unseemly and more than distasteful in staying overnight in the luxury of a Ritz-Carlton Hotel, eating to music within sight of trenches where thousands of men have died. I hope no such hotels will



*A French Roadside Cemetery*

be erected. I hope things will be left as they are. There are enough inns on or near the Front to accommodate those who are justified in going there.

The transition from the smiling, unharmed landscapes of England to the gray desolation of desecrated France is abrupt and shocking. On the de-luxe Pullman of the Dover-Calais Express we shot through a green, flower-sprinkled England, and under the mellow, diffused February sunshine watched red-tiled farmhouses, moss-grown and comfortable, scud by; saw at one point against a background of rising fields of winter wheat a red-coated hunt streaming after a racing pack of hounds; and at another a thousand chimneys drenching the sunlight with soft-coal smoke and factory windows flashing to the sudden opening of furnace doors.

### *The Same Old Word*

A SMART young official with an empty left sleeve came through the train and apologized for asking to see our passports, considerately concealing his amusement at the hideous photographs of identification which Uncle Sam requires. I owe it to my companions to record at this point the fact that only once during our entire trip did either of them display any impatience, and that was when they had to admit to that smart young man that they were the awful females whose features simpered from those passports. But they were over self-conscious. What did he care?

"Thank you," he said, and passed on.

A group of ambassadorial Japs on the other side of the car giggled continuously, and a mournful rajah accompanied by his harem and official suite, all turbaned *in extenso*, ordered a vegetarian lunch with vast solemnity. We finished our own excellent meal and paid for a couple of bottles of delicious beer from Newcastle. "Thank you," chirped the attendant.

From an adjacent seat a high-pitched English voice floated in our direction.

"Really now, they must be all crazy, don't you think? Actually voting for prohibition for the whole country—not even light wine!"

"Fancy now!" answered his companion. "By the way, did you go to the reception at Lady Manley's? Rather jolly, wasn't it?"

"Cheerio!"

That was the note. The same old dreadful "cheerio" of the court, the concert hall and the camp—of the whole bloomin', blessed British nation that kept them sane throughout the war; the "cheerio" that forbids mourning and makes it bad form to mention military matters at all if you had anything to do with them.

"Yes," says your companion in answer to a direct question during the last act of the play to which your dinner

(Continued on Page 54)

# WHEN MARCIA FELL

## By Charles Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

HE SLUNK away from the marriage-license window as if he had just picked a pocket. Well, he had it—the slip of printed paper that gave B. H. Black and Corinne Dawson legal sanction to become man and wife anywhere within the confines of the county. A phlegmatic clerk, who looked like a butcher in need of a shave, had filled in the blank lines with callous disregard for the romantic possibilities of his duty, the fee had been paid and the deed was done.

No one who scanned the newspaper summaries of the day's transactions in marriage licenses would identify B. H. Black, aged thirty-six, with the rather well-known Brian Huntington Black, who sometimes looked younger than his years but who that day was assuredly looking older. Neither would anyone recognize Corinne Dawson, aged twenty-four, as Marcia Morris, the actress of adorable ingénues, who was never a day more than twenty on the stage but who, as Brian knew from her own confession, had turned her twenty-eighth birthday and found her first gray hair. Marcia had been using her stage name so long professionally and among friends that she herself had almost forgotten her original label. It was a hundred-to-one shot, he told himself, that he was not making himself ridiculous. Still the possibility of that single chance, that one per cent of peril, caused him to feel like a hunted criminal as he hurried down the corridor toward the elevators with his overcoat collar turned up and his hat crushed down over his forehead in an attempt at disguise.

For worse than the plights of the rejected suitor, the jilted lover and the deceived husband—those three sad symbols of woman's eternal elusiveness—is that of the man who has a marriage license in one hand and a beloved who says no instead of yes in the other. Such a man, Brian Black believed as he furtively made his escape, might easily become a classic butt of ridicule, a figure of comic folklore, a merry myth to be laughed at until the end of the world. He might even inspire—and here Brian shuddered—a vaudeville song that would go grinning down the ages as a companion piece to Waiting at the Church.

Yes, he had the thing by which the state so prosaically expressed its blessing upon his potential nuptials. But the question remained: What could he do with it? He did not know. He had no plan and very little hope. He was like a victim of shipwreck who puts his call for help into a bottle and gives it to the vast mysterious sea.

That evening and the next day whenever his telephone bell rang he jumped sharply with a spasm of excited nerves, expecting to hear the impertinences which he dreaded. The possession of this incriminating document had painfully inflamed his bachelor shyness. But as the world rolled on toward its obscure goal, ignoring the fact that he contemplated matrimony and that his name was publicly enrolled upon the lists of the expectant, his fever of timidity gradually faded out. Within a week he was certain that he had escaped the lynx-eyed city editors and weasel-nosed society reporters and he began to breathe the air and eat his meals like a free man. The secret of his hopes, he felt sure, was now safe from public mockery. Marcia alone could have the privilege of laughing at him, and he was accustomed to her blithe and teasing ironies.

Brian Huntington Black was a well-established business man of sound social antecedents—the type that belongs to university clubs, takes an acute interest in the Yale-Harvard football game and wears his fraternity pin until death. He belonged to a marrying species and he had the privilege of inspecting the best débutantes every season with serious intentions. He had remained a bachelor, he told himself, because he was in quest of his ideal, but it is more than likely that Fate had wrought miracles in order to spare him. A mild taste for the enchantments of the intellectual life kept him hankering for adventures outside the circle of the bourgeoisie to which he belonged. He went to picture galleries, contributed amateur verses to his favorite newspaper column under the pen name of Brian Boru and was boastful when they were printed, and he deeply admired magazine writers, dramatic critics and war correspondents. He first-nighted dutifully at the theaters and drank deep—up to July 1, 1919—at the opera bar, where he once had the inestimable privilege of being introduced to a third-rate tenor. These tendencies caused him to become almost a man about town and to be regarded in his office as a highbrow Bohemian. It was this irregularity in a commercial temperament also that betrayed him after many years of celibate contentment into a romantic devotion to an actress.

The cause of Brian's erratic behavior at a time of life when he should have been as placid as an adding machine was Marcia Morris, of course—the unique Marcia, a star of sentimental comedies, a whimsical charmer, a bewitching child of pretty footlight fictions, half angel and half imp. Marcia was small and delicate and fair, and in her rôles she had a wide-eyed look of dreaming wonder as if she believed in fairies and were just about to see one. There were times, when she was in character, that she seemed too gentle and spiritual to be human, but soon a flash of delicious mockery and elfin laughter would reveal the comedienne within the perfect ingénue. She had a special quality of droll charm and subtle humor; she was an actress for a Barrie play instead of the too-too sweet confections that were written for her and she yearned to appear in one. A Barrie repertory and a revival of Becky Sharp—these were Marcia's cherished ambitions. To look at her, however, one would imagine her to have the conventional desire for Juliet of the moon-kissed balcony.

Brian had seen her first two years before in a play that gave her the rôle of a convent novice who through an accident of war innocently acquired a dash of lavender. He became entranced. His fancy whispered to him that here, if she was as good as she looked, stood the other half of his life; and he straightway embarked upon the beautiful adventure.

His first attack was dashing. He spelled his name out for her in roses. Every evening for twenty days a bouquet came to Marcia's dressing room, the attached card bearing no inscription except a single letter and a number indicating its sequence. After the third floral tribute arrived she guessed that a message was being communicated to her in code. She rescued the first cards from the litter on her dressing table and tucked them as they came into the margin of her mirror to see how the puzzle ended. She grew impatient as Brian's three-ply name stretched out its serpentine length, and when after three weeks the suspense was ended this unknown admirer had taken possession of her imagination. She began to wonder what he looked like and she pictured him to herself as a tall dark man, gray at the temples, with sad eyes and a slow, mournful way of speaking, who would kiss her hand reverently and say, "You remind me of my long-lost daughter." During performances she would try to find this mythical creature among the faces in front.

To be precise, Brian and his roses intrigued her furiously. By the time the message was in its last lap and she was sure his name was going to be either Blatt, Blashfield, Blaustein or Blarney she was talking about him to the members of her company as if he were an old friend.

Then the flowers ceased coming and she wondered if he were sick or had left town or had been sued for debt by the florist. Presently along came a corsage bouquet accompanied by his visiting card in all its Spencerian grandeur and some verses in the style of Richard Lovelace, who could not love her, dear, so much, loved he not honor more. Marcia was entranced. Brian had written his address on the card and she promptly sent him a note thanking him for all the lovely flowers, and so on. He answered, saying that he would like to invite her to tea, properly chaperoned, if actresses were meeting gentlemen to whom they had not been introduced that season. She wrote back after a demure delay that it wasn't being done and that with admiration of his clever verses she was his very truly Marcia Morris. Silence ensued. Then she foolishly accepted an invitation to attend a large-and-late supper party in honor of the theatrical profession at the very correct Pavilion Club, and as she was being handed about in a flutter from one stranger to another someone introduced her to a large embarrassed man in a dress suit with a mouthful of name that she didn't hear in the clamor. He was so enthusiastic about her acting that she had to talk with him at length.

Finally to break away gracefully she said, "I hope you will come to see our play again, Mr.——"

"Brian Huntington Black," he prompted her with a shy grin.

"You, Mister Roses and Rimes! And I never guessed!"

She laughed and became the happy Marcia Morris instead of a hunted lioness who had been wishing she were home in bed. He did not tell her that being a power in the Pavilion Club he had engineered the party for the sole purpose of meeting her.

They became great friends with a promptitude that surprised Marcia, who was socially evasive, and that filled Brian with ecstatic amazement. She told herself that their tastes were delightfully akin and their minds curiously responsive. His self-communion on the subject was the gentle delirium of a mind amorously bewitched. For Marcia off the stage was nine kinds of a young woman that Marcia on the stage was not, and each of her manifestations was a new incarnation of Brian's ideal.

Marcia's play was good for a three months' run in Chicago, and long before the end of the engagement had arrived she became aware of the fact that he wanted to marry her. The information that he communicated on this point was precise and emphatic. She rejected him, of course, in a comforting way, which he interpreted as permission to try again, and the friendship ran on blithely. When she had left Chicago and he began to pursue

*"I'm Sorry If You Think I Have Been Tactless, Marcia. Where You are Concerned I Seem to be Particularly Stupid. Shall We Tear it Up?"*

*When They Went to Dancing Parties There Were No Secret Conservatory Moments for Marcia and Himself, for Someone Just Dying to Meet Her Was Always at Her Heels*

her into the one-night stands she came to realize that he was a man who could not be gently extinguished in an afterglow of letter writing. By the time her tour took her to San Francisco and he arrived there to spend a two weeks' vacation in her vicinity she understood that so far as she was concerned Brian was gifted with the determination of a mule, and she could never reach a decision to give him his final walking papers. A permanent breach with Brian, she decided after considering the matter, would leave an appreciable vacancy in her resources for contentment. There was something solid and impressive in the man's attachment to her that contrasted strongly with the touch-and-go of countless casual friendships, that stood in bold relief against the changing pattern of theatrical life. How many people she knew in brief comradeships—and how slight was her interest in their lives or theirs in hers! And how little could she count on them for any ultimate test of devotion! And on the other hand there was Brian, standing like a stone wall! He would last, she felt.

Here it may be assumed that the curtain has fallen to indicate a lapse of two years in the history of Marcia and Brian. They had lived in a cycle of partings which were sweet sorrow and reunions which were blithe compensation. There was Marcia's summer by the seashore with Brian hanging round the hotel for a solid month of heavy wooing. There was Marcia's six months' run in New York with Brian commuting frequently from and back to Chicago at week-ends. There was Marcia's annual spring engagement in Chicago with Brian at the stage door every night. There were the odds and ends of little journeys to Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Minneapolis and elsewhere. It was amazing, Brian discovered, how often a sedentary Romeo could contrive to meet an itinerant Juliet if he put his mind to it and didn't worry over reducing his business efficiency by about forty per cent. Of course such success could only come about if the fugitive Juliet encouraged her pursuer, and that was Marcia's contribution to the situation. She encouraged him up to the point of the final concession, but there she stopped.

She was everything but betrothed to him. She had said neither a positive yes nor a final no to his countless suggestions of marriage; she had answered in qualified affirmatives and shaded negatives. She never struck the notes of I will and I won't, but she played variations on I may and I might not. Marcia's maidenly hesitations were not artifice, but her expression of them was a better comedy than any she had ever played. And so Brian's life became a constant plucking of the petals of imaginary marguerites, a chronic muttering of the lover's litany of doubt.

The second spring that brought them together in Chicago found Brian with his riddle reduced to this form: She would not marry without retiring from the stage; she did not want to retire; she loved her art much and Brian a little; she did not want to get married anyway; she was sure they would fight like cats and dogs; it was much nicer being just pals; she believed that she would remain a spinster; and if she got tired of being a spinster she would enter a nunnery and become a bride of heaven. All this, a fat package of whimsical letters and the privilege of holding Marcia's hand whenever she felt affectionately sorry for him represented the official assay of the two years' courtship of Brian Huntington Black.

With the usual delusion of the infatuated male he believed that she loved him, but was too modest to confess it. In support of this theory he had the evidence that he was at all times the favored man; that there was no engagement she would not break to accept one of his invitations; and that no threatening rival had ever appeared on the horizon. All of which was very comforting to Brian, but he had come to the point where a man cannot live by holding hands alone.

He had abandoned hope that Marcia would say an unequivocal yes, name the day, buy a trousseau and with deliberation and foresight so arrange her plans and her affairs that she and he would meet before an altar to be joined together with appropriate festivities. There was something in her nature, some fairy quality, some inheritance of Diana's soul, that would forever keep her away from a meditated marriage such as the ordinary daughters of men coolly entered into. But if she could be surprised into it, if she could be caught at an unguarded moment, in laughing surprise, as a nymph is caught by a satyr; if she could be chloroformed and wake up to find that all was over; if something could happen to prevent her elfin sense of humor from transforming the situation into light mockery, she would accept the inevitable and be glad of it. Thus argued the sapient Brian. So he equipped himself with a marriage license and began to hatch strange plots.

What he really needed was the traditional desert island. In that lovers' paradise, when they were alone together at last, he would be able to find the woman within this pretty nebula of star dust. For Brian had learned that the wooing of an actress—of Marcia's kind of actress at least—was a long vexation of publicity. His ardor had to content itself with dinners in cafés, walks together on crowded boulevards and yearning good nights in the presence of elevator men. When they went to dancing parties together there were no secret conservatory moments for Marcia and himself, for someone just dying to meet her was always at her heels. If they chose a secluded bench in a park on a pleasant afternoon urchins sprang up from the earth to gambol at their feet and plumbers coarsely wooing virgins of the proletariat appeared to keep them company. In her dressing room at the theater the stage manager was always hovering at the open door to call the half hour.

So he had to content himself with occasional hand-holdings in taxicabs, an amusement which after two years begins to lose its romance. When he was with Marcia he felt as if he had no more privacy than a traffic policeman.

Brian in possession of a marriage license was a man beside himself and his imaginings were bizarre. After evolving many curious treasons and stratagems, after projecting numerous mad plots, he went out in search of an aviator. The desert-island plan was on his mind. He was almost certain to find a stray free-lance of the air tuning up a biplane on the blasted heath of Grant Park near the hangars of the aërial mail service, and so toward the lake front he directed his footsteps. A casual chat with a mechanic who was grooming one of the postal sky busses gave him the information he wanted, and he was soon in conversation with a commercial flyer who had swooped away from the factory two hundred miles distant as the southwest breeze blows to smoke an after-luncheon cigarette with the birds who carry the mail.

Sure, he was willing to pick up a bit of change by taking someone for a joy ride, the bright-eyed youth in oil-stained leather informed Brian. Twenty-five dollars would be about right for half an hour.

"Could you carry two passengers?" Brian asked.

"As easy as one."

"With no loop-the-loops or tail-spins or kick-the-buckets?"

The human falcon grinned and guaranteed to give Brian a mere trolley ride through the azure. When did he want to start? Where was the other passenger?

Brian hesitated and then pointed toward the Michigan Avenue sky line, where the rock rim of Chicago's commercial plateau looms up in high masses of masonry loop-holed with countless windows.

"Do you see that building over there—the tallest one on the street, built like a box?"

The aviator looked and saw.

"Well, then, could you land us on that roof and come back to pick us up in a couple of hours?"

The eagle's stare came into the young flyer's eyes as he appraised Brian after this question. It was the cold fierce

*(Continued on Page 181)*

# HAVE YOU ANY MONEY?

## By Albert W. Atwood

THE storm center of discussion in American finance at this moment, and at most times the very maelstrom of money itself, is a small, inconspicuous desk off at one side on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, at which a few men sit and write memoranda for a few hours of each business day. Dramatic only in what it signifies, wholly uninspiring in appearance, to this the so-called money crowd of Wall Street draws in focus all the subtle and mighty forces of banking and credit. Here is first borne the brunt of panics and hard times, and here usually are to be seen the first signs of prosperity and expansion.

As one looks down from the visitors' gallery of the Stock Exchange upon this small and unimpressive corner in a large and impressive room there is difficulty in realizing that this spot is in a very real sense the front and center of the power of money. Upon the vast, pitiless, complex and yet almost automatic mechanism represented by this prosaic-looking money crowd depends the whole structure of stock promotion and speculation, and even to a considerable extent the organization and conduct of large corporate industry.

Here is where men borrow hundreds of thousands or even millions of dollars a day apiece, as much a matter of routine as a housewife buys a loaf of bread. It is of course the ghost of money, credit, rather than the long green, which fills this market place, but it is the very life blood of finance. It must be had quickly, repeatedly, with smooth precision and in colossal quantities, or else the whole structure of stocks would tumble like a house of cards.

Wall Street is willing to be ungrammatical if it can only get the money it wants, and "Have you got any money?" seems at times to be the very chorus of the market place. Upon the answer to this insistent question from day to day depends the existence of the Stock Exchange.

A few months ago a single broker bought one hundred thousand shares of stocks at a hundred dollars a share in less than three hours without hitch or hindrance. Such a market—quick, liquid, gigantic and impersonal—depends for its very being upon a never-failing well of credit.

This strange money market is the only one of its kind in the world, and is perhaps the most sensitive thing on earth. There is no other market so volatile, so delicate, or more important. It is in a literal sense momentary and temporary, and yet it has gone on for generations. But almost always it is a sore spot, a critical feature in the financial system of the country.

### *From Flood to Drought*

THE stockbroker goes into the money crowd like a worshiper to a shrine. I do not mean that his attitude is reverent, but he is as helpless before this intangible divinity of money power as the most unlearned and superstitious savage who ever bowed to the ground before a graven image. The broker goes into the money crowd with his business life hanging by a thread. His happiness, success, prosperity and good name depend upon being able to borrow immediately fifty or a hundred money—fifty or a hundred thousand—or perhaps even a million or more. He must have it at once. He must have it again to-morrow, and every day and year thereafter.

To this money table flows most of the time a broad deep stream made up of a thousand rivulets. But now and then there is a freshet, a flood, and money lends at the rate of only one per cent a year, or even less. Then comes a terrible drought, threatening to leave the stockbrokers and their clients as dry and gasping as fish out of water, with the yearly cost of money at 100 per cent or more. Or to change the figure, this strange money market often occupies the position of a man who sits on a dynamite keg, which occasionally explodes.

"We were scared to death," said a broker who was haled before a congressional investigating committee a few years ago to explain his part in certain peculiar-looking stock-market operations, and he went on to explain that he had just been borrowing $28,000,000, which was double his normal amount. "Ordinarily," he said, "a broker can pick up $500,000 or $600,000 easily any time he wants it, but on other occasions it takes all his time to get $100,000."

The Banking District in Lower New York

Often for considerable periods of time the stock market has had a feast of money, and then again for long periods it has had a famine. But even when the average for a whole year has been low, at times actually below two per cent, the rate might for a few days, a few hours or perhaps only a few minutes, shoot up to ruinous figures for the belated, unlucky borrowers who happened to be caught in a tight place. Then again even when the average rates have been high enough to drive Wall Street into the deepest gloom a torrent of money might pour in for a few hours only to be recalled the next day.

One afternoon I visited a money broker to inquire into the causes of high rates. Brokers and speculators had been moaning and groaning for months because of what seemed to them extortion. But the money broker showed no interest at all in my questions. His mind was intent upon the last half hour of that particular afternoon.

"Why, there was $20,000,000 which we couldn't give away this afternoon!" he exclaimed.

But in the main there were many years before and for a while during the war in which the stockbroker, and through him the speculator, was able to borrow the bulk of his money at average rates far below what the farmer, merchant and manufacturer had to pay. Now for several years the tables have been turned. The Wall Street man has paid through the nose and he is very unhappy about it.

The typical up-and-down market follower considers that the worst profiteering in the country has been in money. He has always lived on the edge of a volcano and he knows it. But he hates to have the lava burn the edge of his coat. He knows perfectly well that the vast machinery of the stock market is conducted mainly by means of many hundreds of millions of dollars of demand loans subject to call at any time. But he does not enjoy the agony of being squeezed any more than the residents of Pompeii and Herculaneum liked being covered with hot ashes, even though they knew in theory at least that it might happen at any moment.

### *Are Lenders Profiteers?*

SO THE more excitable Wall Street man mutters incoherent charges; he blames the Federal Reserve system; he blames the banks, and whispers that the money trust is a real ogre after all. He intimates that rich men who control the great banks of New York City are shaking out the buyers of stocks. He resorts to his entire well-known battery of vague but grievous incriminations. Here is the way he puts it:

"This method of opening the call-money rate at eight per cent, putting it up to ten per cent at twelve o'clock, with another boost to twelve per cent at one o'clock and then on up to fifteen or eighteen per cent before the close, day after day, is making New York the laughingstock of every other money center. Why should a borrower have to pay fifteen per cent for money when his competitor in business obtained it at seven per cent three hours before? If a man paid forty dollars for a suit of clothes at eleven-thirty A. M. and the merchant charged another customer eighty dollars for the same kind of suit at two P. M. the merchant would be put into jail for profiteering.

"One large bank with loanable funds watches the demands for money accumulate, and just before the sounding of the gong for closing forces brokers to take $2,000,000 at twenty-five per cent. This is called banking. Is it any wonder that bank stocks have been advancing? If a merchant advanced his prices 100 per cent in two hours he would be jailed for profiteering.

"As money rates advance, the faster the rumor monger circulates his wares. When money was advancing yesterday the blackest kind of rumors were put out in Wall Street and wired to every prominent center in the country. There was not a word of truth in any of them.

"Almost every branch of industry in the country is flourishing; but confidence will soon be undermined if foolish money rates continue for any great length of time and the rumor mongers are permitted to flourish their firebrands."

Nor have such charges been made only by irresponsible persons. Nearly fifteen years ago one of the richest men in the country, himself a director in many banks, accused two banks of being responsible for barbarous conditions in the call-loan market. He asked that a committee of the chamber of commerce investigate his charges after having explained that the banks to which he referred withdrew their loans in the morning when rates were moderate, thereby creating an urgent demand because of the very scarcity which they themselves had made, and so forcing up the rates to twenty per cent in the afternoon, when they would loan freely at the higher figure.

The brokers have their own way of putting their complaint:

"If the banks have money to lend us at fifteen per cent they must have it at six per cent."

But for the most part such charges are hurled at the banks by those whose view is narrow and jaundiced with the prejudice of extreme self-interest. It must be remembered that every occupation has its overzealous partisans. Stock speculation is certainly no exception. In Wall Street you find plenty of men who seem unaware of the existence of any other business. To them the sun, moon and stars revolve round the stock market. Nothing else matters. Nothing else exists.

When money rates are high the bitterness of those who live by stock speculation is unbelievable. They regard tight money as a personal insult, a direct affront aimed at them by malicious bankers. To the stock speculator, to the typical financial journalist who caters to the speculative taste, and unfortunately to many brokers, the fluctuations in the cost of money are a form of sheer deviltry. Bankers become to their minds demons and persecutors, grinning instigators of an inquisition. We all know that the tender spot in one's anatomy is often the pocketbook, and a sense of humor is conspicuously lacking when that vital organ is injured. High money rates usually hit the stock trader hard, and he can see only maliciousness in the forces which operate.

But he sees worse than mere venom. It is a deep dark plot of the money trust to exploit him. It is an old trick, he believes, for the bankers to lend money freely when they want to encourage speculation for purposes of running up prices on which to sell out their own holdings. Then when they wish to acquire good securities cheaply they hoist the rates for money, drive down prices and buy in, according to this charming view.

It is said that mature men and women in some parts of the world still believe in fairies. But the crudest peasant of Southern Europe or the most ignorant savage in Africa can be no more superstitious than the Wall Street speculator. To ascribe the rise and fall in money rates to the malevolence of bankers implies an ignorance of the great economic forces at work that is pitiful. Of course I am not saying that all stock traders or the majority of brokers share such a view. But there are enough who feel this way when money is tight, even if their intellects do not wholly approve of their instincts, to fill the at all times highly charged atmosphere of Wall Street with incredible animosity.

The New York Stock Exchange

### Reasons

"TO THE layman the fluctuations in the rate for call money seem violent and arbitrary. Why is there such a wide range in rates? It has been charged that banks withhold money to the last minute and then lend it at the highest possible figure. Is that true?"

Such were the questions I put to one of the leading brokers on the Stock Exchange, a man who has closely followed the movements of money for many years. He said that if a study of the rates were made over a period of years it would be found that money had closed down rather than up more than one-half the time. Brokers forget the many occasions on which they have borrowed cheaply, he added, and naturally remember only the times when they have been stung. It is the same old human trait which leads us to accept the good things of life as a matter of course and sends us up in the air when something goes wrong.

"The fact is," he went on, "there has never been a day when brokers failed to get their money. Even in the worst days of the 1907 panic they finally got it. This is not to say they do not pay high prices at times, but they always get the money.

"It is absolutely essential to remember that this is a peculiarly privileged market. It is the only daily money market in this country. What we brokers get is accommodation for a single day. The lender has the privilege of calling the loan within a day, and we have the equal privilege of paying it off. Where else does a borrower enjoy such a remarkable advantage? If you went into a bank and borrowed $500,000 on an ordinary business loan and paid it off the next morning they would throw you out of the place or send for an ambulance to take you to the insane asylum. It is a tremendous advantage to be able to pay off an obligation within a few hours after it is incurred."

### Department Stores of Finance

"THIS is a peculiarity for which we have to pay and ought to pay well. Remember, too, that this is the one great money market where idle funds are kept awaiting use. This is where the banks of the country keep the money which they expect later to invest. It always is the first to feel changes. If the Government wants several hundred million dollars we feel it first. Our turnover is the largest of any money market. Some days loans are called up to $100,000,000 and there have been occasions when as much as $150,000,000 has been called in a single day. Nowhere else can that amount of money be got at in such a short space of time. You cannot go out and sell one hundred millions of bonds in one day, nor can you call commercial loans to that extent. For these reasons rates change violently and in such an apparently arbitrary manner. Such a market is bound to be sensitive and feel the demands placed upon it.

"It is a small man's idea to suppose that the banks hold out on purpose to run the rates up. A bank's condition is always changing and it can never tell far in advance how much it will have to lend on the Stock Exchange. A bank may get a new deposit of $1,000,000 at half past two in the afternoon, and then will rush $100,000 over to the floor to lend.

"The brokers, seeing that no money had come from that particular bank earlier in the day, jump to the conclusion that some game is being played at their expense."

The simple unadorned truth is that lending money in the stock market, so far as the individual bank is concerned, is so automatic that it is almost mechanical. It is as much governed by personal feeling, by benevolence or malevolence—with exceptions to be noticed later—as a piece of steel machinery. A large modern bank has many types of business, or services, as bankers themselves prefer to express it. In addition to lending on all manner of business transactions, the bank buys and sells securities, acceptances and foreign exchange for its own account. It is a department store of finance, and lending money on call is only one of many departments. The question has been asked a thousand times one thousand in Wall Street, "Who makes the rate for call money?" I put this

(Continued on Page 154)

Curb Market, Broad Street, New York

# LUCK OF THE ROAD

*"If I Should Scream," She Suggested, "Something Might Happen That You'd Remember Quite a While"*

## By Wallace Irwin

*ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON*

VII

THE fun period had gone on for nearly a year and fun is a drug which must be given in increasing doses or it will cease to make merry in the veins. You may stretch a rubber band round one book or even a half dozen, but when you attempt to stretch it round a table something breaks and somebody gets a snap in the face. So it was with Fitz Colburn's patience. It held out splendidly during a period of months, but it snapped one evening under provocation.

A fancy-dress ball was being given for a mild war charity in the ballroom of a studio restaurant beyond Columbus Circle. Fitz, attired in some ridiculous Roman costume, had gone there tired to death and famished for sleep—a dangerous condition in upper-class Bohemia. Winnie, white robed and gold filleted, with a crimson scarf over her shoulders and gilded sandals on her little feet, was radiant as Aurora—whom, by the way, she might have represented.

"You aren't cross, are you, Fitz dear?" she asked coaxingly just as their car was getting into line.

"Not in the least."

"Well, what are you mad about?"

"Winnie, how ridiculous!"

The carriage man interrupted the argument, if argument it could have been called, and the Colburns were greeted by Mrs. Sannis and her followers almost as soon as they had laid aside their wraps.

"Winnie," she cried demonstratively, "we've had the rowdiest sort of a dinner! I've just drunk Terry under the table. He won't acknowledge it, but he's there all right."

Terry Overbeek, modestly attired as Phœbus Apollo, grinned a blank red grin and said nothing. He was speechless.

"Let's make it an orgy," invited the irrepressible Eideline. "Don't let's dance until Santy opens that bottle he's been threatening for hours. Are we unanimous?"

Distantly Santianna, partially disguised as the Emperor Nero, could be seen flourishing a green bottle by its fat neck.

"Where did you all get that lovely start?" asked Winnie in a voice which Fitz should have been used to by that time.

"Catch up!" commanded Eideline, offering a cigarette and taking one herself.

Terry Overbeek sat down and stared sullenly into space.

"Brace up, old dear!" cried Winnie, but the overburdened soul could only smile a sickly smile.

A waiter had filled a dozen glasses. Bacchanalians in costumes appropriate to their cult had gathered round, bare, braceleted arms reaching greedily for the drink which is now by constitutional amendment no longer in existence.

"I want to toast!" declared Santianna ecstatically, raising his glass.

"Toast away! It's hot enough in here for anything," Mrs. Sannis permitted.

"To most-a brightest of all looking hair!"

"Who's got all that?" asked Mrs. Sannis roughly.

"Weenee! I dreenk her standing up!"

"Wienie!" mocked Eideline. "My darling sausage! Come on, Wienie, he's paging you!"

"To all most charm! Weenee! *Hermosa!* I dreenk you on the table."

"Get on the table, Wienie!" commanded Eideline.

"On the table!" echoed the Roman mob, and a dozen braceleted arms had lifted her, scarcely struggling, to the eminence, where she stood unashamed and lovely amid a litter of broken glass.

"Weenee, most charm! For you man's heads go crazy. Aphrodite! Helena with gold on your hairs ——"

"Shut up!" suggested Eideline. "Give Wienie a chance with the English."

"Speech! Speech!" cried the Roman mob.

Fitz stood irresolute, torn between an impulse to strike out with both fists and an urge to run away from his wife, centered as she was by jeering admiration.

"I can't talk," declared Winnie, her cheeks brightening with excitement. "But I'm crazy about dancing. Terry ——" She reached down and tweaked him by the ear.

"You dance and let me watch," begged Mr. Overbeek, his voice coming like one from the tomb.

"Terry, what was the name of that yellow lady Wilty Greigg had dancing at his studio?"

"Javanese," volunteered Terry, and said no more.

"Javanese! I'll give you a Javanese dance by permission of Baron Santianna and the Metropolitan Opera House."

"*Bueno!*" roared the Emperor Nero, bringing his white hands together.

Winnie drained the champagne glass she had been holding and tossed it into the mob. The rest was revolting to Colburn—his wife twisting and gesturing to the regular spat-spat of appreciative hands. Not that she didn't do it well. She did it too well. His courtesy was frightful as amid deafening applause he helped her down from the table.

"Now please, we dance!" begged Santianna, catching hold of her arm and hurrying her, laughing, toward the crowded ballroom, where again that jungle tum-tum-tum and discordant concatenation of jazz proclaimed a modern dance.

Fitz Colburn wandered among the spectators, dazed and disheartened. Up to now there had been a certain pretense of convention among these wastrels into whose midst his wife had dragged him. The scene to-night was gaudy and licentious. There was no attempt at restraint. Artists' models, studio characters, those well-groomed hooligans whom the newspapers call clubmen were whirling and twisting with an abandon worthy of a later hour.

At last he saw Winnie and her partner dancing toward the spot where he stood so critically watching. The situation was plain enough. Santianna, quite unable to keep his legs, was floundering, threatening any moment to drag her to the waxed floor.

"I beg your pardon," said Fitz, smiling coldly, as he stepped in and continued the dance with his wife.

"Fitz, what's the matter?" she asked angrily in his ear.

"This is what's the matter," he replied in equal temper. "You've made a spectacle of yourself long enough. I was never so ashamed in all my life."

"Of me?"

She drew away and they stood facing each other while dancers nudged them from both sides.

"I want you to come home," he said.

"Now? Are you crazy? Why, it's only ten o'clock! The dancing's scarcely begun."

"You've done enough for one night."

"Oh, have I? I suppose you have some way of knowing just when I've had enough dancing."

"I mean it," declared Fitz, tightening his jaw. "I'm going and you're going with me."

Strangely enough, she followed him. Possibly a strong hand was what she had needed all this year of fun. They got out of the glittering noisy mob before any friend could recognize their intention and were cool and quiet as the snow, blowing softly from Central Park, as they waited for their car. When at last they were on their way downtown there was still no word between them.

Fitz Colburn's house, toward which they were journeying, had been remodeled by Greigg from an ugly brownstone of the high-stoop period. It was not large, but it had been luxuriously fitted from the iron-grilled American basement entrance to the smart colony of servants' rooms on the top floor. Part of this same floor Fitz had retained as a studio because of its high north light and its remoteness from domestic sounds. The second floor had been divided into a fine suite of bedrooms in the rear and a large guest room in front. Downstairs a Chinese dining room, of which Fitz was very proud, shared the floor with the living room, which was *quattrocento* in design and furnishing.

The rooms to the north overlooked a handsome little Italian garden which Wilton Greigg had planned to fill a space once sacred to the family wash.

Into this home the Colburns entered sullenly. The long-stretched band had broken and as it happened had snapped them both in the face. Colburn unlocked the big white door, switched on the light in the entrance hall, laid his hat and coat on an Italian chest and stood regarding his wife rather blankly as she pressed a button for her maid. At the passage where their bedrooms divided he stopped again.

"Good night," he said, already leaning toward forgiveness.

"Good night," she replied, and shut the door in his face.

It was half an hour later when Colburn, swaddled in a bath robe, opened that door again.

The room which he entered seemed entirely out of keeping with the rest of Colburn's exquisite little house. Winnie had had the interior decorated to suit herself. Fitz had laughed indulgently when first she decided to remove the Aubusson carpet and fill in the delicate French paneling with an obvious pink brocade. But to-night the insistent pinkness of her room offended him as deeply as anything she could have done. Noisy little shades broken out in a rash of rosebuds covered the lamps, giving the space an infernal glow. The bed, which was of a hybrid design and elaborately decorated with pinky garlands, was covered by a satin quilt of an unpleasant shade of rose. It had been clumsily turned down.

The place was full of insignificant little articles. Winnie had a passion for dolls with hoop skirts to cover telephones, pincushions, toilet sets; staring statuettes with heads of human hair and enormously exaggerated eyes simpered from a shelf.

At one sweeping glance Fitz disapproved. Winnie's maid, an untidy Swedish woman, hummed as she worked in the far vista of the dressing room. Winnie kept this creature because, as she candidly confessed, the well-trained ones insisted on patronizing her and left without giving notice. Garments lay on the floor where they had fallen. Over the pink-lined glass top of a dresser a strand of pearls and several rings were carelessly strewn.

On a chaise longue at the opposite end of the room Winnie lay reading a book and smoking. She was wearing a suit of pyjamas which from the first had irritated Fitz. Black satin they were, with black lace frills at every possible edge—"roof-gardenish," he called them as he stood there staring out his unfriendly criticism.

"Winnie!" he began, and took a seat beside her.

"Well?"

She looked coolly up, then something in his eyes compelling her attention, she laid down the book. She had picked a fresh cigarette from a glass tray, lighted and puffed before he resumed.

"Now that we're on the subject I think we ought to talk it out."

"What subject?"

Her eyes were wide with innocence.

"Well, our lives and what we're doing with them. You told me once that you weren't having a good time. I was rotten sorry about that, so I went out to find some fun for you. It was my fault that I picked the people I did, but I didn't know—well, how you'd take to them."

"I know the sort you'd prefer," she informed him. "All those moth-eaten stuffed birds in the Natural History Museum ——"

"Let me finish!" he demanded, his voice rising. "I showed you the wrong set and you took to them like a duck to water."

She paused to arrange a frill at her ankle before she looked up and asked: "What do you call the wrong set?"

He never could tell whether she was cruel or merely stupid.

"Mrs. Sannis, if you want one."

"She goes everywhere."

"Everywhere where there's a big crowd. She's not received in any good drawing-room."

"You mean your grandmother doesn't like her."

"Terry Overbeek," he went on, disregarding the slur, "is the black sheep of a very good family. People can't afford to be seen with him. Santianna's left an American wife stranded in Nice."

"I'm glad you like my friends," she informed him, and set herself to braiding a strand of yellow hair that had come undone.

"I've tried to tell you this a hundred times, but there's no use arguing with you. Now I've got to talk it out. You don't realize what you're doing when you're with those people. If you could only have seen yourself to-night—all the studio loafers in New York leering at you while you made that frightful exhibition. Winnie, what have I done to you?"

"One thing you've done to me," she informed him sullenly, "is to turn me into a public laughingstock. I hope that helps your tender feelings."

"I'm sorry for that," said he.

"I'm glad you're sorry. I never wanted to dance so in all my life."

He sat nursing his knee, his eyes focused on the headpiece beyond her bright hair.

"You were so beautiful and unspoiled when I found you out there in the country. What have I done to you? I've managed it all wrong some way. But it's got to stop, Winnie. We'll go abroad—anywhere. But this thing has got to stop." *(Continued on Page 125)*

*The Rest Was Revolting to Colburn—His Wife Twisting and Posturing to the Regular Spat-Spat of Appreciative Hands*

# KINGS' HOSTS

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

IV

IN HIS back office, on an ancient sofa confiscated in some raid of the early days, Sheriff John Walters, of Kearney County, lay asleep after a hard night. Fully dressed except for his boots, he sprawled on his back, his hair matted, his face drawn and snoring heavily. Occasionally he shivered convulsively from the cold, for the Indian blanket with which he had covered himself when he dropped there at six o'clock that morning had slipped to the floor. It was now barely eight, and he slept like the dead.

In his relaxed condition Walters' character was easy to read. He looked a man with all the inclinations of a crook but few of the prerequisites. He was weak—neither daring, clever nor resourceful. If he had been moral he would have made an inferior clerk; being wholly without a moral sense or moral courage he made an excellent tool for stronger rascals than himself. Stull Stow's cowmen said Walters was yellow, and they were right. But he had also the instincts of a bully, and when the advantage was his he could be a "bad *hombre*." His bravado had brought him with credit through several ruckusses. His general reputation made him good timber for the sheriff's place under the Radcliff régime.

His part in the deal with Trigger McCune, the Pecos mine bandit, had been characteristic of him. The scheme, of course, was Radcliff's. Gessler, the complacent and convenient lawyer, had conducted the negotiations. Walters had entered on the enterprise with carefully repressed enthusiasm. If it were successful he would be staked; if it failed he was to have the credit for the pursuit of the bandit, supplied with information concerning him by the watchful San Francisco detective agency employed by Radcliff before McCune's release in Illinois. Gessler had returned from his trip to the Coast guardedly hopeful. McCune would come through, provided that they threw the fear of God into him. This task had been assigned to Walters, and between his feverish anxiety not to scare off the bandit, his greed for a share in the spoils and his doubts of the man—in spite of Gessler—he had spent a bad two weeks, culminating in a tense day and night after news of McCune's arrival had reached them. He had been torn between doubt, suspense and fear, and trembling with avarice. The moment the deal was closed and the bars of bullion actually secure he had relaxed—gone to pieces. His sleep was evidence of his nervous exhaustion. His wakening was cruelly violent.

A big man burst into his den, closed the door and strode across to the sofa. With rough hand he shook the sheriff's shoulder.

"Come out of it, Walters!" he growled crossly. And as the sheriff sat upright, alarmed, he added witheringly: "You're a hell of a sheriff!"

"What's wrong, Gessler?"

"Well, for one thing, that undersheriff of yours is back in town."

"Squires? He can't be! I sent him to Martingale yesterday afternoon on a phony tip—it'd take him three days."

Gessler's lip curled.

"Next time you better go with him to see that he gets there," he said. "He came into town about six and he is rumshoeing round backways with trouble in each hand."

"How do you mean? I'll tend to him! I'll fire him, that's what I'll do! He can't ——"

*"I Only Came in to Ask You if You Think You Could Love Me. Because if You Can't I Can Love You—Enough for Both!"*

"Oh, dry up! Don't you know what Squires is working on?"

"Not ——"

"Probably not that—yet. He's turned up a murder."

The sheriff started.

"What kind of a murder?"

"One in which a man meets a violent death, you poor fool! I don't know who it was—but he was killed last night a hundred feet from where we watched Trigger McCune dig up that bullion cache."

"It was the shot we heard!" the sheriff gasped.

He sat on the edge of the sofa and began pulling on his boots, his face gray. Then he stopped—glanced up.

"Look here, Gessler," he blurted, "are you trying to throw a scare into me?"

The lawyer swore.

"You hound dog," he cried, "there is the fall of a card between you and the pen, and you sit on the edge of a bed and talk about throwing scares! Come to! Radcliff is bothered; I confess I'm getting weak; you don't matter either way. But let me tell you this: If that damned rat McCune has bungled this deal with a murder the sheriff of the county is going to handle it!"

"Of course I'll handle it!" Walters retorted.

But something in the lawyer's gaze and manner chilled his blood. Gessler meant more than he said. What was it?

"Gessler," he demanded, "are you and Radcliff going to lay down on me? If McCune murdered a man and I have to go after him ——"

He paused, sick with the new idea.

"Well," Gessler prompted cruelly, "are you tongue-tied?"

"If McCune is caught he'll talk."

"No doubt of that."

"He'll spill the vitals. Squires may get him. We'll all be dragged into it."

Gessler smiled sardonically.

"We? I don't seem to get you."

The sheriff, who had risen, buckled on his belt and gun and pulled on a mackinaw coat without knowing what he was doing, sank back on the sofa.

"But you and Radcliff ——"

"Just leave me out entirely," Gessler spat. "And as you know, Walters, Radcliff would be a rather hard man to tie a charge on in Kearney County. Don't waste time counting on help from him—if anything happens."

Walters' face worked and he clutched at the lawyer's arm. "It's a dirty trick!" he cried. "I didn't invent this scheme. I've been the goat all through—like you're trying to make Tim Doon. I told you you'd get Judd Squires' back up if you had Doon pinched—left him to hold the sack in that bootlegging mess! And now do you mean to ——"

Gessler had stepped back, taken out a large cigar, lighted it coolly and turned to the door. He interrupted the sheriff in tones that drowned the officer's wail.

"I'm busy this morning," he said, "with no time to waste on your drooling. I've got a piece of advice for you, and a piece of information. Get them clear! Do you hear me?"

"Go ahead!" the sheriff muttered weakly.

"The advice is to keep your office vault locked; the bullion was put in there an hour ago. Of course, if you try to smuggle it out now—but I suppose even you can see that!"

"But I—you can't pass the buck ——"

"My information is also important, and if you have as much sense as a kangaroo rat you'll get busy and not stand there yelping!"

"Go on! I'm listening."

"I guess you'll listen all right! Trigger McCune is still here. That boy driver of his broke a spring and the machine is at Hudson's. He's going out to Doon's to get a load of stuff from the warehouse and take it over the line for—for the owner. So your precious undersheriff may pick somebody up yet."

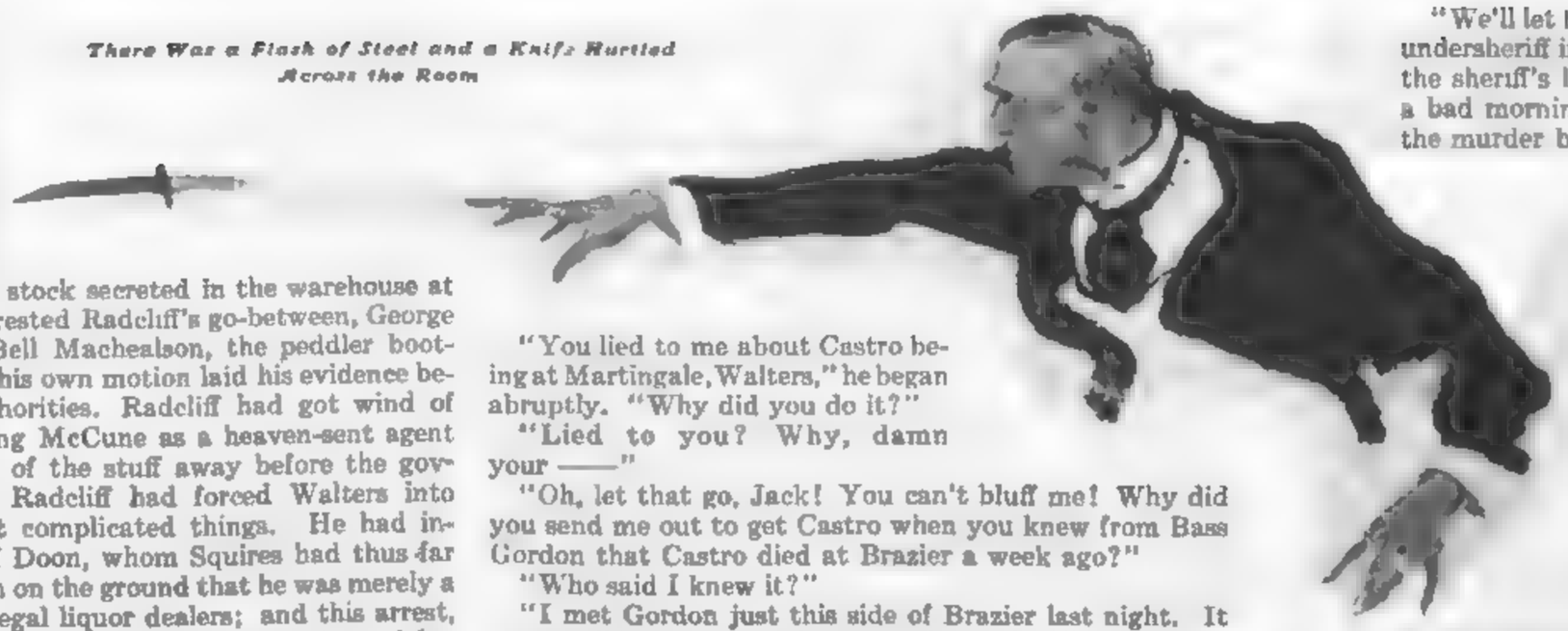
He eyed the miserable sheriff for a moment, then raised his voice.

"Come on, Walters, take a brace! The whole game is up to you! Get yourself a drink, man—you look scared to death as you are!"

And he walked out, closing the door quickly—with a sort of finality.

When he was gone Sheriff Walters made a movement toward following, but he was not so stupid as to believe anything could now be gained by appeals to his fellow conspirators. They had acted rapidly to put effectual barriers between themselves and any provable connection with the Pecos bandit or his loot—the bullion was in the sheriff's vault and Gessler had been right in suggesting the impossibility of its removal now. Of course Walters could double-cross them—announce the recovery of part of the bullion and turn it over to the Pecos company, claiming the twenty-five-thousand-dollar reward offered for that act. But the reasons against this project were manifold—primarily his avarice and his fear of what Radcliff might do to him in revenge. He was mortally afraid of the boss.

No; his one hope lay in preventing the capture of McCune. He cursed the ex-convict bitterly for exposing himself by remaining near Pico; he cursed also the greed of Radcliff, who chose this opportunity to get some of his



*There Was a Flash of Steel and a Knife Hurtled Across the Room*

great store of illicitly held liquors removed to a place where they could be sold without much risk and at an enormous profit. Judd Squires, after all, was at the bottom of Walters' troubles. He had not only seen the stock secreted in the warehouse at Doon's Corral and arrested Radcliff's go-between, George Sebright, and little Bell Machealson, the peddler bootlegger, but he had on his own motion laid his evidence before the Federal authorities. Radcliff had got wind of this; now he was using McCune as a heaven-sent agent for transporting part of the stuff away before the government men came. Radcliff had forced Walters into another measure that complicated things. He had insisted on the arrest of Doon, whom Squires had thus far refused to meddle with on the ground that he was merely a helpless tool of the illegal liquor dealers; and this arrest, when Squires heard of it, would inflame that straight-thinking and dangerous young man into a fury of anger. And Judd Squires was not the sort of man to give vent to his wrath in profanity and threats—he acted! On top of all this, McCune had made a mess of things. Walters was at a loss to know whom the bandit had killed, or why; but that this new crime, especially if Squires really knew of it, would make the sheriff's position untenable he saw as clearly as Gessler had. How to get rid of McCune—at once ——

Then Judd Squires walked in. He had been up most of the night and his lean, plain face was set and tired looking. But there was nothing tired about that one-track mind of his; about his long, lithe body; about his nerve system, fabricated of chilled steel. As usual he drove straight to the point.

"You lied to me about Castro being at Martingale, Walters," he began abruptly. "Why did you do it?"

"Lied to you? Why, damn your ——"

"Oh, let that go, Jack! You can't bluff me! Why did you send me out to get Castro when you knew from Bass Gordon that Castro died at Brazier a week ago?"

"Who said I knew it?"

"I met Gordon just this side of Brazier last night. It was a wild-goose chase for me. Now, why?"

"Don't talk to me that way, Squires! I'm the sheriff of this county!"

"You're a hell of a sheriff!" Squires snapped.

Walters winced.

Gessler had used the same words—and Walters began to suspect that they were true.

"Well, I'm sheriff, anyhow, and you're undersheriff. I don't have to explain anything unless I want to. Do you make that?"

"All right! Just now we'll let that stand. Do you want to explain why you arrested Tim Doon an hour after I left yesterday?"

"Because he's a bootlegger. You must have stood in somehow, or you'd have pinched him yourself. Sebright was only buying a drink ——"

"We'll let that pass for the present too," the undersheriff interrupted. He looked coldly into the sheriff's blinking eyes. "This seems to be a bad morning for you to tell the truth. Has the murder been reported here yet?"

"What murder?"

"A man I don't know. After I ran into Bass Gordon I started back toward town. The sandstorm was pretty bad and I eased off a little.

"This morning when I was on my way again I stopped to water at the Pot Hole and I found the knees of a dead man sticking up out of the sand by the mesquite tree. He was an oldish sort.

"He had been shot through the back of the head with a heavy gun. This was the only thing in his pockets."

He threw on the table a soiled envelope addressed to J. C. Barnes, San Francisco. Walters paled as he looked at it—that was the name under which Gessler had known McCune. Could it be possible that it was the bandit himself who had been killed, and all the sheriff's troubles dissipated? He moved uneasily. No, McCune would put into the dead man's pockets an identification wiping the fictitious Barnes out of existence.

Judd Squires broke in abruptly.

"What ails you, Walters? Who was Barnes?"

"How do I know?" Walters gulped. But his knees gave under him and he sat down on the sofa. The undersheriff was watching him keenly. "Expect me to know everybody in the Southwest?"

*(Continued on Page 82)*

*Squires Whirled About, But Lopez—Hidden Then Behind the Door—Ran for the Rear of the Building*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

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To Canada—By Subscription, $3.75 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $6.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 15, 1920


## *High Spots*

AS A PEOPLE we are suffering from an aggravated case of watching the high spots. The disease is not altogether new, but the present attack is serious. Its ravages have already made the patient blind to the everyday, wholesome foundations of life.

The chief symptom is easy to recognize. It consists in a failure to be interested in anything except the unrepresentative, the exceptional, the extreme. Finally the patient reaches an advanced stage of the malady, when he feels competent to judge and condemn civilization wholly by its froth and fringes.

The brain and nervous system of modern man, like other organs or systems of the human body, are the result of long evolution. Thus when people become abnormally excitable they always tend to go back to more primitive levels. When a man is angry or excited he acts like his ancestors of a hundred thousand years ago. The poise, reason and intellect so painfully acquired through long centuries are thrust aside.

When people go back to these primitive levels they are like children. They are interested in the eccentric and the bizarre. They are on the circus level instead of being sensible and rational.

What this country needs is a revival of its sense of proportion. We shiver naturally enough at the news of strikes, industrial unrest and red riots, and there is plenty of all three, but when we walk down the street we fail to notice the workmen who are quietly plying their trades with every appearance of industry. Recoil if you wish from the appalling headlines in the newspapers as you say to your wife or husband that "the world is in a terrible state"—and there is more truth than poetry in that statement—but do not neglect the next time you go downtown to notice that your neighbors' houses are being repaired and painted much as usual and that the life of your community is going on in about the same old way. At morning and evening the streets are still filled with men and women walking to and from their work and chatting with their fellows without any undue display of bombs or revolvers. The reds and the wreckers are in a minority, but it is an active minority, while the great mass of sober and industrious people who are going about their business in a normal fashion fail to make themselves heard in the bedlam of its clamor.

Never has the spotlight been turned more mercilessly upon the profiteering business man. The landlord is being everywhere execrated. But exorbitant rent increases are far better advertised than moderate and reasonable advances.

The profiteering landlord is haled before a committee or court, but the landlord who does not take an outrageous advantage over his tenant is not mentioned at all. Nor is the fact spread forth in big headlines across newspaper pages that year in and year out as far as anyone alive can remember the majority of landlords and tenants have got along pretty well together, or at least well enough to keep out of court.

Socialistic literature and capitalistic literature too, for that matter, are filled with tales of juicy dividends and profits in industry, but little is ever said of the ventures which prove unsuccessful or which just drag along, in time becoming lame ducks.

The successes are always advertised, but most of the mistakes and failures are easily forgotten and often purposely concealed by interested persons after at most a brief flare-up of attention. And as for the merely also-ran type of business enterprise, the tens and hundreds of thousands of concerns, personal and corporate, which make a bare living for their owners—no one, either capitalist or socialist, takes the slightest, teeniest little interest in them at all.

Practically our whole industrial structure is built upon a long record of experiments and mistakes. This is the story behind the steam engine; the internal-combustion engine; the turbine; telegraphy, both wire and wireless; the telephone; and the processes by which steel, chemicals and nearly every manufactured commodity are produced. It is doubtful if a single important process has been arrived at except through a long record of capital wasted in endeavor to convert theories and principles into working realities. Almost every success has been reared on the lessons of past failures, but though we have a whole literature on the romance of success, it would take an eager student indeed to find any literature that describes the romance of failure. We hear much to-day of the high price of gasoline and the resulting profits of oil companies, but who cares now because an oil company purposely destroyed nearly three million gallons of gasoline in a single conflagration in 1899 because there was no use for it?

We read all about divorces in the newspapers and unhappy marriages in fiction, but where is the chronicler of happy, commonplace married life? Every village has its notorious loafers who are pointed out to the visitor, but no one takes the trouble to call a roll of the workers for the benefit of strangers. The white lights and feverish amusements of Broadway are heralded forth as evidence of the abnormal life of the metropolis, but few are the sermons which mention the swarming but everyday, hard-working ordinary humans who live in the side streets of Harlem and Brooklyn.

The eccentricities of college professors form a choice subject of gossip in educational communities, but no one bothers much about the hundreds of dreary quiz papers which the professors have to read and correct. College students are supposed to be lazy, indifferent, sporty and sometimes boisterous, but there are nearly two hundred and sixty thousand of them altogether in this country, and anyone who supposes that in the main these young men and women are not engaged in the process of learning is merely ignorant of the achievements of education. Some of us who are older are inclined, at times, to an adverse opinion of young people. They seem superficial, irreverent, careless of all the deeper things of life, but every minute of the day many of these boys and girls are graduating into mature men and women who are carrying on the work of the world.

The newspaper headlines and the exaggerated, overstimulated action of some of our motion pictures are helping to give us a false impression of the world. We are fed on the sensational and the spectacular. From the very nature of its struggle for existence the newspaper cannot inform us of the humdrum things which still constitute the bulk of our lives. Newspapers must attract readers, and the reader's attention is caught by headlines. He is too busy to read everything, but he will read what is startling and he will go to the motion pictures if they are startling. Are most of the people able to appraise at its true value what is merely ephemeral, extravagant and without importance except as importance is attached to it? That is the serious question.

The future of this nation depends to no small extent upon how deeply into our natures these and other forms of sensationalism succeed in penetrating. No matter how shrill the screams of the outside world, there are men and women who still keep faith with their inner and higher selves, who know that real happiness is to be found within.

The man who smokes his quiet cigar, who watches his children at play or who works in his garden is still the normal and, let us hope, the typical pleasure seeker. Out of its deep wells of steadfastness and sanity the nation will surely in time regain its sense of proportion.

## *The Political Resurrection*

FROM coast to coast the voters are kicking over the traces. Long party-broken and trained to stand without hitching, they have suddenly erupted all over the country like a case of confluent measles that will be worse before it is better. Voters are actually mixing in national politics on their own account—unbidden, unauthorized and uninstructed by party leaders.

In the twinkling of an eye we seem to have wiped out and forgotten the entire political education of a lifetime. In other days we believed that a voter's business was to vote, and vote as he was told; that a boss' business was to boss, to frame up slates, discover issues, write platforms and announce candidates, without comment, advice or interference from the rank and file of the party.

About the time winter thawed into spring a change took place. It was almost as if the voter had had a section of his skull lifted off and had all his old political ideas of the sacrosanctity of bosses removed and a set of new and opposite conceptions neatly inserted in their place.

Watch him perform under the stimulus of his newly implanted brain cells. He jeers openly at the most sacred canons of political behavior. Without a single by-your-leave he tries to name his own presidential candidate. He manifests small interest in that candidate's party record or affiliations or in the esteem or disesteem in which he may be held by party satraps. He stupefies his former overlords by his full-throated announcement that he will vote for the man of his choice on whatever ticket that man's name may appear.

The existing situation is without parallel in American history. Viewed through the eyes of the bosses it appears to be a ghastly and unthinkable reversion to pure democracy in our government.

## *New Thought*

RED and pink economic theories have made the light-headed tipsy, and the half-wits are in their glory. Common sense is in disgrace, and phrases parade before a cheering populace. No economic theory gets by with this audience unless it can prove that it isn't reasonable, isn't obvious and isn't true.

There are two objections to this new thought: The first is that it isn't new; folly began with the race of man. The second is that it isn't thought; thought is mental effort. This age is not the first in which fools have invented pretty phrases to tickle the ears of other fools. Nor is it the first in which bipeds with and without tails have chattered much and thought it proof of wisdom.

This new thought comes in convenient tabloid form and may be swallowed whole. One dose will addle a soft brain, and thereafter the devotee may mouth phrases and delight in the society of simpletons.

In the rosy world of pink new thought the scenery consists of bubbles and the diet of mush. Nothing so solid as a sordid fact may enter there; all experience is barred; and the gates are shut against commonplace people who have intelligence.

The creed of pink new thought begins and ends with the simple statement that two subtracted from two leaves a million.

# SMALL-TOWN STUFF

## By Robert Quillen

### Inspiration

REMARKABLE things always happen in a foreign country, or at least in the next township. One cannot see the miracle in his own dooryard, or seeing it thinks it a commonplace because it happens in the presence of one as unimportant as himself.

When we read of the deeds of great men we are astonished, impressed or dismayed, but seldom inspired. The fact that they have done unusual things persuades us that they are endowed with unusual qualities. We may worship or curse them from a distance, but we do not approach near enough to envy them. One does not envy a god.

Inspiration comes to us by the example of those we think no better than ourselves. The grocer's boy reads of an evening concerning the wonderful works of a prince. The tale may be history, but to the boy it is a fairy tale, for he is not acquainted with the hero. A hero is one whose faults are hidden from us. Let this grocer's boy discover that one of his acquaintances has saved money and set up a small shop of his own, by which means he is rapidly accumulating a fortune, and he will say to himself: "This is a very ordinary fellow. I know him well. If he can climb, so can I."

Thus is begun the history of a captain of finance.

Of Jesus the unbeliever said: "Is not this the son of Joseph, the carpenter?"

The successes of our friends fill us with a denatured form of envy. Our friends do not seem great. They are so much like ourselves. If they accomplish great things we are not impressed by their abilities, but by the ease of accomplishment. And if they, being ordinary mortals, attain a conspicuous success, we who consider ourselves ordinary are encouraged to renewed endeavor and thus discover in ourselves the germ of greatness, which is in truth no more than the logical sequence of industry.

### The Laborer

COURTS should be respected while they are respectable. The laborer is worthy of his hire while he renders value received. An obligation cannot be binding on the party of the second part unless the party of the first part observes his part of the contract.

In all of the volumes of print and the volume of sound concerning the wrongs suffered by the under dog I have yet to discover an admission or inference that he owes anything at all to the upper dog. Frantic little uplifters sing doleful songs about the rights of the wage earner, and leave us to infer that the wage payer is a criminal who has forfeited all rights and privileges and as such should be bled to death and buried in the woods.

Man has not yet found a moot question on which all of right and justice belonged to one side. Wherever there is controversy there is division of right and division of fault. The division may not be equal, but while men remain imperfect the causes they espouse will not be faultless.

Granting that wage earners should work only eight hours each day, or six hours, or four hours, and granting further that each should receive in exchange for his labor a wage that will enable him to keep a car and cultivate a hobby, is it not a part of the agreement that he shall deliver in exchange for his wage sixty honest minutes of toil during each of the hours he has sold to his employer? Is it not a part of the agreement that he shall do his task well—faultlessly? Employers do not hire men to take the rest cure or deliver seconds.

The employer who pays his workmen less than they are worth may be an unjust and criminal master. Granted. Having granted as much, let us in all fairness admit that the workman who accepts pay for hours of labor he does not deliver is closely related to the thief. Further, the workman who poses as a master craftsman and delivers shoddy work obtains money under false pretenses and deserves full measure of condemnation.

The workman is intrusted with the company's tools. He is under an unwritten obligation to care for them as though they were his own.

Does he? Let him answer.

"Hell, the company can afford it. Send in a requisition for more."

How many employees will stop at the cashier's desk and say: "My carelessness spoiled ten dollars' worth of material this week; please deduct it from my check"?

How many will confess: "I killed six hours of the company's time this week; charge it to me"?

The employee who is under contract to deliver eight hours of labor at fifty cents an hour and delivers only five hours of labor receives pay for service he did not render, and when the cost is assessed against the finished product it must be figured at eighty cents an hour. Does this furnish a text for another preachment against capitalism?

I have worked for a living since I was a child. My sympathies are with working people, for they are my own kind. But I do not concede that the laws of common honesty may be or should be set aside for their benefit.

If the servant is worthy of his hire, rest assured the hire will be made worthy of the servant. Employers are not philanthropists, but few of them will run the risk of losing a workman who delivers full hours of faultless craftsmanship. Employers are glad to pay for service; they object to paying for conversation and faulty products. The man at the top didn't get there by falling down on his contracts.

# Tunis Hoopstetter, Early Bloomer

## By OMA ALMONA DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

TUNIS HOOPSTETTER was an early bloomer. Whereas immemorial custom decreed that the youth of New Maarken should enter the matrimonial market at the age of seventeen, a scant fifteen years had lengthened the legs of Tunis Hoopstetter when he sprang, full-armed, into the business of selecting a mate.

A few preliminary skirmishes, it must be admitted, were even then to his credit. His languid blue eyes had roamed not without interest over the budding womanhood of New Maarken as it sat, aproned and pigtailed, in the village school. His fingers had modeled and dispatched many an amorous spitball. His adventurous toes, held in leash by brass toe guards, had many a time fared through the crack in the seat in front of him, to the blushing discomfiture of the maiden seated thereupon.

It is a question, however, whether an ardent nature or an erring cow precipitated Tunis thus youthfully into the arena of passion. In either case the animal provided the inciting impulse.

The Hoopstetter cow was attacked by wanderlust on the hottest day of a hot September. That she was African by descent, as her ebony color indicated, and therefore indifferent to temperature, was proved by the length of the stroll she took during that torrid day.

Tunis, hastily dispatched on the trail of the lonesome cow in the middle of the afternoon, was still stumbling along through the hot dust as the red sun laid its final scorching finger across Palla Valley. He had with growing indignation searched the village and its environs, and was now in a neighborhood of small farms. Stifled in an envelope of perspiration and dust, footsore, Tunis was in no mood for an encounter with the target of his most ardent spitballs.

"Yer ottymobile's dusty still! Ain't?" Black-eyed Minna dePrenger laughed shrilly as she hung over her father's gate.

Tunis, startled, turned toward her and received the level glare of the sun full in his outraged eyes. His was not a tongue for repartee, but under the double shock his lips suddenly emitted proscribed syllables.

"Dang it!" he muttered.

Minna dePrenger gazed at him for a moment in shocked silence.

"Why, Tunie!" she gasped. "You could be struck dead oncet or whatever! And you conwerted—and a perfesser still!"

Tunis, rooted deep in dismay over his own infamy, stared for a moment with bulging eyes. Then he turned and with hanging head plodded on. He in no measure discounted the depths to which he had fallen. As a disciple of the Evangelical church he fairly cowered beneath the flaming sky, above which sat an enraged recording angel drawing a particularly black line in his Book of Life.

However, when the avenging stroke failed to materialize, such is the natural depravity of man that Tunis from terror and remorse began to experience pride in his impious vaunting. He had raised a tower of Babel; and it stood.

He lifted his eyes and repeated the blasphemy, first in a whisper, then more and more loudly. A curious sense of power flooded him. From an irritated dusty atom he expanded into a man terrible in his anger.

He neared the narrow end of the little valley and swept the cowless landscape with scorching eyes.

"Don't argy at me!" he apostrophized the recreant animal. "Till I ketch you I'll twist away the tail from off you oncet! Dang it!"

That he was not entirely lost to a sense of shame, however, was evidenced at this point by his reaction to a vigorous tug at the rear middle of his moist shirt. He spun frantically about, his eyes, a moment since so valorous, now distended in terror. In the midst of the whirlpool of dust caused by the gyration of his large feet he beheld the smallest, the timidest girl in his class fronting him. Her serious eyes looked up at him appealingly. Her fingers plucked agonizedly at her apron. Her breath, drawn in short gasps, was barely sufficient to launch a flood of hurried syllables:

"Yur cow, she's in behind our smokehouse yet. I was layin' on the table fur supper where I seen her—somepun black at the celery patch. Oh, make hurry! Till pop comes in from the field, he would have an awful mad to your cow! Make hurry oncet!"

She darted before him up the sumach-fringed road leading to her father's barnyard, then swerved behind the barn, the pigpens, the corncrib.

Stoutly anchored to the most isolated of the small buildings was the errant animal. She bestowed a casual glance upon the approaching pair, shook her head sadly and resigned herself to switching nonchalantly at carnivorous flies.

Tunis would fain have been eloquent in this crisis, but his tongue failed him. The strength of his being seemed concentrated in the sense of sight. He gazed with sagging jaw at the girl as she tugged at the well-drawn knot by which she had restrained the ambitious animal. His one inadequate thought was: Why had he never thrown a spitball at her?

He had always considered her undersized, colorless. Now, her cheeks aflame, her eyes large and deeply blue, her body taut with purpose, Tunis felt dazedly that he was standing upon a place of transfiguration.

She snapped the rope through the iron ring in the side of the building and thrust it into his hand.

"Go quick oncet!" she stamped her small foot. "Pop would have wonderful cross. Ach! Mom's bellin' fer him now! Don't you hear it make?"

Indeed the supper bell, propelled by an unseen hand, was pealing an energetic summons. But Tunis was in the presence of a miracle and his feet refused to move.

"What ailed you—to make so—with the cow?" he demanded from painful depths of his throat.

"I knowed oncet it was your cow!"

Her startled eyelids fluttered down as she realized the extent of her avowal. She darted away with a gasp. But Tunis sprang after her. He grasped her and held her by her shrinking arm. His changing voice became particularly unruly under stress of his emotion.

"I'm comin' still to set up with you!" he avowed in a grating whisper; and chanted again a shrill falsetto: "I'm comin' to set up with you—a Sunday!"

The girl clasped her hands. "Oh, would you now!" she breathed. "Oh, but pop wouldn't give me dare to go on comp'ny yet! And the cow —— Ach! Get a move oncet!"

This time she wrenched herself free and was gone. Tunis picked up the trailing rope and gently led the animal down the sumach-bordered road.

An earnest little figure in a rosy afterglow danced before him on the journey homeward. "I knowed oncet it was your cow! Your cow!" was the tender refrain which provided the measure for the triumphal march.

Mrs. Hoopstetter, with her abundant dark hair coiled on the top of her head, her form rounding forward from the waist upward, incased in a gown of black calico with red polka dots, bore an unmistakable resemblance to a potato bug as she ambled excitedly toward the cowshed.

"It should give a good thrashing fer that cow!" she cried. "Where at did you found her?"

"A good pieceways down Palla Valley."

"*Bei meiner sex!* Down Palla Valley still!" Mrs. Hoopstetter folded her arms in shocked surprise.

Tunis absorbedly forked hay into the manger. His mother leaned forward and surveyed his meek good humor with growing concern.

"Ain't you feelin' good? Has the trip overdid you?"

Tunis dimly sensed the fact that the situation demanded indignation on his part, but in his strange exultation he seemed unable to compass his usual vigorous self-pity. The utmost he could do was to take physical advantage of his mother's concern.

"I feel fur cheese omelet for my supper, and sausage and fried potatoes and pie still," he said weakly.

Later Mrs. Hoopstetter, fully reassured as to her offspring's vitality, hastened into the sitting room, where her husband had retired to read the Weekly Globe.

"It wonders me now how good-dispositioned that boy is. I have afraid he will die once fer us he is so good that way."

"Humph! He won't be fallin' off by starwation then!" grimly observed Mr. Hoopstetter. In a community not noted for its sense of humor Mr. Hoopstetter was considered somewhat of a wag.

The lure of the Sunday visit grew more potent each day of the long school week as a pair of flaxen

(Continued on Page 32)



*A Terrific Force Jerked Him to His Feet, Dangled Him in the Air. That the Beast Was Emitting Human Speech Did Not Amuse Him*

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

# Keep them always on hand!

Campbell's are the best quality beans, slow-cooked in Campbell's famous tomato sauce. Whether you have them as a side-dish or the principal dish of the meal, they are so delicious and satisfying that you will want to serve them regularly. Buy Campbell's by the dozen cans or by the case.

## 15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

braids quivered violent recognition of his advances. But the immensity of the enterprise overwhelmed him. He, alone, single-handed, had to encounter two surprised and possibly hostile households. His own provided the lesser terrors. Tunis was the only child. He had made his appearance when, in the midst of a prolific community, the reproach of the childless was weighing heavily upon his parents. His mother in particular had never ceased to regard him as a divine dispensation, and he had in consequence established an unlimited autocracy even in his cradle.

His course toward his parents was plain in this crisis. He would boldly announce his manly intention, and make off before they recovered their astonished breaths.

But the prospect of introducing himself in his new rôle to the family of the girl induced a shrinking sensation in the region of his middle. Again and again he perspiringly reviewed the personnel of the Van Maanen household. A silent father with a spadelike beard which for his years should have been gray but was still terrifyingly black, arguing enormous vitality; two husky sons, both older than himself and both prodigiously successful farmers; a mother on the order of the girl, flat-chested, unassertive, but, judging from her vigorous manipulation of the supper bell, probably possessed of latent powers for denouncing such as might have designs upon her young. Altogether a terrifying ensemble!

However, Tunis had by lifelong practice brought his ingenuity to tolerable perfection; and it did not fail him now. On Thursday evening he added to the schoolbooks arrayed upon the oilcloth of the kitchen table another, which he abstracted from its chill position beside the family Bible on the marble-top stand in the parlor. This was a Manual for Polite Correspondence.

With slowly weaving tongue he perused this tomelet from the superscription, which seemed unbelievably personal—"A letter timely writ is a rivet to the chain of affection"—to the encouraging postscript: "Shouldst thou ask my judgment of that which has most profit in the world, For answer take thou this, the prudent penning of a letter."

Maternal ambition surcharged Mrs. Hoopstetter as she alternately dozed, knitted and surveyed her son's absorption.

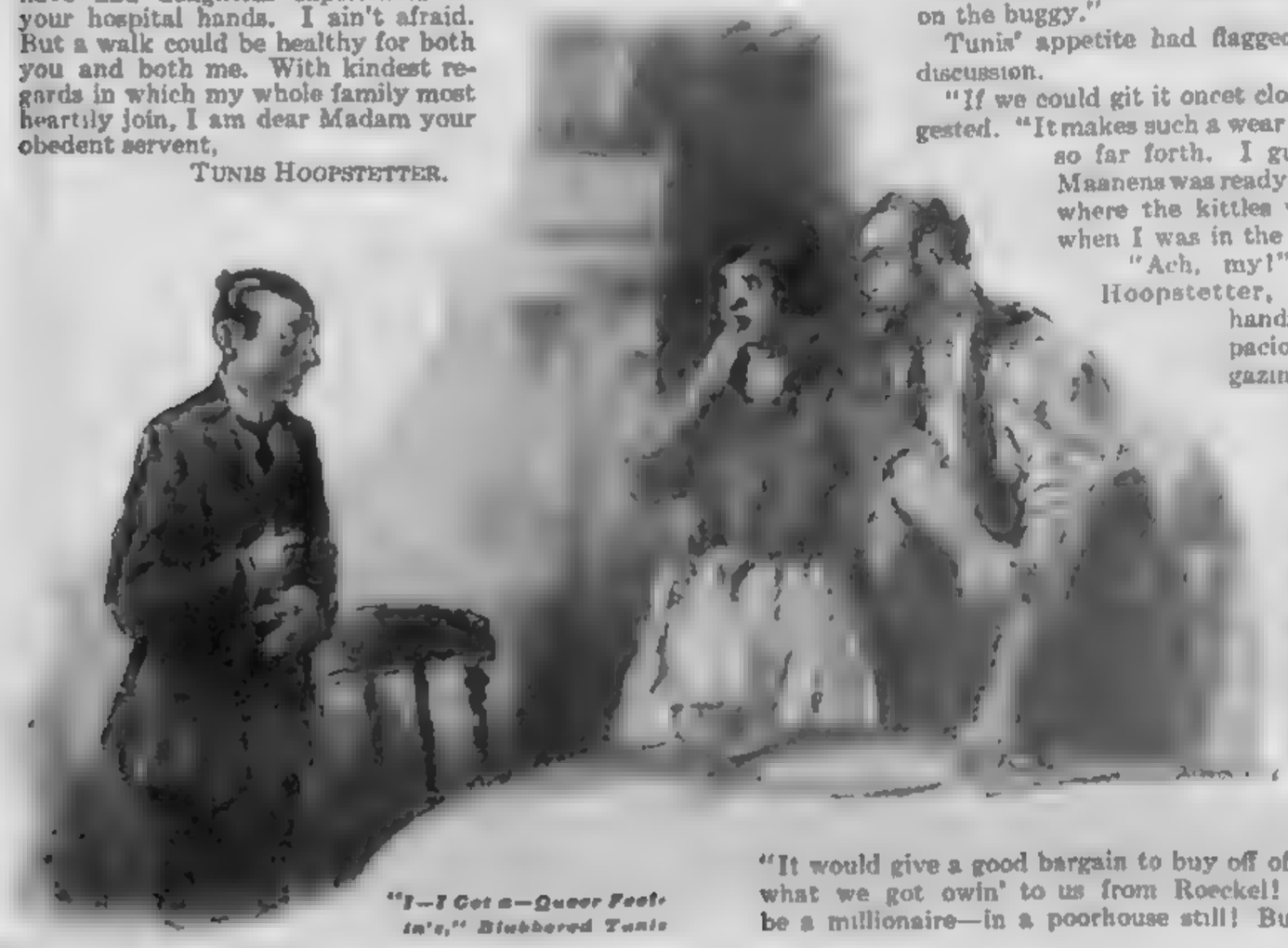
"Till it gives a few years that boy will be Presydent or whatever," she confided to her husband as they made preparations for retiring. "And then what fur kind of dress would I anyway wear fur the corynation or what you call it? Ach, well! There is always trouble, no matter what."

In the meantime Tunis eagerly abstracted from the manual various genteel phrasings. The real meat of his epistle, however, he was forced to abstract from a brain dismayed by the initial demand upon it for delicate correspondence.

It was long after his usual bedtime when he opened his geography and placed between a blue Europe and a green Asia the following manuscript:

*Esteemed Madam:* When time has brought me greater consolation I shall hope to see you in person. If youse could meet me in the pawpaw patch on Sunday till dinner is over. The patch where is in the pastor in back behind your barn. I hope at that date to be travelling through your country in search of health and recreation. Others have had delightful experiences at your hospital hands. I ain't afraid. But a walk could be healthy for both you and both me. With kindest regards in which my whole family most heartily join, I am dear Madam your obedent servent,

TUNIS HOOPSTETTER.



"I—I Got a—Queer Feelin's," Blubbered Tunis

It was a matter of common knowledge that Mr. Van Maanen was no respecter of the persons of youths during the watermelon season. A suggestion from the eerie subconscious which flashed into Tunis' mind at the moment of awakening the next morning prompted him to append a postscript:

P. P. S. Youse could tell your Pop I aint ever swiped no wattermelons nor nothing off him. I beg to remain yours to command, TUNIS HOOPSTETTER, ESQ.

Alert during the day for a chance to deliver this epistle, Tunis seized promptly upon the full of the flood in his affairs which led him on to victory. He obeyed a summons to the blackboard by traversing in seeming abstraction the aisle upon which his inamorata sat. With a sidewise paroxysm and an excited snort he managed to deposit the document upon the middle of an agitated apron.

Only the brave may deserve the fair, but there are often reasons why only the brave manage to attain them. Arrows may thwart from sources most unexpected. The fine art of conversation was not cultivated during meals in the Hoopstetter household. The family sat down to the table for one fell purpose, and to this they grimly adhered.

It betokened, therefore, a subject of moment when, on Sunday morning, Mrs. Hoopstetter, between well-fortified cheeks, emitted the remark: "The sausage crock is all. I had to scrape on it still this morning. It wonders me why we ain't seen none coming in from Roeckel's place. You mind of how they fry down a shote still to tide over to winter killin'."

Mr. Hoopstetter hastily washed down with a mighty swig of coffee and handed the cup to his wife to be replenished.

A light of suspicion flared in his faded blue eyes.

"September. The middle. And I guess they be killin' the first, huh?"

"Ain't missed in fifteen year. And I always put it plain when I fetch 'em ower our side meat in February. I mind to my words last time. I says, 'This here's a big side, full much so, Minnie,' I says, 'but I guess anyhow you'll be puttin' down a full crock of sausage fur us till it comes first of September,' I says. Them was my words." Mrs. Hoopstetter paused to land a hasty scoop of the viand under discussion. "We was out on her back-porch a-settin', and she was makin' the potatoes fur supper and she throwed her knife towards the pigpens out and she says, 'Them there's the sausage grinders,' she says, a-laughin'. You mind of how it makes so funny when she talks."

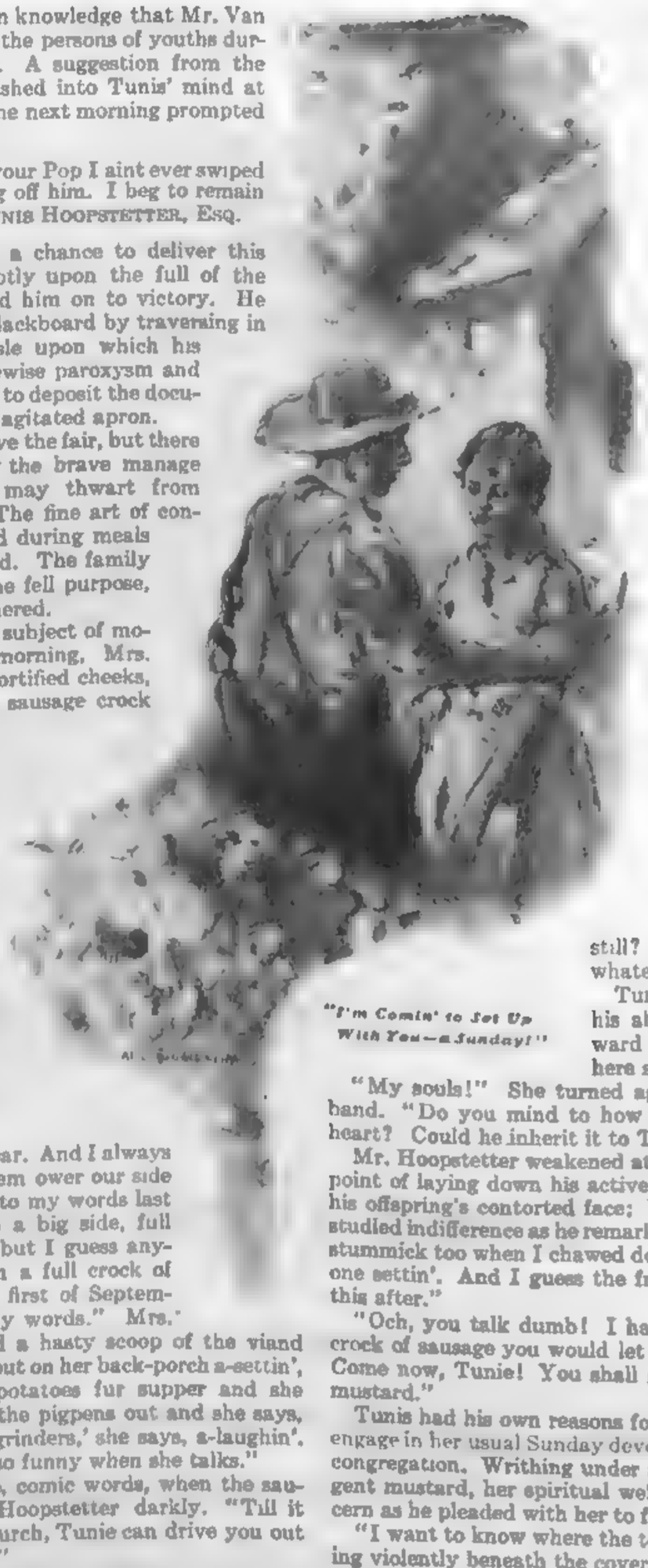
"It makes nothing to me, comic words, when the sausage is all," averred Mr. Hoopstetter darkly. "Till it comes after church, Tunie can drive you out on the buggy."

Tunis' appetite had flagged during this discussion.

"If we could git it oncet cloaster," he suggested. "It makes such a wear for the buggy so far forth. I guess the Van Maanens was ready to kill. I seen where the kittles was all hung when I was in the walley over."

"Ach, my!" cried Mrs. Hoopstetter, folding her hands over her capacious middle and gazing upon her son with eyes glazing with pride. "Ain't he forethoughted that way? That there feller will be a millionaires yet!"

"Yes, I guess anyhow a millionaire!" chuckled Mr. Hoopstetter scornfully. "It would give a good bargain to buy off of Van Maanen what we got owin' to us from Roeckel! Tunie would be a millionaire—in a poorhouse still! But anyways, I give him leave to wear on my buggy this time!"



"I'm Comin' to Set Up With You—a Sunday!"

Tunis' fork clattered to the floor as he scraped loudly back from the table. His valiant freckles were submerged beneath a sudden tide of red.

"I won't do it to drive to Roeckel's!" he challenged in a desperate bass, and shrieked in soprano:

"I couldn't to do it this after."

His father squared toward him with an amazed frown.

"What do you mean by somepun like this anyhow, heh?" he roared. "What fur behaviors is them? I'll learn you how to say me no!"

Mrs. Hoopstetter laid a hand upon his menacing arm.

"Now listen oncet! Maybe he ain't feelin' so good or somepun."

"I—I got a—queer feelin's," blubbered Tunis.

"Where at?" Mrs. Hoopstetter rose hastily and padded toward him. "Is it a ache or a pain still? Is it at the stummick or whatever?"

Tunis' stubby fingers sought his abdomen, then ranged upward in an erratic course. "It's here still, in the stummick."

"My souls!" She turned agitatedly toward her husband. "Do you mind to how grampop got it so in the heart? Could he inherit it to Tunie now?"

Mr. Hoopstetter weakened at this affecting crisis to the point of laying down his active knife and staring hard at his offspring's contorted face; but his tone maintained a studied indifference as he remarked: "I used to git it in my stummick too when I chawed down seventeen pancakes at one settin'. And I guess the fresh air could do him good this after."

"Och, you talk dumb! I have shame for you! For a crock of sausage you would let the boy die on you oncet. Come now, Tunie! You shall go on the bed and have a mustard."

Tunis had his own reasons for insisting that his mother engage in her usual Sunday devotions with the Evangelical congregation. Writhing under a huge breastplate of pungent mustard, her spiritual welfare was not his sole concern as he pleaded with her to forsake his bedside.

"I want to know where the text is still," he cried, heaving violently beneath the covers. "And I could get grampop's heart all right if you won't go to the church ower."

Thus threatened, Mrs. Hoopstetter distractedly arrayed herself in her funereal Sunday garb and set forth down the street beside her husband.

"It draws my breath, that boy is so religious. He could be a preacher or a bishop yet. Till Bishop Hudler dies fer us, Tunie could be old enough, maybe, to take his place. But spots show so that way at black clothes. I would have to be anyways always scrubbin' at him. Ach, well! There is always trouble, no matter what!"

"Yes, till Tunie is bishop he will git chicken every Sunday for his dinner," grinned Mr Hoopstetter wickedly. "And you mind of how he always drips with the gravy!"

"Yes, well, but," assented Mrs. Hoopstetter; "well, anyways, he won't git to be preacher if we don't treat his health good. Now you, still, you could drive to Roeckel's ower this after."

"I ain't so anxious to lose my nap or whatever," growled Mr. Hoopstetter with a sudden change of tone, and added cannily: "We will see oncet what fur kind of appytite he has got when dinner is made."

Tunis, however, had attended to this latter detail with efficiency ere the Evangelical worshipers had concluded the final hymn. Nor had the pantry been noticeably impaired. Like all good providers, Tunis had his own flesh pots. By the time his mother burst breathlessly upon him he was able to turn upon her a seraphic smile.

"The pain is a—," he assured her, "but I don't feel fur no dinner. All what I need is fur to have the house empty already yet. I could otherwise git such a heart. I guess you and pop would have to do it to git the sausage."

(Continued on Page 100)

# *Good news about Full Havana Filler*

ROBT. BURNS is "good news" all the way through, from his *full Havana filler* to his imported Sumatra wrapper.

He's still being made according to the "good faith" formula which means so much to modern smokers. Here it is:

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HAVE YOU TRIED ONE *LATELY*?

# *The* Melody of Music *and the* Melody of Light

AT seventeen when voices change, and the whole world changes too—what scenes do you remember when you think of seventeen?

Evening scenes, most of them. The shaded lamp; the group around the piano; snatches of songs long forgotten; the radiance of laughter and the sparkle of brilliant eyes.

Whether the rugs were rich or the pictures rare is difficult now to remember. For any living room is richly furnished if music and light are there. Youthful voices and a shaded lamp—the melody of music and the melody of light.

© E. L. W. of G. E. Co. *The third of a series painted by* NORMAN ROCKWELL *for the Edison Lamp Works*

BACKED by MAZDA Service, centered in the great Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, and by forty years of continuous development, Edison MAZDA lamps represent the latest and best in lighting. Each lamp is wrapped in a distinctive "His Only Rival" wrapper—and this as well as the name Edison MAZDA etched on each lamp is your assurance of lighting quality and service.

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# EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

G-4

# EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

## By FLOYD W. PARSONS

### *Saving the Scraps*

EUROPE is the home of conservation. In Great Britain and Continental countries during past years the pay of labor has been low and the important thing in industry was a supply of raw materials. In the United States the situation has been quite reversed. Here in our own country wages have constituted the biggest bill against industry. Europe has devoted its principal attention to conserving natural supplies of materials, while America has given primary thought to the development of labor-saving devices.

Wages in Europe are no longer low and the countries across the ocean are now trying to meet the new situation by installing machinery that heretofore could not get even a hearing from foreign manufacturers. On the other hand the industries of the United States have come to realize as never before that though Nature has kindly supplied us with an abundance of basic materials our resources are not without limit and we must economize in their use.

*An Accumulation of Iron Flue Dust in Buffalo Ready to Go Back to the Blast Furnace*

The prosperity of the leading nations of the world is based largely on their utilization of the different fuels and metals. Our industrial experience has taught us that though we have proved ourselves capable of using coarse materials efficiently we have not yet mastered the art of getting the values out of the very fine stuff which has so often been regarded as nothing more than waste.

Blast furnaces are confronted with the production of vast quantities of flue dust which goes forth from the stacks to distribute itself over the surrounding country, where it becomes a menace to agricultural interests. What is true of the iron furnace is also largely the case in the smelting of copper, zinc and other nonferrous metals. In the fuel world the large sizes of coal bring high prices while the finer screenings are almost a drug on the market. Anthracite dust has been considered expensive at four dollars a ton, while the same quantity of lump anthracite is cheap at eleven dollars.

After a metal is cast it is machined into some particular shape, and under each lathe, mill or planer daily grows a heap of cuttings and borings which, though nothing but scraps, contain a high metal value. These trimmings must be returned to the melting furnace or crucible, where they are welcomed, not with open arms but as a foundry Ishmaelite. Many are the troubles and losses that the steel, brass and aluminum men experience in trying to handle these metal scraps. The trouble finally became so acute that much thought was given to providing a way out of the difficulty, and it was from this research that the metal briquette industry had its beginning.

The production and consumption of metals, wood and coal constitute a large fraction of our daily lives. It is therefore desirable that the scraps and dust of these important products be returned to lump form so that the values contained may be commercially utilized. Each of these materials has its own characteristic method for resisting cohesion, and therefore carries its own problem. This has given rise to a new technical profession known as briquette engineering, and though the new art is a product growing out of European emergency, the development of the science in America during the last few years has been far from slow. Industry in the United States has discovered that though we can learn much abroad we must remember that our conditions are different, and we must adapt their methods rather than adopt them.

Millions of tons of briquettes made of soft-coal fines, bound together with coal-tar pitch, are made and sold in Europe. When these small bricks of coal are burned they give off a disagreeable odor, and American householders have refused to put up with this nuisance even to favor the preachers of economy. As a result of this attitude on the part of fuel consumers in the United States, American manufacturers of briquettes have been compelled to devise processes for turning out a product that will give off very little smoke and still be low in cost and strong enough to bear rough handling.

In the most successful briquette plant that utilizes anthracite culm an oil pitch or oil asphalt binder is used. In order to remove the disagreeable qualities of this binder a special method is employed, which involves the mulling of the culm-binder mixture under heavy rolls. As to just how much of a success this plant is commercially it is only necessary to state that the briquettes produced sell for twelve per cent less at retail than nut anthracite, and about thirty per cent less when heat value per ton is considered. Other plants to utilize coal dust are now being constructed, with the idea in view of using a catalytic or chemical to produce cementing action in the material instead of using a binder. Just how satisfactory this plan will be remains to be seen.

Fuel briquettes have been made by pressure only, but up to the present time such products have not been successful. Periodically some new inventor conceives the scheme of heating coal to make it generate its own binder, and then pressing it into shape. But so far this plan of making the coal "sweat a little tar" has never developed into a practical process. Any person who can discover a way to make fine coal furnish its own cementing agent will have a secret of untold value.

The freight rate on culm is lower than on briquettes, and for this reason many engineers favor the plan of building the briquette plants in or near the large cities instead of at the collieries that produce the coal. When the briquettes are made in the city where they are to be sold the manufacturer has the advantage of being able to purchase the breakage of the coal yards to add to his supply of raw material.

The briquetting of coal, however, has no more interesting future than the briquetting of waste metals, concerning which activity the public is not well informed. The steel manufacturers of Europe discovered years ago that they could no longer afford to throw away the fifty per cent iron content in their flue dust. Many of the steel manufacturers were also coke producers, and their experience in making briquettes from coal dust and coke breeze provided them with the idea that they might be able to briquette their metal dust. The first experiments showed that the problem was not like fuel briquetting at all. Binder proved obnoxious. Introduced into a furnace charge it behaved badly—metallurgically speaking—and didn't do the pig iron any good.

In the course of the investigations a German chemist found that a little infusion of green vitriol into the flue dust produced an action that made it self-cementing. When the flue dust was properly mixed with a solution of this catalytic and pressed into briquettes on a mechanical press the iron contained in the flue dust so treated flowed out as it was supposed to do, and became merchantable pig iron. Following this discovery the European blast furnaces correspondingly increased their output and reduced their operating charges.

Some time after this scientific development in Europe a large American corporation decided to follow the European lead and installed the necessary machinery to collect and briquette its flue dust. As a result the American company reduced its operating cost, increased its output, and decreased the flow of torrid comment of its cupola men, who had forceful ideas of their own concerning the virtues and vices of flue dust and fine metal millings that must be again melted into the furnace charge.

In Cleveland, where the steel industry especially devotes itself to specialties, there is a great annual crop of machine-shop turnings. This light metal scrap has always had a value of not less than ten dollars a ton under the price of heavy scrap. The natural outcome of the situation has been to make heavy metal out of these light turnings before the material is submitted to the melting operation. Light scrap oxidizes, requires a long time to melt, and is not good for the product of the open-hearth furnace. After long research and many experiments a large plant was erected in Cleveland, and the product is steel briquettes—hard homogeneous steel cylinders—possessing qualities in the way of melting that make them the equivalent of ingot.

The material is sent to the steel briquetting plant in carloads. It is shredded, bounced in special machinery to take out the heavy pieces, cut up in a disintegrator, and fed into four big hydraulic presses specially designed for the operation. The pressure used amounts to 20,000 pounds to a square inch and the briquettes are made without any addition of binding material. The briquettes so made have met with such favor that they command a premium over heavy melting steel prices.

A similar type of machine has been installed by one of the large brass operators in Connecticut to salvage brass turnings and light scrap. As a result of this innovation a large saving has been effected. With some grades of metal a melting loss of eighteen per cent has been reduced to eight per cent.

In others, an eight per cent loss has been cut down to three per cent. In this salvaging process the turnings, filled with oil and iron dust, are delivered to the plant for cleaning and briquetting. The first step is to disintegrate the material, after which it is submitted to a heat sufficient to burn off the oil and evaporate any water present. Following this is a method of magnetic separation which removes iron and steel particles, the unmitigated enemies of good brass ingots. Next the material is pressed into briquettes and becomes ready for use.

It is safe to predict that briquetting, as applied to national conservation, is obtaining close and interested

scrutiny in many fields. In the fuel end, research is now being conducted to provide economical methods for the recovery, by briquetting, of sawdust, fine charcoal and coke fines.

A number of engineers and scientists are carefully investigating the possibilities of winning by-products and making carbon briquettes from the large deposits of lignite that exist in many parts of the United States where a high-grade fuel does not occur. Salt has been successfully briquetted on very high-pressure machines and several products of the chemical industries appear to offer hope for salvage through bulking the fine material.

Let the research go on until that happy day arrives when no dust or fine particles of valuable materials will be discarded as waste without value. If we start with a seven-inch lead pencil, of which we waste at least two inches, and go up the line, or down, through life's necessities, it will be discovered that the whole story is a tale of foolish squandering. If the comparatively new art of briquetting will bring us nearer to the day when there will be no such thing as a manufacturing process or an industrial art with refuse, then all power to those who are behind the movement!

## When Salesmen Again Must Sell

DURING the past year the science of selling has become more or less of a dead art. The buyer has been the aggressor and the man with goods has been able to assume the attitude of one who bestows a favor. However, close observers tell us that a change is coming. Natural laws will again become operative. Purchasers will refuse to be stampeded and the fellow who gets an order will have to say more than "Good morning" when he makes a call. All of which, if true, points to the wisdom of brushing up on the elementary principles of selling.

In normal times confidence is the foundation of salesmanship. When it is gone business disappears. No man was ever so clever that he could make many sales where confidence was lacking. Faith in an article must be established; the selling effort is a minor operation and should be planned to follow, not precede the building of confidence.

In the business of selling as in the practice of law the burden of proof should rest with the plaintiff. Yet many sellers try to shift this load on to the buyers. Experience has proved the folly of pursuing such a plan, and has taught long-headed business men who are seeking permanent success that the merchant or manufacturer with goods to sell must, by the very nature of things, be on the defensive, and prove his claims. No great and lasting business enterprise was ever built except by men who always assumed that no single transaction is considered closed until the customer is completely satisfied. Such a policy breeds confidence of the highest order.

One salesman who is said to have no equal in his particular line attributes much of his success to the fact that he never knocks his competitor's goods. He arranges his selling talk so that the good points of his own merchandise are brought out in the mind of the buyer above the strong points of his rival's proposition. He consistently adheres to the policy of never mentioning the name of any competitive firm unless compelled to do so in answer to specific questions. It is his plan to agree that his rival's product is good, but prove that his own goods are better. In doing this, and without mentioning names, he uses the chief talking point of his competitor as a starting point on which to build a superior argument. If his rival's principal selling argument is a stylish finish he endeavors to show that an expensive finish is a serious mistake; the money thus used should be expended in providing greater durability or comfort.

Many salesmen fall down through failure to realize the importance of keeping promises. It is fatal to future business when a buyer discovers that a seller's promises are so hedged with conditions and reservations that they are of no value in a pinch. It is likewise deadly if the customer discovers that the salesman's enthusiasm has disappeared after the sale has been made. Modern business men have come to value service more than merchandise. If the prospective buyer is himself a retailer the salesman must fix in his mind that this man is not primarily in the business of buying—he is himself a seller, and must be talked to in terms of sales, not goods.

Getting down to the personal touch in selling, every good salesman has learned that he must first sell himself on his own proposition before he can hope to convince his prospective customer. Those who attribute much importance to a proper knowledge of psychology in salesmanship maintain that every seller should approach the buyer in the sincere belief that he is extending the prospect, if not a real favor, at least a real opportunity to make money and improve his position. This attitude of mind, they say, automatically gives the salesman the right handshake, the proper manner and the correct line of reasoning needed in his work. Diffidence and apology in a seller's attitude are not conducive to business.

So thoroughly convinced are our live modern salesmen of the importance of their mental attitudes toward their prospective buyers that most of them will confess to the use of a few pet mechanical tricks for putting themselves in the desired frame of mind. A surprising number employ some variation of the trick of suggesting to themselves upon meeting a prospect for the first time: "Now, I like this fellow and he likes me!" That sort of thought in the seller's brain cannot help but communicate itself to the muscles that control his physical bearing. No one needs the assurance of a professional psychologist to realize that with such a feeling present it is physically impossible to proffer a flabby, nervous handshake.

And speaking of handshakes—whether or not to shake hands at all is a delicate problem, even for the experienced student of the salesmanship branch of applied psychology.

Another trick which practically all convincing salesmen consciously or unconsciously practice is the childishly simple one of straightening their spines and holding their heads erect, lobes of ears in line with shoulders. If you want to register indecision, just hold your head on one side. At some moments even such a slight suggestion of indecision on the part of a salesman is capable of keeping him from getting on the other side of the ground-glass door of the "man to see," or of turning the scales against his proposition in a moment of critical decision.

A large and varied collection of polite ways in which to ignore the prospective buyer's "No" is a golden treasury for the man with something to sell. The habit of eliminating from his talk all expressions which make it easy for the prospective buyer to turn him down is a difficult and precious one for the salesman to form. It is just as easy to say "You could use some more" as it is to say "You couldn't use any more, could you?" Nothing is less difficult than to suggest objections to a prospect which may kill a sale. Many an unimportant defect in this imperfect world would never have been noticed if attention had not been called to it by the apology of a well-meaning soul who was anxious to please.

The salesman who, either in print or by word of mouth, can successfully appeal to the pocket nerve of the American woman has a veritable bonanza to tap; for the American woman is the greatest single agency through which money is spent in the world to-day. It is not unchivalrous to record that perhaps the most powerful method of selling appeal to women is through the vanity motive—for most women have a maximum of vanity for their entire family as well as for themselves. Clever salesmen can be forced into admitting that it frequently pays to keep in mind the well-known feminine tendency to decide first and reason afterward.

One of the greatest authorities on salesmanship expresses the opinion that the most successful sellers are those who try to help their customers by contributing valuable and practical suggestions each time they call. No one is in better position to gather up successful ideas than a salesman who visits and talks with business men in different communities. Many retailers have very little opportunity to travel and investigate the methods employed by other merchants, and such dealers are always glad to meet the observant seller who can bring them new and intelligent ideas.

It is impossible to change the nature of a man after he has been hired, and for this reason some salesmen, though given more training than others, fail to develop into competent sellers. However, such essential qualities as self-control and politeness can be inculcated into most men and will always serve to strengthen their selling personality. It is also possible to impress a salesman of even mediocre ability with the importance of studying and capitalizing the methods of his competitors. At the same time he must be taught that his job is made up of these problems: To rouse the interest or curiosity of his prospect; to create a desire for something; to satisfy the buyer's reason with regard to that something, and to move his will. Above all, the salesman must know enough to get out before he has talked himself out of the objects he has gained.

*A Big Coal-Briquetting Plant in the Pennsylvania Anthracite Field*

## Inventions and Improvements

AT JUST what point have we arrived in life's great adventure? Will the present century surpass the last one in the matter of marvelous discoveries? Who will come forth to equal an Edison or a Bell, and what will he invent to match the electric light or the telephone?

If there ever was an age when folks were justified in maintaining an open and receptive mind that time is now. No longer is science shrouded in the black cloak of superstition and mystery. The philosopher and inventor of to-day is a cost reducer, and no one will deny that we need an army of active members of this fraternity well distributed throughout all lands at the present moment.

And whether it has been due to the mental stimulus of war or to the economic difficulties of the present time, the situation with respect to new and promising discoveries is both interesting and hopeful. Over in England Sir Ernest Rutherford appears to be well on the way to a solution of

(Continued on Page 38)

# Water in the Inkwell

At some time or other perhaps you have dipped your pen into an inkwell which accidentally had been filled with water. The pen made no mark—no impression—on the paper.

Many letters, though readable, are in effect written from water-filled inkwells. They fail to "register" with the reader. They lack the *character* which only crisp, fine-textured paper like Systems Bond can give to a letter.

It is sheer pleasure to feel—to crackle—to snap a bond paper like Systems. It is quality all through. This comes, naturally, from its content of rag and from careful seasoning by loft-drying.

Systems Bond sells at a reasonable price and its quality never varies. For letter-heads and office forms—your printer will tell you about it.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well-known Pilgrim, Transcript, Atlantic and Manifest marks.

**EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY**

501 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

*Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine*

# SYSTEMS BOND

*"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"*

(Continued from Page 36)

the problem of the ages—the transmutation of matter. We have long been able to change and interchange physical mixtures and chemical compounds, but the production of a new element or the change from one to another has been the puzzling riddle of alchemists for centuries.

Another Britisher has accomplished a big thing in perfecting a novel wireless emergency calling device for the use of ships in distress. At the present time when a vessel is in trouble and needs assistance the plan is to send forth a wireless S O S in the hope that the call will be picked up by some other ship that is close enough to lend aid. The weak point in the present scheme lies in the fact that the wireless operators on the vessels that are called must be on duty, wearing the usual telephone headpiece, or the distress message is not heard. This new device makes it possible for any station or ship equipped with a special automatic transmitter key to call up any other station or ship that is within range and that is fitted with a corresponding selective receiver, even if the operator is absent from his post. The calling up is effected by a powerful bell which starts ringing on the ships called a few seconds after the key at the calling station is pressed. When attention has been attracted wireless communication proceeds in the usual way. It is likely that this invention will materially reduce the dangers of navigation. To the ship in distress a matter of five or ten minutes may spell the difference between life and death to the passengers on board.

In support of the oft-repeated saying that necessity is the mother of invention we find that Italy, the land without fuel, has made a reality of the electric furnace for the production of iron and steel. A big electric iron-ore reduction works was recently started in Northern Italy with water power as the source of energy. The engineers who constructed the works estimated that in order to be a success the cost of hydroelectric energy in the form of continuous current must be held down to nine dollars per horse-power year. The cheapest hydroelectric power so far produced is reported in Norway, where an annual horse power is said to cost six dollars. In most countries hydroelectric undertakings generally cost from fifty to one hundred dollars per horse power for the initial installation. The interest on these sums, plus two dollars for amortization and about four dollars for overhead, gives from nine to twelve dollars as the probable cost per horse-power year. Since the cost of electrical construction in Italy ranks among the highest found anywhere it is evident that this engineering feat of the Italians is an accomplishment of note.

In many of the war-ridden countries of Europe the scarcity of certain materials compelled the chemists of these nations to find new ways of doing things. As an example of this situation let me cite just one little thing—the discovery of an excellent substitute for the antimony coating that was formerly used on the sides of safety-match boxes. The new compound is lighter, fifty per cent cheaper and possesses greater igniting qualities. With this coating composition it is possible to effect a considerable saving in the amount of chlorate of potash used in the composition from which the heads of the matches are made. To this extent the matches are safer, due to the reduction in the danger of self-ignition. Tests have shown that more than 500 matches can be successfully struck on one box.

Both German and British inventors have perfected a new type of cinematograph screen that will reproduce pictures in daylight or in a brightly lighted room as clearly and distinctly as those now shown in a darkened theater. In this new scheme the picture is projected from behind onto the screen, which latter is made of a very translucent material. This invention will prove of great value in educational work, for by its use pictures may be shown in a school or lecture room in broad daylight. In certain of the elementary schools of London special film matinées have been held at which the rule of three, multiplication, division, and so forth, were demonstrated on a screen. Certain British educators now claim that practically all subjects taught in the schools can be applied to the film.

On the Canadian Pacific Coast an ambitious and apparently successful attempt is being made to manufacture a valuable fertilizing agent in the form of fish meal from the offal of the fishes that are caught for food. A splendid oil suitable for manufacture into soap is also recovered from this fish waste. One of the most important industries of the Canadian coast is fishing, and the canneries are so numerous that the disposal of the offal from these plants has become a problem. When unused this waste is a nuisance to a community; so the canneries have been glad to encourage the utilization of their waste products.

Seaweed is abundant all over the world, but it remained for a Dane to devise a method for producing a cattle feed from this heretofore worthless material. The big problem was to transform the seaweed to a digestible state, and at the same time to eliminate the disagreeable taste given to the weed by the mineral substances it contains. In the process that is followed the plant is washed free of its salt and then treated with steam, preferably under high pressure, which causes the cells to burst and allows the protoplasm to come out. This mass is then placed under high pressure and formed into cakes, which are dried in a vacuum and ground into a coarse powder. The juice of the mass is boiled in a vacuum to a high grade of concentration, which causes the salts to crystallize, after which they are separated from the juice by means of a centrifugal separator. The juice is then mixed with the powder and the mixture pressed into cakes of suitable size. An analysis of the food showed 13.12 per cent of protein; 1.07 per cent of fat; 66.76 per cent of digestible carbonic hydrate; 9 per cent cellulose; 5.05 per cent of mineral salts and 5 per cent of water. This seaweed feed is said to be nourishing, and the cattle eat it willingly.

I have here touched on only a few of a long list of reports of scientific discoveries that have come to me from many parts of the world. I have purposely omitted all mention of a number of splendid achievements of our own American inventors and scientists, leaving such facts for a later and separate story. The truth that stands forth in what I have written is that with all of our ups and downs, and in spite of the ravages and miseries of war, our old and true friend, Science, is still on the job and doing business at the same old stand. Let us also not overlook the further fact that the minds of men are continuing to function in other lands than the United States.

## Incentives to Work

A NUMBER of employment managers met recently at the call of their national association and devoted time to discussing ways and means for increasing the individual production of employees in all industries. Since this is the most important subject that now confronts the nation it is interesting to note some of the remedies proposed.

Considerable attention was devoted to the problem of rousing and increasing the individual's interest in his work. It was brought out that efficiency depends upon the application of human energy as well as upon the perfection of mechanism and process. The essential elements of interest in work are: Self-choice of the activity, pleasure in its continuance, a sense of value in its performance, and opportunity to secure the approval of one's associates for one's accomplishments. When the chance for self-choice in the matter of a job is removed, the labor entailed becomes drudgery. Monotony is present when work has become automatic and makes no demands upon active attention.

Emphasis was placed upon the evil effects of fear in the minds of manual workers. Whatever alertness or responsiveness the fearful person has is all in the direction of preventing the realization of his fears. The chief of all worries in most workmen is the fear of loss of employment. Other fears are created by the possibility that labor-saving machinery may be introduced, and frequently men are afraid that the more work the individual performs the sooner will come a completion of orders and a lay-off or wage cut.

Among the suggestions for increasing interest in work was a systematic plan of transfers. Most companies have done very little to relieve the dullness of routine jobs by insisting that no employee shall be allowed to remain at any one task beyond a certain period of time. Such a plan of transfers requires a change in the present mental habits of managers and workers, but it would be a change in the direction of releasing positive and active qualities in the employee. One of the new watchwords of industry will be: "It pays to transfer."

At the present time we have very few standards by which to measure a fair day's production We negotiate about wages, and often ignore the amount of work that must be delivered for the pay received. A study of what constitutes a fair amount of work, jointly by management and men, must inevitably develop just standards for workers of different degrees of skill. In this connection the shop committee can render valuable service.

It appears to be the best opinion of close observers that the interest and output of workmen are increased by adopting a plan that permits the employee to acquaint himself with his own proficiency and at the same time makes it possible for him to compare his individual achievements with those of his coworkers. Added to this, each worker should be carefully informed concerning not only the relation of his process to the finished article but with respect to the economic value and importance to society of the completed product that is being turned out. Every normal man desires the approval of his fellow associates and is anxious to stand high as a skilled worker in the eyes of those with whom he labors.

One company derived much benefit from training a number of their executives as guides and then showing the families of all the workers through the plant in small groups over a period of two or three months. The results following the experiment proved the wisdom of having the employees' families familiar with the work the men were doing.

**Modern managers are leaning more and more to the belief that the maximum interest of workmen can be roused only when the corporation tenaciously holds to the** policy that its purpose is to render useful service rather than to extract the ultimate in profit. When the dominant motive in a company is sheer profit making, regardless of the best interest of the community, the sympathies and interest of the men will not be so strong as when the business is run under a rule of limited returns to capital. Each unit of every industry must eventually become a great self-governing democracy of systematized public service. Unless our business institutions are soon reorganized in conformity with such an ideal the whole matter will rapidly resolve itself into a question of which shall survive—factories and machinery or human souls and personality. The most satisfactory future lies in providing a situation where both the human and the material factors will flourish together.

One of the interesting points discussed was the cause and frequency of industrial upheavals. These have always had their basis in some change, usually a suppression of the standard of living. Back as far as the war between the Greeks and Romans in 147 B.C., there was a strike of 20,000 artisans, caused by the curtailment of food and clothing, which resulted from lessened production following the war. L. P. Alford, editor and writer on industrial topics, pointed out that here in America we are now passing through the fourth great industrial upheaval in our own history. Each of these epochs of disturbance has been due to a period of high prices. The first was from 1825 to 1837, at which time, in proportion to population, there were as many unionized men in this country as there have been in any other period. The panic of 1837 brought a lowering of prices and swept away the movement. Another period of high prices started in 1865 and ended with the panic of 1873, while a similar movement commenced about 1887, and after record strikes of the most serious nature culminated in the panic of 1893.

A lot of people maintain that the present upward price swing began in 1914, and that though the war accentuated the movement it would have come even if peace had continued. For the last six years we have been experiencing a gradual change in the standards of living, and the tendency of all of us at present is to resist those forces that seem inclined to draw us back to the levels of living that prevailed only a few years ago. As a consequence the air is filled with talk of political and economic reforms, and the industrial situation is burdened with strikes. Going back through history we find present conditions merely a duplication of what has occurred in the past.

Hundreds of writers have repeated the now accepted statement that the remedy for our present troubles is greater individual production. Very few people still deny that we can't distribute wealth until we get it and we can't get it until we produce it. It is also true that the only correct way to determine what the worker wants is for the employer or manager to use his own desires and standards as a measure. It is a mistake for the men higher up to sit apart as a chosen few and attempt to pass judgment on the desires of workmen. Every manager must climb down and consider himself as part of the unit. The average employee does not want half of the things that are commonly talked about. He does not want merely a living wage, but adequate pay that will provide him with a small surplus to insure his future. He wants a permanent job, free from unreasonable discharge, and he desires an opportunity to better his position. Lastly, the worker wants interesting work and an opportunity to carve out his own destiny.

So much time and talk have been wasted in discussing the ethics of this and that phase of employment that I will try to confine my further remarks to a few practical and more or less concrete suggestions concerning ways to increase interest and boost production. Every other person we meet on the street tells us in confidence that a panic with a resulting industrial depression is the only way out. This may or may not be true, but the fact remains that even if we must face troublous times the seriousness of the situation that will develop may be minimized if thousands of employers will take steps while the opportunity presents to put into effect an honest industrial policy that will foster respect and create mutual confidence between every management and its men. About the only people in the United States to-day who appear to be efficient in the dissemination of information are the so-called reds, who are busy spreading their gospel of unrest while the dignified exponents of sanity sit round and think instead of act.

One large company came to the conclusion that idle groups of men during the noon hour afforded a splendid opportunity for a few trouble makers to create and advance dissatisfaction in a plant. An investigation showed that the more the men get together and talk about their particular difficulties the bigger the troubles appear. In order to remedy this situation the concern introduced motion pictures during the noon hour, and found as a result that production increased something like ten per cent. Heretofore the work of the men had been monotonous and this noontime diversion had given them a chance to get their minds off their work. They went back to

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IT is worthy of note that the average family places extraordinary reliance in its Hupmobile.

The car quickly establishes confidence in its reliability; and then proceeds to generate a still sounder sense of security by the steadfast quality of its service.

It behaves so well and so willingly, always—it costs so little and gives so much—that an owner rarely sells his Hupmobile unless it be to replace it with a new one.

# From Appetites to Arcadia

## By JOHN D. SWAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON C. DEXTER

*One Night He Responded Three Hundred and Eleven Times to the Comment, "Looks Like Rain for a Change"*

AFTER all there are only two kinds of dairy lunch: those in which, as one enters, the big nickel coffee urn is at the left of the counter, and those in which it is at the right. The one in which Andrew Scoggin worked belonged to the latter class. From six P. M. to six A. M. he sat in his little glass cage with the numbered checks and the big cash register, watched people eat and made change.

I am intrigued at this point by the various twists which could be given this story without violating the canons of legitimate fiction. I might, for instance, picture Scoggin, a semibald, withered and somewhat dapper man of fifty-nine, as one fallen upon evil days—or nights—a once-prosperous banker or merchant doomed now to tread in the mill of such employment as may be had by one who has lived to become elderly and impecunious. With such slight skill as I possess I might draw a drab, bleak, apathetic monotone and hang it up for pity and warning. Or I might reward his richly endowed nature by enlisting the sympathy and in time the chastened love of some solitary female of suitable age and snug fortune, painting a very pretty Indian summer romance. The possibilities are many.

Less from any scruples than because the truth answers all purposes as well as fiction possibly can, let us study Andrew Scoggin a little more closely; an easy matter as he sits beneath a brilliant electrolier backed by glittering white enamel, looking—and sometimes feeling—not unlike a museum specimen or something in a laboratory. His complexion is bleached and pallid, most of his waking hours being spent in artificial light.

Observing him closely, you perceive that his is not a richly endowed nature; nor could he ever have hoped to be even a small-town banker. He might have developed into an efficient clammer, fisherman or sailor—like his forbears—had not his parents migrated to a Western city when he was a child below school age even in a county where toddlers begin their education about the time they are able to take a few steps without holding onto big sister's hand.

Swept thus into an inland community and losing his parents while still in his teens, he had held only subordinate positions, nor aspired to any others. But he had steadily spent less than he earned and had saved more than ten thousand dollars, invested in savings banks and Liberty Bonds. Not a dollar had he spent for specious gold mine, land development or oil well certificates.

For the past seven years he had served as night cashier in one of the twenty Boston branches of that chain of dairy lunches in which, as you enter, the dominant coffee urn stands at one's right. He was an automaton, a human adding machine. His subconscious mind had learned to perform his mechanical duties, leaving his brain free to speculate; and there was nothing to speculate upon save white tiling reflecting the brilliant light in which ceaselessly flowed and ebbed an army of appetites.

The world—as he saw it—was a mighty stomach. That part of it he saw during waking hours was always eating; those he met on the street when he dressed and went out were on their way to afternoon tea.

His circumstances united with a natural taciturnity to prevent intimacies. He never had any evenings for social purposes and knew nothing of clubs or little home affairs. At midnight he had his dinner. On turning over his desk to the day cashier he supped, and by seven o'clock was asleep in the small but quiet back room of a shabbily respectable lodging house, with whose fluctuating inmates he had only a nodding acquaintance. Between two and three in the afternoon he rose, shaved and went out to breakfast, during which he read the evening papers. The bright sunlight always seemed pale and ineffectual to him, who dwelt in an incandescent atmosphere. After breakfast a walk, or the moving pictures or the public library if the weather was inclement.

With the patrons of the dairy lunch he was on speciously cordial terms. According to age or sex or the way they were feeling they addressed him as Andrew or Uncle Andy—once or twice of late as grandpa. This to his great annoyance.

They came and went, and he knew nothing of their lives beyond the size of their checks. They had the habit of disappearing suddenly and mysteriously; sometimes for long periods, often forever. Curious!

For months on end one would come in at the same hour, sit in the same chair and eat the same short order, washed down by coffee sweetened with the same number of sugar lumps. Then one day he would fail to appear and the cashier would see him no more. He might have lost his job or been promoted. He might have died. Andrew Scoggin never knew, and as far as that went he never cared. He was cursed with an obsession for statistics, fostered by the nature of his duties.

One night he responded three hundred and eleven times to the comment, "Looks like rain for a change." Again, two hundred and thirteen times to the query, "Well, how's election going?"

The patrons came in well-defined strata. From six to seven-thirty—the busiest period of the day—the usual supper crowd. After the shows closed another but thinner stream. After eleven a few stragglers, turned out of their haunts but not yet resigned to home and bed. Black-coffee people mostly; occasionally varied by one of the anemic Welsh rabbits the house offered on its daily list. After two, when the morning papers had gone to press, the newspaper men. Then a dull period until about five. These were the stand-bys, the bulwark of the dairy lunch during the night watch. There were casuals at all times, but the management could forecast with surprising accuracy the number to be served and what they would order most of.

It was a part of the cashier's work to keep an accurate list from data given him by the checker of the totals of everything served. So many cases of eggs, gallons of milk, dishes of prunes, sandwiches and cuts of pie of each variety; doughnuts, beef stews or fish chowders, crabmeat salads or orders of beans. In some distant clearing house his report—with similar ones from scores of cities—was studied and collated by other human machines. Their deductions materialized in the sudden withdrawal of currant buns in Omaha or the increase of two and three-quarters per cent of molasses in baked beans served in Boston.

The lack of anything like human comradeship affected Andrew Scoggin, though he was not conscious of it. His unnatural habit of daylight sleeping subtly affected his nervous system, but it was not these details which caused him genuine distress. The fixed idea which tortured him was the natural result of a life spent in an environment of food -limited in variety, identical in form and invariable in its location. At the right the great nickel coffee urn. In the glass counter case, drawn up in ranks, coconut custard, mince, apple, lemon, raisin and squash pies, cup custards, chocolate and sponge cakes; behind them the prolific family of sandwiches; next in order the salads. Each day had its special dish: veal cutlets on Monday, boiled dinner on Wednesday, chowders on Friday, and so on. A great stack of doughnuts flanked the coffee urn; the little dishes of prunes were never absent.

In the establishment there was nothing to attract the eye save food or its appurtenances: the menu stenciled on the tiling over the counter, the special of the day printed on a card in red lettering, the piles of napkins and trays, pepper, salt and condiments arrayed on a central stand. Otherwise there were only white tiles, mosaic floor, metal ceiling, one-arm chairs, plate glass. There was not even a sign—"Not Responsible for Hats, Coats and Umbrellas"—to rest the eye.

The system of which Scoggin was a cog featured cleanliness. Its cooks and waiters wore spotless linen, its serving room was open to inspection and worthy of it, its milk Pasteurized, its sanitary arrangements officially indorsed. The old cashier ate two of his three meals there and could formulate no definite complaint against quality or cooking. Yet after a few years he discovered that everything seemed to taste alike. He did not know that this is true of the

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# The Luxury of Being Certain

TO be able to pick a good show every time is magic—until you know how. But millions are doing it right along, experiencing this luxury of being certain. How? Simply by looking for the *key* word in the theatres' advertising—the brand name, *Paramount*. No theatre that has the entertainment-sense to book Paramount Pictures lacks the advertising-sense to mention it.

*

* *Listed alongside, alphabetically, are some of the latest Paramount Artcraft features. Don't miss them.*

JOHN BARRYMORE in
"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"
directed by John S. Robertson

"THE COPPERHEAD"
With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Maigne

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
Production
"MALE AND FEMALE"

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
Production
"WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?"

"EVERYWOMAN"
Directed by George H. Melford
With All Star Cast

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S
Production
"ON WITH THE DANCE!"

WM. S. HART in
"THE TOLL GATE"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

GEO. H. MELFORD'S
Production
"THE SEA WOLF"

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR'S
Production
"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"

MAURICE TOURNEUR'S
Production
"TREASURE ISLAND"

# Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

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most celebrated cuisines of the world; of every place except home. He only knew that when he closed his eyes apple pie differed not from apricot, rice pudding from spaghetti, beef stew from chicken.

His afternoon breakfasts were invariably eaten in one of Boston's oldest and most expensive hotels and he ordered things which the dairy chain never carried—kidneys en brochette, grilled bones, broiled sweetbreads, and the like. The waiter who always served him—and whose tips amounted to far more than the cashier's salary—presumed him to be a broker or banker on his way home after a strenuous day's labor of four or five hours in some sepulchral mahogany office guarded by uniformed porters and canny secretaries.

At first and for a very long time Scoggin's obsession was merely the feature of his long working hours. His mind insisted upon reiterating such statistics as seven hundred and thirty-two dishes of prunes served on a Tuesday and only five hundred and sixty-nine on a Wednesday; a strong rally on Thursday leading to high-water mark on Friday, when more than eight hundred orders were devoured. He was not in the slightest degree interested to find out why this was so year in and out. It was merely a maddening fact that insisted in rattling about in his dry brain cells—seventeen pounds of cheese sliced up in sandwiches, eight hundred and nineteen egg sandwiches, one thousand and eleven lumps of sugar; endless totals which he wanted to forget but could not.

It was not until his sleep was invaded that he began to tread the outskirts of insanity. No man can pursue—or be pursued by—a fixed idea day and night and remain wholly normal.

His room, which was merely a place to sleep in, had an excellent bed with a hair mattress. It was unusually quiet for a centrally located city room. He slept without dreaming, the faint rumbles, toots and cries of crowded streets coming to him merely as a soothing obbligato for a few moments after he had gone to bed. He waked to the crying of the extras.

Lately most unpleasant dreams had fastened themselves upon him. These were all connected in some way with food. There were two in particular that he suffered recurrently. Freud states that all recurrent dreams are the stirrings of repressed desires and are not to be lightly regarded.

There was one in which he seemed to be strolling along a country road. Presently he came to a cross lane; and always just as he was about to pass by there debouched from it an army of prunes. He was never at all alarmed by them—rather he was amused by the ridiculous sight. The numb intelligence which prevents us from accepting without reservations the impossible told him that this could not be, and yet he believed half-heartedly.

The prunes marched on, their ranks road wide, in mass formation and perfect alignment. There was an air of tremendous determination upon their dark, wrinkled little faces; a sort of grim and desiccated valor. They swept slowly toward him and at first he kicked them aside. Then as they did not pause he leaned over and brushed them away with his hands. The first ranks swept by him on either hand; presently he stood in the midst of a veritable river of prunes. He trod upon hundreds; the road became slippery with their crushed pulps.

Little by little they began to rise about his ankles, his calves; soon he was standing knee-deep in the sticky mass, and still they came on in undiminished numbers. When he was engulfed to the neck, his arms frantically seeking to keep them from covering mouth and nose, he woke half strangled and wet with sweat.

The other dream was even more unpleasant. In it he underwent the ordeal of being smothered in onions like a beefsteak or a slice of liver. The first occasion on which he had this dream he wakened to smell fried onions from the next room, where a young married couple doing a sketch in a local vaudeville house were solving the H. C. L. in a pungent way which had reacted upon him. The actors left at the end of the week, but the dream persisted.

He ceased to go to the moving pictures, because here, too, he was pursued by the food motif. In the comedies custards were hurled with hideous precision and dreadful things were accomplished with cream puffs, sausages, eggs—even fishes. The serious dramas featured elaborate dinners.

The whole world seemed to be insane upon the subject of food. He often passed long queues waiting in front of groceries to receive a pound of sugar. The newspapers carried endless advertisements of new eating places. Many drug stores put in lunch counters. All department stores had grills or roof gardens. Even the ten-cent stores had cafeterias. The magazines were full of gorgeous full-page designs of melting pastry. The Government itself became infected and opened shops; tons of army supplies were sold at bargain prices.

Once the idea fastened upon the old cashier, instances multiplied before his eyes. He was a very sick man needing the services of a psychoanalyst without suspecting it. Probably he would have suffered nervous breakdown had not a seemingly trifling event distracted his mind.

One night taking his place in the little cage his eyes were caught by the stenciled design of a rocky island upon the wall opposite. In each of the six hundred-odd dairy lunches of the chain to which he was fettered an exactly similar outline appeared simultaneously. Work upon them was done by day and had progressed at a leisurely union rate each evening when Andrew Scoggin arrived. In time Capri stood forth in the melting tenderness of sunset, a mass of gorgeous tints upon an azure sea against a sky of royal purple fading to salmon pink.

The six hundred were as near to being replicas as possible. The slight variations in tone due to the admixture of a little more or less cobalt or sienna were infinitely less than the momentary changes in Capri itself.

The finished design was crude enough, but not without effectiveness, considering the place it adorned. One whose eyes had never beheld the original might gain from this mechanical fresco a faint impression of its unearthly loveliness; one who had beheld it would feel a little stirring amid the rose leaves of memory.

To the old man it came as a mighty relief and an undiminishing joy. For the first time his tired eyes had something to fasten upon; something besides glittering walls, urns, plate glass and—food! At first he thought that his pleasure might be due to the fact that it was a picture of the sea, close to which he had been born and his ancestors had dwelt. But he had left it at so tender an age that he sought in vain to identify any definite memory of the ocean. Sometimes his afternoon stroll took him down to Atlantic Avenue and its old wharves with great warehouses full of odorous bales, its polyglot fisher folk, its four-masters thrusting treelike bowsprits far over dry land. No memories kindled at sights and smells. So far as he could tell the love of oakum and hot pitch, of creaking windlass and ancient chanty, was not a part of his inheritance.

Night after night during the slack hours he sat gazing at Capri—motionless, satisfied. A steep trail zigzagged up the cliffs to the little town indicated by a few touches suggestive of a white church tower and red-tiled roofs. In the water floated a small boat, its yellow triangle of sail motionless. Up the rough beach a young girl was walking. Her gay petticoat was pinned up, her bare brown limbs glistened with salt spray. In one hand she bore a heavy basket, leaning far over to counterbalance the load which she would presently place on her head.

She had been, he supposed, digging clams. As a matter of accuracy she had gathered a nice mess of wriggly little octopuses wrenched from the rocks to which they clung with desperate tentacles. They were destined for a big kettle of hot fat out in the piazza after Friday mass to tempt the pious villagers. Fortunately Andrew Scoggin was ignorant of this particular gastronomic horror. It might have dethroned his reason.

He had never even heard of the island of Capri. After a few weeks of unquestioning content he decided to read about it. In the public library he learned many surprising facts. He read of Tiberius, who dwelt here with his strange following of neurasthenics, and of the twelve palaces he built upon sightly points, each devoted to its own particular frivolity. He learned of the unfortunate slaves who were pushed off the topmost peak, sometimes to punish a trivial fault, oftener for the fun of seeing them hurtle a sheer two thousand feet through the golden air.

He learned of the warning that came, relayed by flashing mirrors, from Rome, and of the emperor's death in one of his dream palaces. His browsing took him into paths as divergent as gentle Agnes of Sorrento and Baring-Gould's Tragedy of the Cæsars. He found out all about the Blue Grotto and the Green; and of the artists who, bewitched by Capri, arrived to paint for a month and remained until they died of old age.

On one occasion a Harvard lecturer chanced to eat a midnight supper in the dairy lunch, and noting the old cashier's rapt gaze fell into conversation with him about Capri, which he had visited during his sabbatical year. Andrew Scoggin's wealth of information astonished him. He left under the impression that he was a learned man fallen upon evil days. The thought haunted him for some time. He was getting on toward sixty himself and younger professors were drawing students from his courses.

Time crawled on. The cashier's health improved. He ceased to be overrun by regiments of prunes or to be smothered in onions. Once more his sleep was dreamless and refreshing. His wide reading had given imagination plenty to feed upon and he had become very fond of the little brown maiden forever staggering along with her heavy basket of baby octopuses. He knew that there were some six hundred other identical maidens

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"I Declare I'm Ashamed to Look Henry Bean—He's Auctioneer—in the Face!" Said Lucy. "Well, He'll Get Paid for His Time. We'll Hang Onto Our Furniture a Little Longer, I Guess"

It stands to reason that the experience of more than 60,000 Republic Truck users is the most valuable truck experience a business man can get. It gives the truck buyer a definite cost-and-service standard for any given line of hauling. It offers him convincing evidence that *ruggedness* and *economy* have won for Republic the greatest truck preference in the world.

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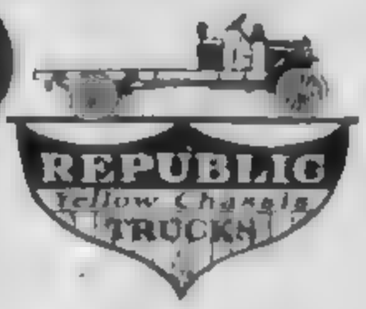

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similarly employed in far-scattered cities. Not quite identical—he would not admit that. One by one he visited the lunch rooms in Boston belonging to his system, but in none of them was the fisher girl quite so winsome, the purple haze in which she walked quite so heavenly.

The colors faded after three or four years, but the picture was softened and improved. What was really alarming was a sort of scaling that began the third year. Little patches of paint checked off—the tiling of a house, it might be, or a morsel of rock. Full a third of the girl's gay petticoat disappeared; one arm followed—fortunately not the one bearing the basket. It was all so gradual that he gave it little thought, until one dreadful night he took his place to find Capri scraped entirely away and a fresh priming laid on. The soulless and invisible management—they who in some secret lair pored over his lists of doughnuts and beef stews and pats of butter—had decreed six hundred new shiny pictures, of a Chinese junk lying off Singapore.

The stupendous event nearly stunned old Andrew. He was unable to feel any emotion at all. That night he made no less than four errors in giving change—a record for him. The following night seemed endless. He took no interest in the growing shore line of Singapore. A bitter sense of loneliness possessed him. At a word without warning six hundred innocent Italian maidens had been scraped into eternity! No toothsome octopuses—he had found out what the baskets held after a long time—would bob joyously about in hot fat for the delight of pious goatherds and fisher folk.

The void in the cashier's life was one he could not possibly fill. He was too old a man to get to be fond of Singapore. For the first time in his life he was desperately homesick—homesick for a place he had never seen save in a wretched daub. Without any intimates or hobbies or any home life, he had erected an edifice of fantasy in which he had dwelt content. Now they had with a few strokes torn it all from him. He was indeed desolate.

He struggled on for a full month, but it was no use. The nights grew longer and longer; his clerical errors multiplied. Already it was whispered that the old man was about all in. His rut was so deep that nothing short of a profound jolt would have thrown him out of it. Unless discharged he would probably have kept on from sheer habit until he had been stricken with a shock while changing a dollar or tabulating dishes of prunes. Completely upset by his calamity, he suddenly determined on a course such as no thrifty elderly Yankee ever before ventured. Since they had taken away his Capri, he would go and see the real island.

His studies had taught him that even his small savings would be a real fortune there. Possibly like the artists he might elect to end his days there. At any rate he would stay as long as he pleased in the funny old inn with its walls covered with sketches done by penniless geniuses to settle their scores, its low prices fixed forever by the will of the former host, the artists' friend. And he would clamber down the giddy trail to the beach and look for the little girl. He did not consider that the years would have made her by now a plump matron with youngsters of her own.

Half frightened at such an uprooting from his familiar soil, he made haste to settle the details. There would be a ticket—not a round-trip one—to buy, a letter of credit, some Italian silver, a pair of field glasses, a warm sweater for the open sea. Above all, he must run up to the old homestead in Maine in which he owned a third interest. There was someone living there—a niece, whom he had never seen. She sent him a greeting card every Christmas and he mailed her a box of chocolates on her birthdays. He didn't know exactly how old she was, or anything definite about her except that her name was Lucy. If he could sell her—on any terms—his interest perhaps it might pay for his entire trip. Anyhow he cared nothing about the old town, and if she couldn't buy him out perhaps she would sell and then he might dispose of the place to some summer colonist. He had heard that anything in Maine with a roof over it was readily salable. Decidedly he must make the journey down east. So far as that went, it was only decent to say good-by to the only being who owned kinship with him.

The departure of Andrew Scoggin from the niche he had occupied for so many years did not cause even a vibration in the smooth-running machinery of the dairy chain. As he popped out of his little glass cage another elderly man popped in; not a dozen patrons noted that there had been a substitution. Their interest was solely with getting what they ordered and receiving the correct change.

Having voluntarily given up his position at an age when a new one would not be easily obtained, he wasted no time, but packed all his belongings into a single gaunt suitcase and took the afternoon train from the North Station for Bangor, there transferring to the local for the little village of Hancock Point, concerning which he had no conscious memories whatever.

It was long after dark when he arrived and put up at the little inn whose Indian name means "tarry a while" and whose fortunate guests always do. He retired at once, his sleep broken once or twice when the fog settled down and the bell of the lighthouse just offshore tolled mournfully.

He rose very early. There was no one about save a sleepy servant. It was early in the season and few summer guests had arrived. Once outside, his gaze turned seaward—and he was stricken motionless with the shock of what he saw there. Against a sky of old rose and amber Mt. Desert floated like a gigantic iridescent bubble—all deep purples and pale lavender and the blue of damson plums.

Many elderly men of sedentary habits would have suffered a stroke from less emotion than Andrew Scoggin felt when his eyes beheld the living island of his dreams—palpitant, vibrant, with a scrap of fog clinging to its highest peak like a plume. It must have lain hidden all these years in some unused corner of his mind; lain so deep that not even the frescoed isle in the dairy lunch so crudely like it could waken this scene he must have drunk in with childish eyes.

As in a vision he crossed the lawn and went down the road toward the beach. That he should see coming up from the sand flats the only figure in sight—a young girl, barefooted and with sleeves rolled up, bearing a basket of snow-white clams—was quite to be expected. She belonged in the picture. Had he not looked upon her every night for years and years?

He waited until she drew close and smiled shyly at him in friendly country fashion. Her thick brown hair was knotted carelessly above a pleasant wind-kissed face, whose big brown eyes looked full in his own, faded by years under incandescents. He spoke to her with an answering smile:

"Can you tell me, little girl, where the old Scoggin place is?"

He had no recollection of its location or appearance.

"I ought to know," the girl laughed. "I live there!"

"Why—why now—it isn't possible that you are little Lucy?"

The girl carefully set her heavy basket of clams upon a flat rock and looked closer at him.

"I do believe that you are Uncle Andrew!" she cried. "Oh, how glad I am to see you!"

He essayed to lift her basket, and realized at once that he could not carry it very far.

"Oh, I'm awful strong; you must not try to lift it!" she protested. He insisted almost peevishly; and in the end they compromised and he took one side in his flabby hand. It was much harder that way for her and not easy for him, but both were satisfied. And it was but a few rods to the old homestead, unpainted, quaintly gabled, a cheery blue smoke drifting from its great square chimney.

"You must have breakfast with me of course, Uncle Andrew."

He thriftily reflected that he would be charged for the morning meal at the inn, and postponed his invitation till dinner. But he promised to move over right after breakfast and establish himself in the guest chamber. There was room enough—Lucy told him she was living alone. All the rest were dead except himself.

"I always asked you to spend your vacation here when I sent you a Christmas card," she reproached him. "But I suppose you have too many grand places to go to in Boston. And to think you should turn up like this and go to a hotel!"

Andrew coughed, a little ashamed of the errand on which he had come and the way he had ignored his own flesh and blood. His eyes caught a square white card on the gatepost printed with bold black lettering:

AUCTION OF HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS
ON WEDNESDAY

"Selling off some furniture, hey?"

"Had to," Lucy nodded—"all but just what I need myself. There's enough here for a family of ten. There's been that many in years past."

"You can't mean you—that you need money? You're not poor? Brother Jim, I s'posed, left you well fixed. He was always forehanded. More so than I was."

"Father had saved quite a little, but when the summer folks began to overflow here from Bar Harbor he took the notion to open a restaurant. He spent a good deal on it and it didn't pay. We could only serve plain victuals and the folks liked the tea houses better. There's three of 'em here now and they say another one is opening up this year."

The old man considered in silence the strange fact of near Jim Scoggin losing money in any venture.

"He left only the old house—his share of it—and the taxes have gone up considerable. When the inn is full I wait on table there. I get good wages and quite a lot in tips. But there's not much I can do in winters. I aimed to go to the normal school sometime."

"Part of the taxes I owed," said Andrew. "I never gave it a thought," he reproached himself.

"Oh, but you never had any benefit from the place! I was the only one who used it. It wouldn't have been right to ask you to help."

They passed through the broad doorway and into the sitting room. She guided him to a seductive old rocker, but he shook his head.

"This auction is for to-morrow, ain't it? Well, I don't like the idea at all! Why, these things have been here for generations! Some of 'em are good as new—better'n what they make nowadays. I'm going to set aside what I don't want strangers to have. I'll look after the money part—help some when I pay up my back taxes. You, too, Lucy—you look round and pick out whatever you'd like to keep. See? We'll set 'em on this side of the room."

It was a very large square room, one of two which, with the kitchen at the back of the house, occupied the entire lower floor. The sun was just clearing the rim of the ocean. Its beams fell upon white paneling and the shiny brass andirons of the brick fireplace.

"Oh, there are some things I did so hate to let go!" Lucy admitted. "Isn't it wonderful, your coming this way, just in the nick of time? Like in story books."

They moved about the room, touching this article and that and commenting on it.

Andrew picked up a rude little three-legged stool known as a cricket.

"Why, I sat on that while mother learned me my letters!" he exclaimed. "Funny I remembered it right off!"

He set it carefully at the end of the room.

"And this old cradle—I'll bet it's rocked a century and a half of Scoggins! Look how its rockers are worn most flat."

The girl was busy herself, bearing here a cracked vase, there an old tortoise-shell workbox or a homely framed picture to the reserved end. They wandered from one room to another upstairs and down. In an upper chamber was a great mahogany four-poster with the pineapple design.

"It's the finest thing in the house, uncle. I was aiming to keep that anyhow. I guess all our folks were born in it and died in it. None of the other chamber sets amount to much."

Half an hour later the old man paused and wiped his moist forehead.

"Look here, Lucy, we ain't going at this right at all! Instead of setting aside the things we want to keep, which are mostly everything in the house, we ought to pick out what we don't care about. It will save time and elbow grease."

It did. In half an hour they had piled up such articles as held no associations for them, useless lumber which only took up room and made extra dusting. The collection was a melancholy one. Fogged mirrors, bottomless chairs, a perambulator, a bear trap, mildewed prints of Fast Asleep and Wide Awake, a headless Rogers Group, an old carpet worn to the warp.

"I declare I'm ashamed to look Henry Bean—he's auctioneer—in the face!" said Lucy. "He expects to have a yardful of stuff."

"Well, he'll get paid for his time. We'll hang onto our furniture a little longer, I guess."

Andrew Scoggin went into the kitchen and filled a tin basin and washed his hands preparatory to going back to the inn for his breakfast. He hadn't changed his plans as to Capri; they had been changed for him. The mountain had come to him.

"I'll be right over with my hand bag," he promised. "What you need is a good prompt-paying boarder—and what I need is some decent victuals. And what this old house needs is some paint and shingles."

"We'll have to wait for that till the fall. You can't get a carpenter for love or money while the city folks are here."

"We can get a piano, I guess—if you want one," he remarked as nonchalantly as if offering her a pair of overshoes.

Her eyes glistened, but her gratitude was veiled in New England reticence. Not a word was said as to her giving up her place as waitress. This took but three or four hours of her day, and he knew that she would prefer her independence and her own pocket money.

"What would you like for dinner, uncle?"

The old cashier paused at the door.

"Oh, anything you've got handy," he replied absently. "I ain't particular—I like most anything, except corn-beef hash, dropped eggs on toast, kidney beans, Hungarian goulash, frankfurters, lemon meringue pie, prunes, doughnuts, ham sandwiches and griddle cakes. Anything at all!"

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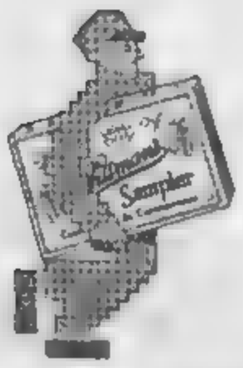

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# The Cleaning Up of Lathrop

## By Frederick R. Bechdolt

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY WICKEY

OLD Ben Thompson came driving down the Sulphur Springs Valley in the white glare of an Arizona summer afternoon. The little mules jogged on and on across the wide reaches of grassland; the fine gray dust rose like a cloud of smoke from the buckboard's wheels, settling over the cattleman until his bulky form matched the color of his drooping mustache. He held the loose reins in a negligent hand and leaned back into a corner of the seat with one booted foot on the dashboard. Having no knowledge of the news which waited him in Lathrop, he sang:

*Oh, once in the saddle I used to go prancing!*
*Oh, once in the saddle I used to go gay!*
*First took to drinking and then to card playing;*
*Got shot through the body and now here I lay.*

His voice boomed deep; the rat-tat-tat of the eight little hoofs kept time to the old tune; the scraping of the buckboard wheels came as an undernote. Ben gazed with contented eyes upon the landscape. The mountain ranges which flanked the valley drew together behind him in obedience to the laws of perspective as he came on out of the south. To the northward they converged before him. Always the swarthy plain remained a circle, girded by that ragged wall whose colors ranged from pearl gray to deepest purple.

"Only I Heard Tell How Curt Wilcox and Pink Davis Come Along While the Trouble Was On and Held Down the Place While the Bunch Got Their Horses and Pulled Out"

The Lathrop papers had not been coming to the ranch with any regularity during the past few weeks. The cowman had never a hint of what was taking place in town. Serenity abided with him. The lion-colored plain unfolded new reaches of grassland and the tall peaks on either side marched slowly southward, giving way to new landmarks. Another hour went by.

*Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,*
*And sound the dead march as you bear me along.*
*Oh, take me to boothill, and throw the sod o'er me,*
*I'm only a cowboy; I know I done wrong.*

In the old days he had sung those words perhaps a thousand times riding night herd. He sang them now because his mind, untroubled by any vision of the future, was on those days when men were fewer and the country was all open. Ending the refrain, he was beginning another verse:

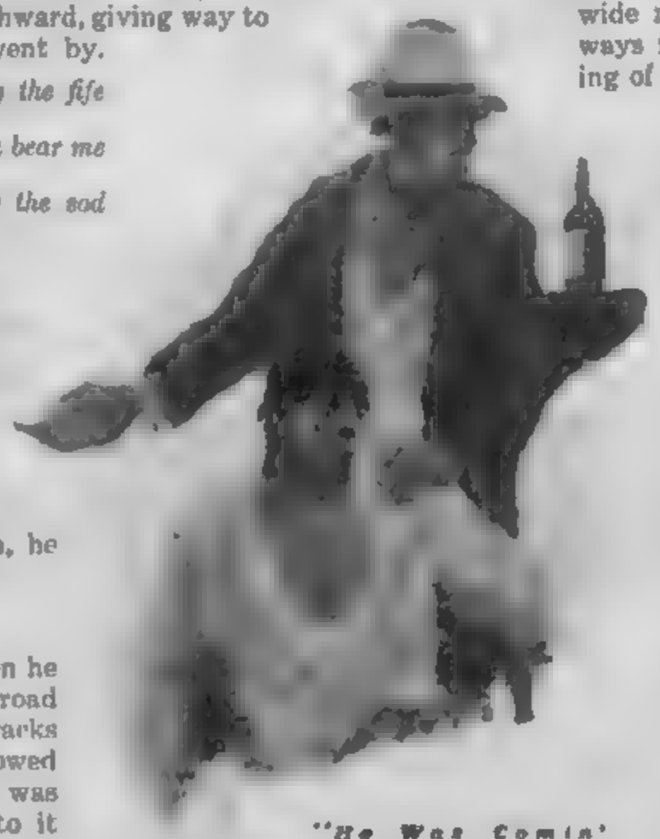
*My folks lived in ——*

He stopped right there, and then he swore. A fence spanned the gray road ahead of him. Fresh wheel tracks among the sere grass clumps showed the route of a detour, and as he was turning the distrustful mules into it Thompson got sight of a tiny unpainted cubicle of pine boards in the middle of the inclosure.

Another dry farmer!

From this time on there were more fences and more bytracks. Most of the latter had been there long enough for the mules to make the turns of their own accord, but there were two or three new interruptions in the route. There was no more singing. What Ben had seen was like a hint of the news that was waiting him. And when he drove into the main street of Lathrop he got a fresh warning.

The business portion of the town fronted that street, a long line of one-story buildings, each with its wooden awning roofing the sidewalk before it. The wide roadway, where the cowboys always raced their ponies after the coming of the beef herds, was bounded on the other side by the railroad tracks and the stock pens. Over there on a long siding several men were busy unloading an automobile from a freight car. Thompson had seen plenty of machines in Los Angeles and Tucson, but the advent of one in Lathrop was somehow disquieting. No use to talk, times were changing.



"He Was Comin' Toward Me, Startin' to Pull His Gun. I Called for Him to Stop, But He Kep' On—an' Then I Beat Him to It"

He put up the mules, shook the most of the dust from his clothes and went straight to the Sulphur Springs State Bank, of which institution he was a director. Smythe, the president, talked business with him for a good half hour before he let the tidings fall like a bolt from the blue.

Thompson looked out of place in that burnished office with its shining desk and stacks of papers, though he had a certain solidity about him which suggested gold and greenbacks. Smythe on the other hand fitted in exactly among the surroundings. He was a close-clipped man and as soon as he began to talk one felt the presence of efficiency. He represented a new order of things which had begun to establish itself in Lathrop with the arrival of fences and dry farmers at this end of the valley. Their business disposed of, Smythe cleared his throat.

"By the way," said he, "we've made some changes in town government."

The cowman nodded indifferently. His interest in the civic goings on in Lathrop was negligible.

"New administration," Smythe explained. "I'm mayor, you know. We intend to keep order this fall when the beef herds come in. The old business of rowdyism is going to be stopped."

"Yo' aim to make the cow-punchers quit their foolishness?"

Thompson smiled indulgently as he asked the question. Ever since he had known the place firearms had blazed in Lathrop just as regularly as autumn came.

Of late years there had been less killing—almost none in fact; but the frolicsome riders had continued to shoot up the town with the same old regularity.

"Who," the cowman demanded, "is going to ride herd on the boys?"

"We've got a new marshal," Smythe answered crisply. "I guess he'll handle the situation all right. Joe Slade."

Thompson stiffened as he heard the name.

"Joe Slade," he repeated quietly. "Smythe, yo'-all have sure started something."

A quartet of hulking hounds were dozing on the ranch-house porch. Now and then one of them groaned dismally as hounds will when the joy of doing nothing weighs heavily upon them. Occasionally one lifted his head to listen to an intermittent pop-popping which came from the direction of the dry wash beyond the stables, then with a heavy sigh let his head fall back on the floor.

The wide flat with its sprinkling of red malpais fragments pulsated in the afternoon sunshine; the ring of ragged mountains which inclosed it took on new shades of mauve and gray and purple every hour. The popping continued down in the dry wash.

In the bed of the sun-baked gully Thompson's foreman, Curt Wilcox, was lying full length on his belly beside a grizzled companion. Alternately the two elderly enthusiasts pressed their cheeks against their rifle stocks and lined their sights upon an extremely remote target. Alternately the weapons spoke. At times the marksmen suspended operations to discuss changing light and windage or to felicitate each other on the score.

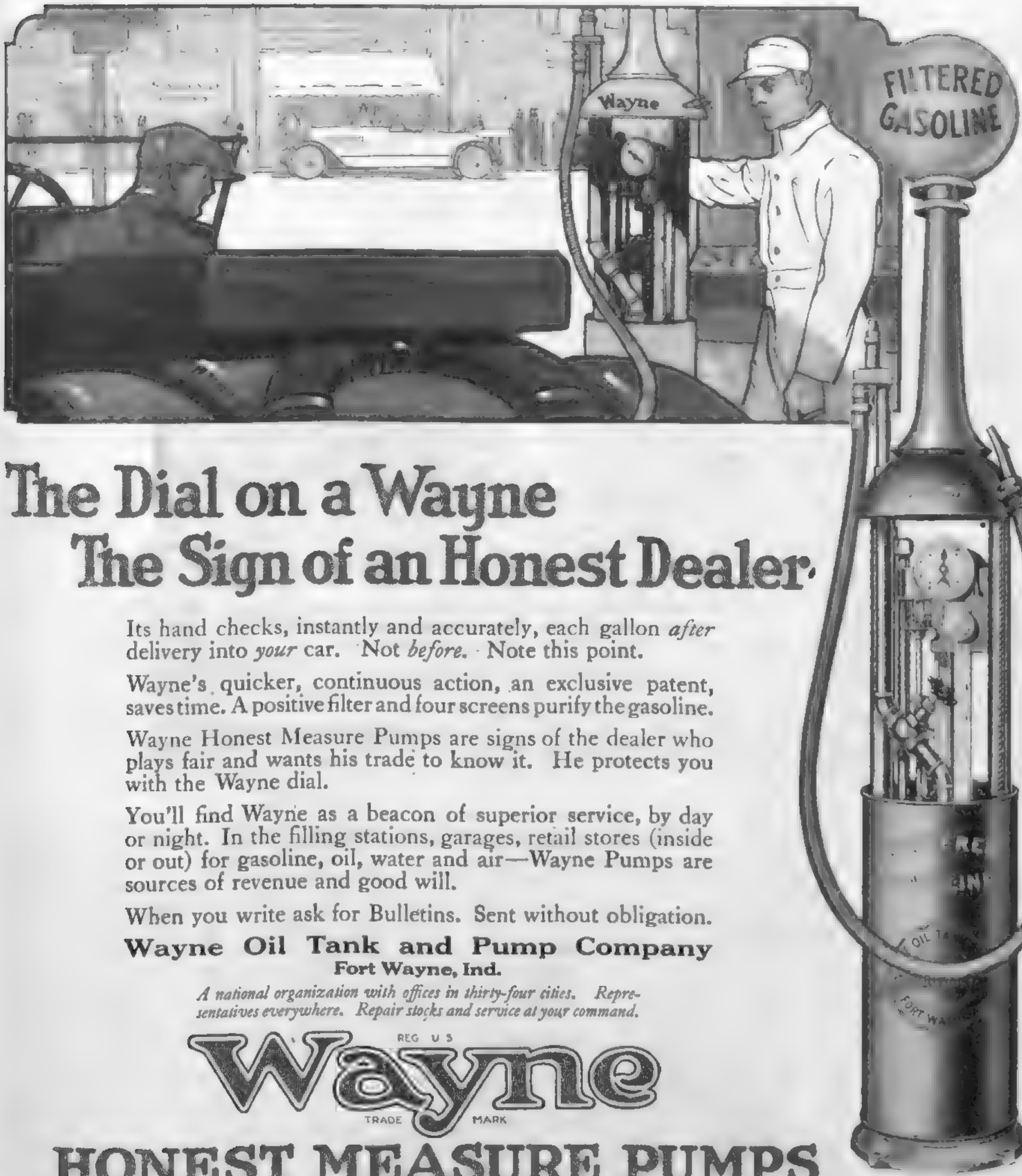
The sun was creeping down toward the ragged mountains when the old-timers came back to the ranch house.

"Better stay and eat supper," Curt advised, but his guest shook his head.

"Got to be shoving on," said he, and mounted his wiry little pony.

Curt brought the rifles inside the house and cleaned them. Then he took down the heavy single-action revolver with its belt and leather holster, which formed one of the room's mural adornments, slung the harness on his waist

(Continued on Page 48)

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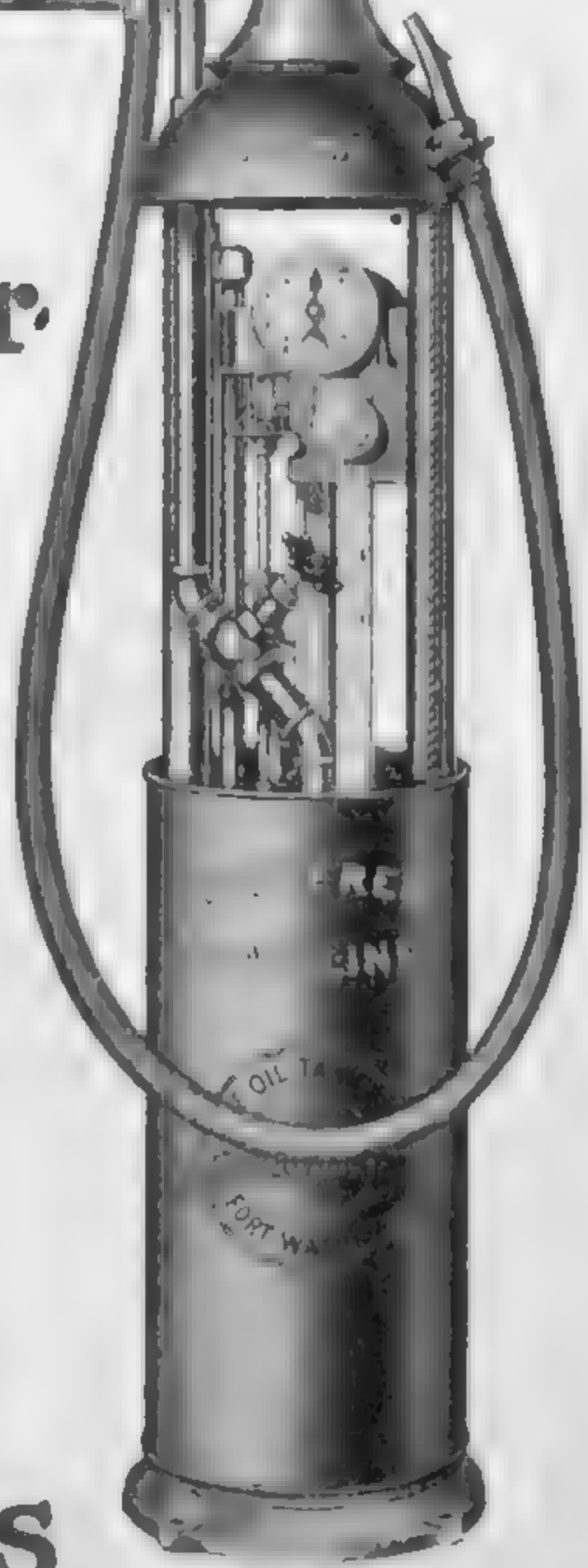


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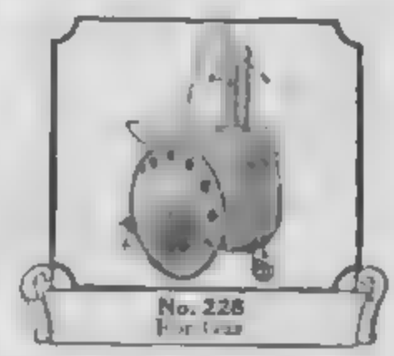
No. 35
For Oil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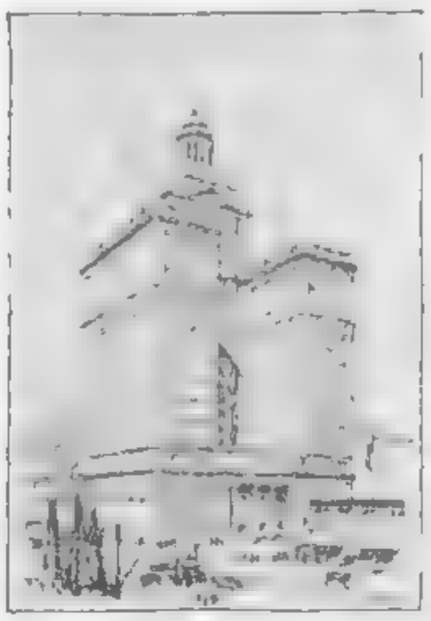
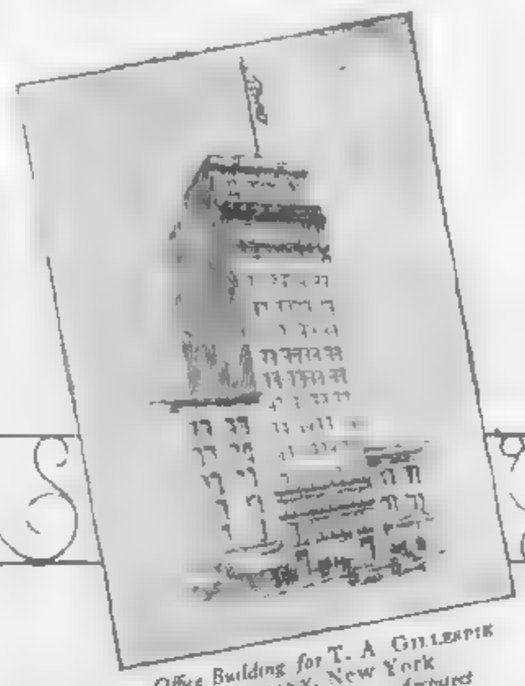
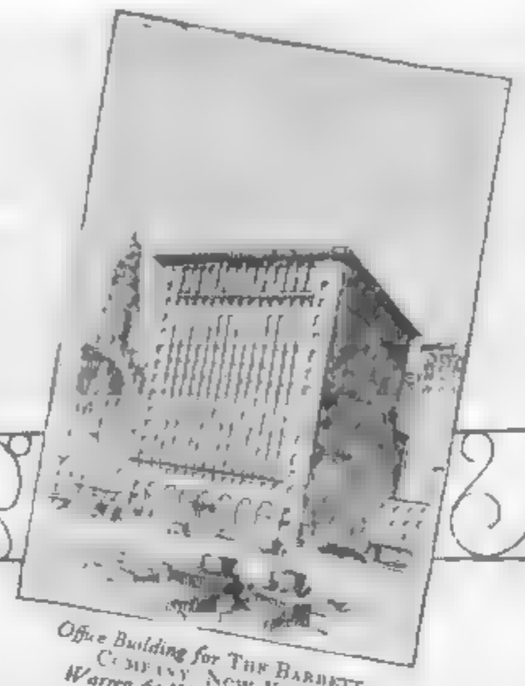


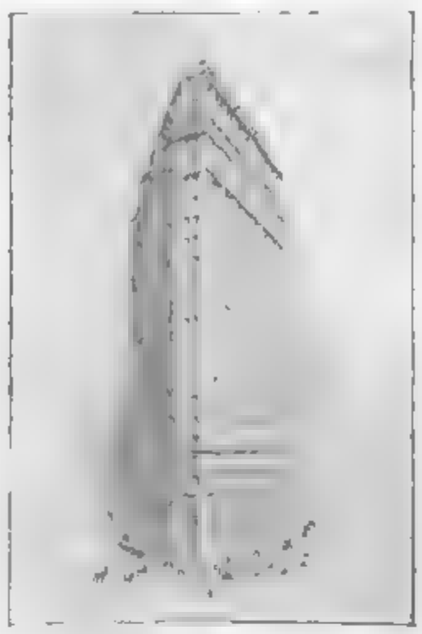
HIBERNIA BANK & TRUST COMPANY BUILDING, New Orleans, La.
*Favrot & Livaudais Architects*



*Office Building for* T. A. GILLESPIE COMPANY, New York
*Bertram Cunningham, Architect*



*Office Building for* THE BARRETT COMPANY, New York
*Warren & Wetmore, Architects*



*Office Building for* MUNSON STEAMSHIP LINE, New York
*Kenneth Murchison, Architect*

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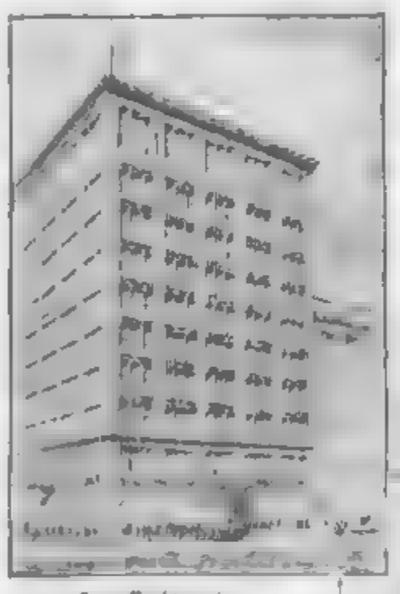
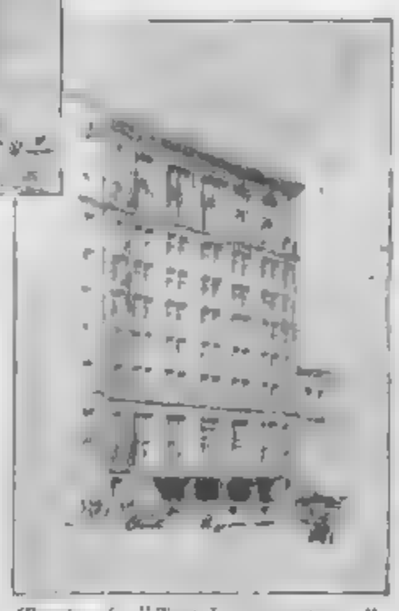


*Store Building for*
CROWLEY-MILNER COMPANY
Detroit
*Smith, Hinchman & Grylls Architects*



*Building for* "THE EVENING STAR"
Washington, D. C.
*Marsh & Peter, Architects*

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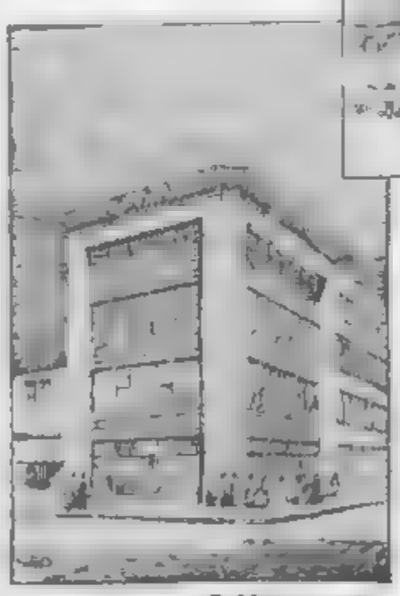
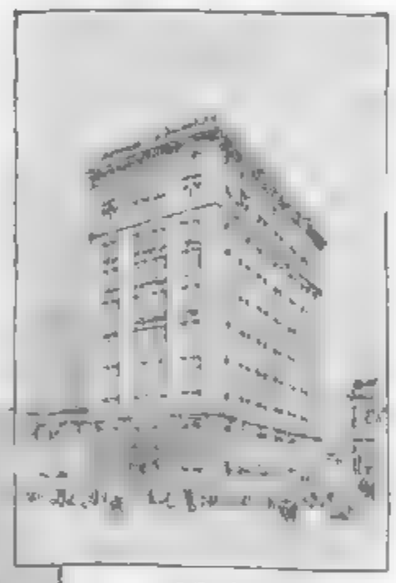
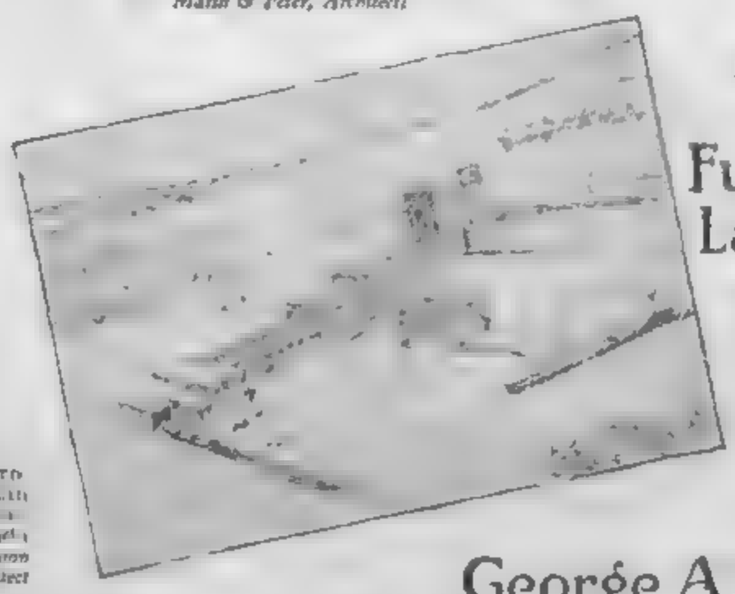


*Factory for* CLEMENT C. MITCHELL *(owner)*
to be occupied by
SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY, Chicago
*Paul Gerhardt, Architect*

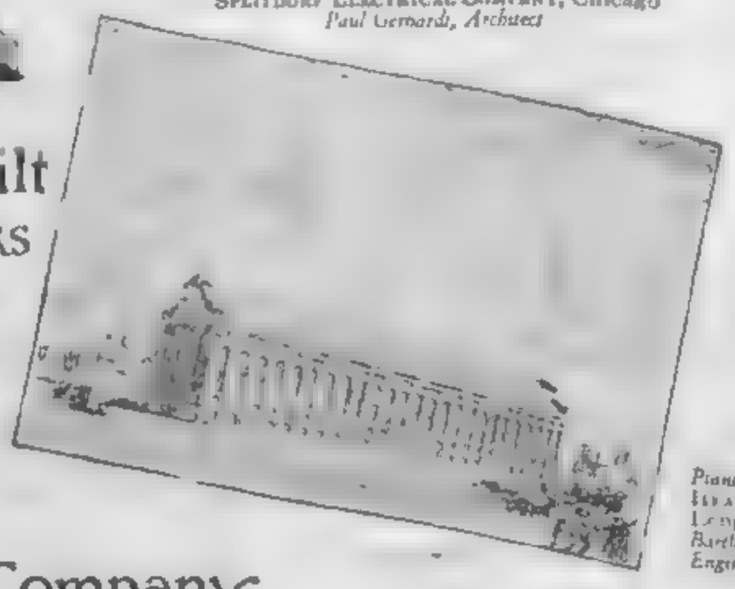


*Office Building for*
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
New Orleans, La.
*Dovell & Owen, Ltd. Architects*



*Mill for*
KIPAWA FIBRE CO., LTD.
(Subsidiary of Riordan Pulp & Paper Co.)
Temiscaming, Canada
*H. S. Ferguson Architect*

## Fuller-Built Landmarks



*Plant for* ASTORIA LIGHT, HEAT & POWER CO.
Long Island City
*Bartlett Haywood Co. Engineers*

## George A. Fuller Company

| | | | |
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| Boston | New Orleans | Cleveland | Buffalo |
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(Continued from Page 46)

and stood there in the center of the floor practicing a marvelous maneuver which had gone out of fashion with the coming of the barbed-wire fences. It consisted in pulling the pistol from its sheath and directing its muzzle at a given object, and as is the case with other things which sound and look easy its perfection was high art.

When he had returned the gun to its place on the wall he sighed. There had not been an occasion where it was necessary to make that quick draw for a long, long time. It was not likely—as things now looked—that he would ever need to make it. Not that he liked to kill; the taking of life was a mere incident attendant on the joyous proceeding of facing death.

The Chinese cook called supper, the cowboys trooped in and when the meal was over trooped out again. Curt was alone with the hounds in the littered living room when the grating of the buckboard wheels and the drumming of the mules' hoofs sounded by the stables.

He went out into the twilight and greeted Ben Thompson. When they had put up the animals and were on their way back to the house the cattleman told the latest news in Lathrop:

"More dry farmers comin' into the no'th end of the valley. Buyers ort to be on hand early this year from what I hear. Johnny Walker's bought an automobile. I see him tryin' it out on the main street yesterday."

Thompson halted and Curt stopped beside him. There was a pause.

"The trustees done hired Joe Slade to stop the boys from shootin' up the town."

Silence followed the announcement. Beyond the blurred shapes of the ranch buildings the wide plain lay pulsating under the red afterglow. The black-purple mountains stood forth in lonely silhouette against the sky. In the center of the circle which those wild peaks inclosed the two old-timers stood as still as statues.

Then, "Joe Slade!"

Curt uttered the name quietly but there was that in his voice which made the hounds slink back to the house.

They went into the living room and Thompson sat down to the supper which the Chinese cook brought in.

"Anything new?" he asked.

The foreman shook his head.

"Pink Davis was over this afternoon. Says the's some blacklaig in them last cattle they brought across the line."

The cowman smiled.

"Beat him shootin'?"

"Cain't say I did," Curt acknowledged. "That Mexican we had down at the target don't savvy markin' any too well."

Thompson went on with his meal. The foreman pushed the Lathrop paper, which he had been reading, away from him, rose and walked over to the other end of the room. When the cook had taken away the dishes he was still standing there with his face in profile so that he looked like a brooding eagle. Thompson glanced up at him.

"Well," he demanded, "what do yo' think of it?"

"Looks bad," Curt said slowly. "Slade's always itchin' to do a killin'—ef he can get the aidge. Them two-gun men is all alike."

"He'll aim to get some of the boys, I reckon," Thompson agreed.

"He'll figure he has got to—to make good," the other answered. "That's how he got his reputation back on the Animas—murderin' sheep herders an' nesters when they wasn't lookin' fer it."

"If there was any way to head off this business ——" the cowman began speculatively.

Curt brightened.

"I could ride into Lathrop some day and kill him. 'Twould be easy enough fer me to pick a fight with him."

But Thompson brushed the happy suggestion aside.

"Cain't do things that-a-way any more," he growled. "Times have changed."

It was the last talk they had on the subject until the driving of the beef herd. Then on the night before they came into Lathrop Thompson spoke to the men of his outfit.

"The best thing you boys can do," he told them, "is to stay sober when you have got your pay. The man that gets drunk in town this week is plumb liable to get his hide filled with lead. Slade has got a shotgun deputy with him an' he's jest honin' for the chance to kill somebody."

A San Simon boy, who was sitting on the wagon tongue, lifted his bold young face.

"Who's scairt of Slade!" he proclaimed. "I aim to ——"

"Yo' close yo'r trap," Curt bade him with a quiet ferocity which made the boy change color.

The next day they drove the herd into the pens beside the railroad tracks and before evening the men were paid off. Thompson missed his foreman when he looked round for him. "Now I wonder has that old longhorn gone downtown and got drunk on me?" he mused.

It was not so unreasonable a conjecture on the part of one who knew the foreman's predilections. But Curt was cold sober when the cowman found him an hour later leaning against one of the posts which supported the wooden awning in front of Lathrop's noisiest saloon.

Thompson looked him over carefully and when he had satisfied himself, "Join me?" he asked.

Within, Curt confronted the back-bar mirror which had been newly frosted with a landscape of mountains and waterfalls and announced his choice without the tremor of an eyelash.

"Cigar."

"Here's how," said Thompson as he lighted his.

They went forth after this empty ceremonial and threw the reeking smokes into the gutter. As they were standing there rolling their cigarettes Thompson saw his foreman's face change. There was no movement of the muscles, no visible alteration of any line; just a cold hard light in the eyes which made the difference between placidity and deadliness.

Slade was coming down the sidewalk. A medium-sized man with his black hair plastered tightly over his forehead and eyes so shallow that all the light played on their surfaces as if they were two dark marbles—he carried his body with a cat-like litheness.

"Howdy, Curt," he said loudly, and thrust out his hand.

Curt's hand remained beside him.

"Evenin'," he answered, and turned away to finish something he had been telling his companion.

Just then a rattle of hoofs and a halloo sounded out in the street. A half dozen cowboys came riding down the block lashing their ponies to a dead run. Slade stepped quickly to the edge of the sidewalk. Without stopping talking the foreman moved quietly round Thompson so that he stood beside the town marshal. The riders swept on by and with them a gust of wind which plucked Slade's hat from his head.

The light from the saloon windows shone on the faces of the sextette. It revealed the flushed features of the San Simon boy as he leaned low from his saddle and it glinted on the barrel of the forty-five revolver in his right hand. The weapon flamed; the street echoed to the reports coming in quick succession. The town marshal's hat rolled on beside the hoofs of the frenzied little pony, a riddled wreck.

Slade's right hand dropped to his thigh; his coat was back and his fingers were

*"How's Tricks?" "Oh, Fine!" the Cattleman Told Him Fervently. "Jest Fine as Silk! Pink Davis Is in Jail and I Reckon Yo'll be There, Too, Before Mornin'"*

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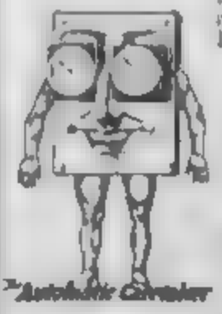


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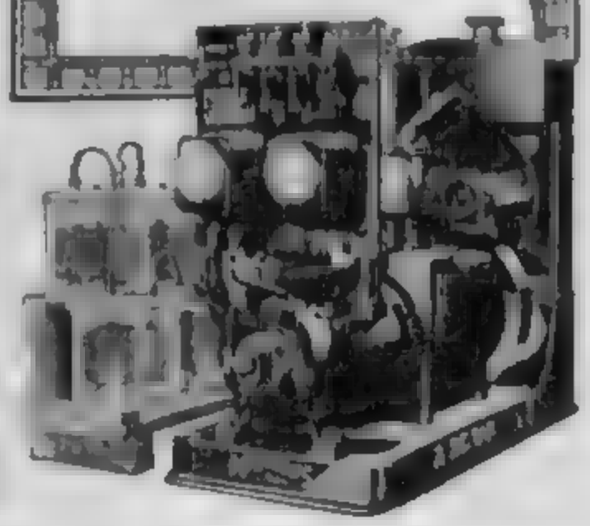

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clasping the butt of his revolver. But the hand remained immovable; the weapon abode in its holster. Slade's eyes were fixed on Curt Wilcox. The foreman had not changed his position, but there was a sort of litheness in evidence in every line of his figure—a litheness which was without any movement. It suggested motion on the eve of its inception. His face was tense.

Slade let his right hand drop and his coat flapped forward, concealing his pistol.

The San Simon boy was riding back at a brisk trot. He drew up his pony and held forth the ruins of the marshal's headgear.

"Here's yo'r hat, chief," he cried. "I'll buy yo' another."

He dismounted and left the pony standing with the reins hanging while he hurried toward the entrance of the Lathrop General Merchandise Company. Curt caught up to him.

"Yo' young fool," the foreman said quietly, "load that gun of yourn again!"

Slade was not there to hear it—he had already started up the street—and when the San Simon boy returned from his shopping expedition with a brand-new pearl-gray hat in his hand he found the cowman and the grizzled foreman waiting for him. His pony had disappeared.

"Slade's done gone," Curt told him. "Last I seen of him he was with that half-breed deputy of his. Your little playmates figures they have raised hell enough fer a while and they've put up their hosses. I told 'em to take yo'r pony along. They aim to get a bite of supper and the best thing yo' can do is to jine 'em. This alkali whisky was made for men-folks and it don't set well on yo'r tender young belly nohow."

The San Simon boy's brows drew together.

"I dunno yo'-all has any business ridin' herd on me," he asserted. "I'm going to find that policeman an' give him his hat."

He departed forthwith. Curt nodded to Thompson.

"See yo' later," he said, and followed the cowboy.

The cattleman went to supper alone. The town, he mused, was surely quiet enough for any man just now. Save for the little outburst of youthful spirits which had culminated in the shooting of Slade's hat there had been none of the usual revelries attending the coming of the cowboys. Now and then he paused on his way up the street to shake hands with an acquaintance in one of the sidewalk groups. It seemed to him that the atmosphere was altogether too calm; there was a general air of subdued expectancy among the crowds instead of the old carefree spirit.

He came upon the town marshal and the half-breed deputy talking in undertones in a shadowed doorway.

"Something's goin' to bust," he told himself, and felt thankful that old Curt had seen fit to keep an eye on the San Simon boy. Smythe met him in front of the hotel. The bank president was complacent to the point where he was fairly exuding with self-satisfaction.

"First time in Lathrop's history," said Smythe, "that a lady could come downtown when the cowboys are on the street."

"Well," Thompson answered quietly, "I've been in the valley pretty nigh onto twenty years and I never see the time yet a decent woman couldn't get all the room she wanted on the sidewalk—and plenty of punchers to look out for her if one of yo'r local tinhorns got insulting."

And with that he went in to supper. The five young riders who had taken part in the San Simon boy's brief frolic had a table to themselves in the center of the crowded dining room and Thompson listened to them teasing the waitress. When she came over to the cowman her face was flushed and her eyes sparkling; she took his order with much subdued giggling. In course of time she brought the food, but he failed to recognize any of his selections among the dishes. Before he could open his lips to protest she was back at the cowboys' table, and as he glanced from her crimson cheeks to the circle of weatherbeaten faces grinning up at her he swallowed his wrath.

"Guess I can make out on what's here," he reflected.

By the time he had got to his pie the joyous lady-killers had departed to the accompaniment of tinkling spurs and many parting giggles. Thompson was just getting started on the dessert when a shot sounded somewhere outside. It was followed by two more in quick succession.

The cattleman jammed his hat on his head, flung a dollar to the cashier in passing and emerged from the entrance so abruptly that he collided with a man who was running down the street. He recognized the voice that cursed him before the other party to the accident had picked himself up from the gutter.

"Where was it, Curt?" he demanded.

"Sounded like it come from back of the Atlantic & Pacific." The foreman was on his feet now and making remarkably good time considering his high heels and the warp at his knees. "I got word they'd jailed Pink Davis and I left that kid a minute. 'Twas a lie. Anybody but a fool ——" He turned the full stream of his profanity upon his own person.

Others were hastening in the same direction. There was something about the sequence of those sharp reports which had told its own story. When Thompson pushed his way through the crowd in the Atlantic & Pacific barroom he was not surprised at what he saw there. They had brought the San Simon boy into the place to die, with three bullet holes in his chest. The pearl-gray hat, which he had purchased for the town marshal, was lying where one of the bearers had dropped it beside the unconscious form.

Joe Slade was standing at the boy's head. His shallow black eyes met Thompson's, then dropped before the eyes of the foreman. There was a barely perceptible ring of defiance in his voice as he addressed the cattleman.

"He was comin' toward me, startin' to pull his gun. I called fer him to stop, but he kep' on—an' then I beat him to it. He's been lookin' fer me this hour back."

The room was silent when he ended. The stillness was so intense that old Curt's voice made men start, though the foreman spoke very quietly.

"Yo' lie! Yo' never killed a man in yo'r life when he was lookin' fer it. Yo' murdered this one like all the others."

The throng between the two parted at the words. The marshal's face was venomous. His mouth made a thin cruel line and his right hand twitched toward his thigh. Curt walked slowly toward him. The old-timer's hands were hanging loosely by his sides and that litheness which Thompson had noticed once before that evening had come over his whole figure again.

But Slade's hand remained where it had stopped—within two inches of his pistol butt. The lamplight shone on the little beads of perspiration that dotted his forehead.

The foreman came on slowly and as he came he spoke in that peculiar monotone which the men of the open use when they wish to give to each long-drawn epithet—as it drips from their lips—the fullness of its meaning. It was evident that he was searching the depths of his vocabulary and the terms he exhumed made those about him hold their breaths.

Slade leaned slightly forward, but otherwise he did not move. And now a thin stream of perspiration glittered across the middle of his forehead.

Curt halted within ten feet of the gunman, then very slowly turned his back upon him. Slade's figure was weaving slightly from side to side like the body of a cat when it is about ready to spring. His fingers were moving as if they were trying to drag his right arm toward his weapon, but the arm remained still.

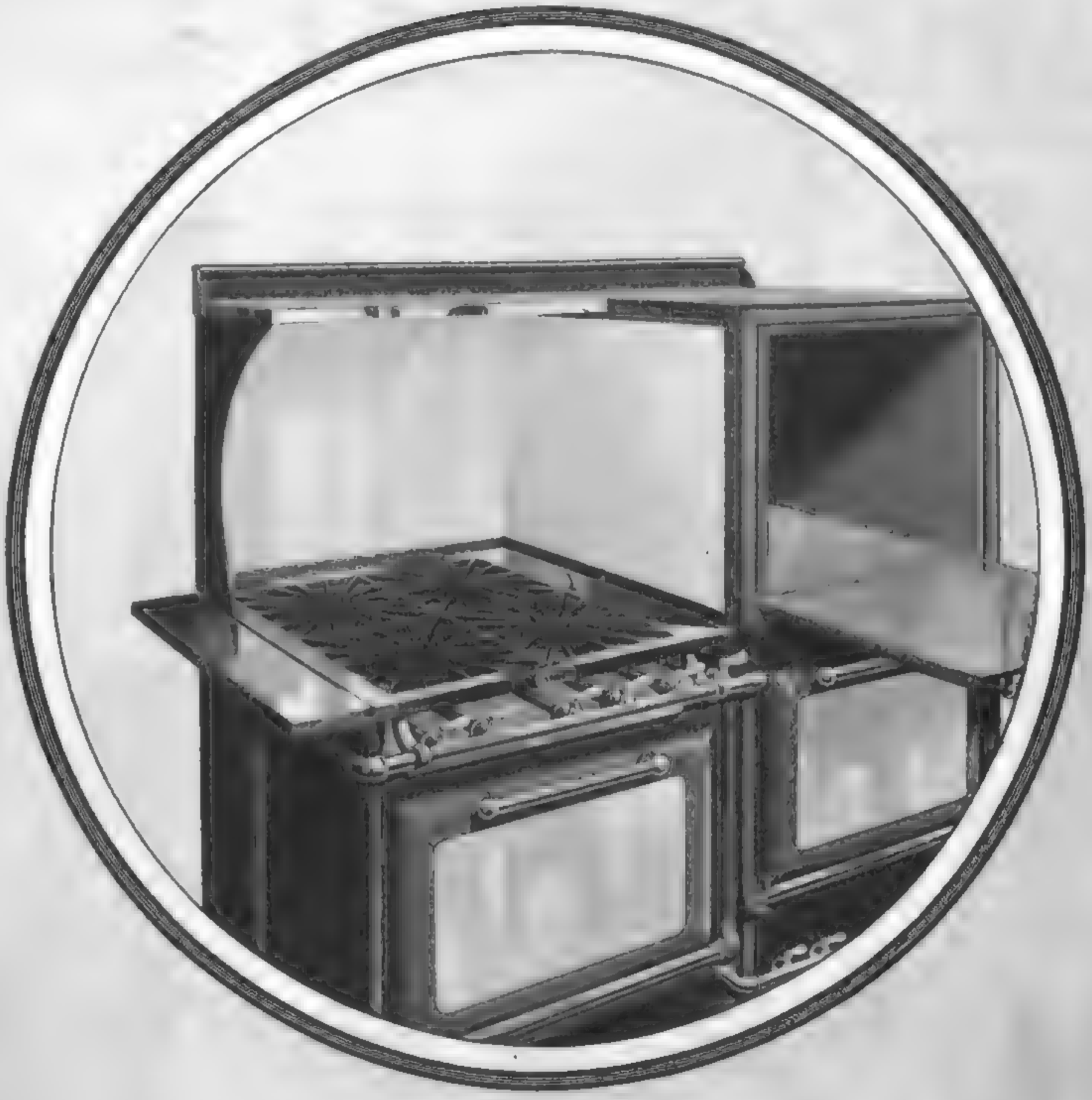
The foreman stood there waiting. His face was intent—a cold, fierce eagerness was shining in his eyes. Then he walked slowly back across the room. When he reached Thompson's side he shook his head, and without so much as a glance at the two-gun man, "No use," he said. "He's yellow clean through."

There was no further attempt at revelry on Lathrop's streets that evening or during the days that followed. The local paper printed an account of the affair wherein the verdict of the coroner's jury exonerated the town marshal on the ground of self-defense. This was followed by a paragraph which Ben Thompson read with considerable interest:

"An attempt by a number of the dead man's friends to pick a fight with the authorities was frustrated by Marshal Slade's coolness. It is to be hoped, as much for his own sake as for the peace and quiet of the community, that the ringleader will leave town before the necessity rises to put him where he belongs."

The cowman found his foreman seated on the edge of the sidewalk beside Pink Davis half an hour later.

(Continued on Page 53)



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ROTHSCHILD BROS. HAT CO.

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(Continued from Page 50)

"I'm settin' out for the home ranch this mo'ning," he announced.

Curt nodded.

"So long," he said.

"Ain't yo' going along?" Thompson demanded.

"I aim to stick round here for a while," Curt answered.

Pink Davis glanced up.

"Ain't spent our summer's wages yet," he proclaimed cheerfully.

When he had studied those two grizzled faces briefly Thompson shrugged his wide shoulders.

"As long as yo' two ol' fools has got yo'r backs bow'd I don't reckon there's any use tryin' to talk sense to yo'," he said dryly, and turned away.

As he was driving the little mules down the main street he caught sight of a group of cowboys in front of the Atlantic & Pacific saloon. He recognized the five punchers who had ridden down the roadway with the San Simon boy on the evening of the tragedy.

He did no singing as he traveled southward up the valley that day. There was a deeper line than usual between his brows. It was not that he was worrying over the bodily safety of his foreman. Old Curt could take care of himself in any out-and-out gun fight and there was no likelihood of his walking into ambush as the San Simon boy had done. But the memory of that scene in the saloon remained with Thompson and he knew as well as if Curt had told him why the old-timer was staying behind.

"And while he's trying to get Slade to jerk his gun Pink Davis and him will go ahead and make some fool play or other among them tinhorns and dry farmers," he mused.

He pondered over the idea for several miles. "Plumb lucky if they don't end up with gettin' in jail," he told himself.

And there was the lovely complication offered by the presence of the five cowboys. Idleness always breeds trouble, and instead of having let off steam as usual the quintet were remaining in town cold sober, with the memory of the San Simon boy's death to make them ugly. No doubt about it, they were ripe for trouble. And when that trouble came Curt Wilcox and Pink Davis would be right on hand to mix up in the affair according to those old-time standards of friendship which newcomers only appreciate when they read about them in stories.

"Jail!" Thompson muttered. "Why, they'll be lucky if they get shut of this business with state's prison!"

The little mules sprang forward. How could they know that burst of profanity was meant for the head of Lathrop's leading banker?

One afternoon about two weeks later a cowboy on his way to the border came riding up to the home ranch.

"Howdy," he bade Thompson. "I got yo'r mail."

He handed over a packet of letters and papers.

"What's new in town?" the cowman asked.

"Well ——" The rider threw one leg across the saddle horn and eased his body forward. "Them Dos Cabezos boys that worked for you last summer done got into some trouble. I dunno just the straight of it, but it started along of a poker game that two of 'em was settin' in at. Seems like they claimed some of them tinhorns done stacked the cards on 'em. Anyhow they made a gun play and got the money back."

"Where was Slade?" Thompson asked.

"I dunno," the cowboy answered cheerfully. "Only I heard tell how Curt Wilcox and Pink Davis come along while the trouble was on and held down the place while the bunch got their horses and pulled out for Dos Cabezos. One of 'em's got a cabin over that way."

He paused and shifted his foot back into the stirrup.

"I seen Curt and Pink settin' on the sidewalk when I rode out of town, so I guess nobody done tried to jail them two."

He rode away and Thompson took the packet of mail into the house. The Lathrop Sentinel devoted considerable space on its front page to the affair. According to the article the marshal and his deputy were not present. Thompson smiled as he read this.

"Reckon," he told the hounds, which were sprawling on the living-room floor, "they wouldn't aim to be round jest then."

He became more cheerful as he reflected that perhaps his foreman might see fit to return now. But the days went by and no word came from the elderly prodigals. It was evident that Curt had determined to see matters through to a finish with Joe Slade. Subsequent issues of the Lathrop Sentinel reached the home ranch and the tidings they bore were not reassuring. To be sure there had been no further trouble, but various semieditorial paragraphs made it plain enough that the two guests had worn out their welcome.

"The presence of rowdies and desperadoes," said the paper, "will not be tolerated in this thriving city any longer and it is just as well that this be understood. If it should prove necessary for Marshal Slade to use such drastic measures as he was forced to employ on a recent regrettable occasion he may rest assured that he has the law-abiding portion of the community back of him."

"Looks like they're tryin' to sick Slade onto them two ol' longhorns," Thompson told the hounds. "I bet the's trouble coming."

It was nearly a month later when he read the news of the train robbery at Dragoon Pass. Apparently two men had committed the crime and they had got little for their pains, for the express company's safe contained less than one hundred dollars. The bandits had ridden away and ——

Marshal Joe Slade and his deputy had tracked them across the valley to the Dos Cabezos range.

The cattleman went out to the stables and hitched up the little mules. He had a fairly well-defined idea that his presence would be needed in Lathrop about this time. The affair was four days old when he reached town and excitement had died down to some extent, but details were to be got anywhere for the asking. One in particular was given the cattleman by every man he met.

Slade had recruited a posse in Lathrop to capture the robbers, but the latter were forewarned in time to escape.

Curt Wilcox and Pink Davis were being sought by the officers on a charge of carrying that warning. It sounded likely enough. In fact Thompson had more than half suspected just this when he set forth from the ranch.

"If I could only find where they're holed up," he reflected, "I might pound some sense into their fool heads and get 'em to give themselves up before there's a killin'."

He set about to nose out some information, but there was none to be had. Slade was hot in evidence, nor the half-breed deputy, when as a desperate last resort he made search for them that evening.

Smythe met him as he was walking down to the hotel to go to bed some time near midnight.

"We were lucky," the banker told him. "You see, a shipment of currency was supposed to be coming to the bank that night, but it gets here on to-night's limited instead."

The cattleman nodded gloomily. His mind was engrossed on other things more precious to him than greenbacks.

"And what's more," Smythe went on with a crisp blitheness which roused antagonism in his auditor, "Slade's got one of the ringleaders in jail. He'll have the other before morning—out after him now. The fellow used to work for you."

"Not the one in jail," Thompson asserted with conviction.

"That one's name," Smythe continued, oblivious of the varied emotions he was rousing, "is Davis. He and this man of yours are the ones who warned the others."

"See yo' later, Smythe," the cattleman interrupted, and was off down the street as fast as his high heels would allow.

He had remembered Lathrop's justice of the peace, the only one of the old régime who had weathered the recent reform wave, and he was on his way to the residence of that official. It was easy enough to get a permit to visit the prisoner, and within half an hour Thompson was looking through a grating of flat bars at a sadly disheveled and profane old-timer.

"Done got me when I was asleep." Pink halted his tale to relieve his feelings some more. "I woke up with three guns throwed down on me."

"Well, cheer up," Thompson told him. "Yo're lucky they didn't kill yo' if they got yo' that-a-way. Yo'd 'a' had it comin' to yo' for bein' fool enough to mix up in this business."

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You know they must be good for you—for beans are nutritious, and Heinz dry-heat *baking* makes them thoroughly digestible. You know they are remarkably simple to prepare—just place the can in boiling water for 15 minutes.

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"Had to fetch word to them boys so's they could clear out before Slade and his posse got to 'em," Pink asserted brazenly.

"Where's Curt?" Thompson demanded.

"Holed up, an' they ain't nobody going to find him," the other answered shortly.

"I got to see him," the cowman insisted. "Slade's left town to get him and I ——"

"Slade's left town!" Pink swore plaintively. "That's how come I rode back here—to keep cases on that hombre. An' now he's gone. No use, Thompson, yo're too late."

There was a ring of conviction in his voice as he made the statement which Thompson remembered afterward.

"Where is he?" Thompson insisted.

"Well, he's over at Uncle Billy Rhodes' at the hoss ranch in that little stone house Uncle Billy built to hold off the Apaches when he first come into the country. But yo' might's well stay in town. Yo' cain't make it now. No livin' hoss that ever traveled on four laigs can get there in time to-night."

At that moment a bright light swept through the jail window. With it came the drumming of a gasoline motor. Johnny Walker's car was going past.

Thompson waited no longer, but, "Leave me out of here," he ordered the jailer, "and quick!"

He bolted through the open door and raced after the receding tail light.

The destiny which arranges such details for the shaping of men's fates had seen to it that Davidson, the druggist, left his store in charge of a green clerk when he went to lodge meeting; also, that he was one of the five brother Elks who took their homeward passage in Johnny Walker's car. When the automobile reached the corner of the main street he called out to Johnny from the rear seat:

"If you'll just stop a minute I want to see whether that new man has locked up all right. It's his first night."

He climbed out, ran down the block and was back within the time he had allotted himself. The car was just beginning to move onward when a bulky figure lurched alongside and hurled itself upon the running board.

Thompson was not built for foot-racing and his high-heeled boots had not helped matters to any great extent. It was some seconds before he could articulate and other precious moments followed before Johnny was able to appreciate the situation. No one falls right in with the idea of having his car commandeered on sealed orders, even when the demand is made by an old friend. But Johnny Walker had been in the country long enough to know that explanations are sometimes an expensive luxury and he dismissed his passengers with what haste he could.

"Now," said he, when the cowman had climbed in beside him, "where to?"

He whistled when he learned their destination.

"Some bad road! I'm game if you are, though."

He had not done the highway justice. Bad was too mild a term. There were times during the ride when Ben Thompson felt that a team of runaway bronchos was a tame affair indeed.

"Stay with it, boy!" he shouted as they thundered down a forty per cent grade into the big dry wash ten miles out.

"I'll stay if this boat holds together," Johnny cried.

They came out on the alkali flat and began to make real time. The stony hill leading up to the horse ranch brought more griefs than they had dreamed of, but they reached the summit with no casualties beyond frayed nerves, and Johnny brought the car to its final stop before the gate.

"Wait here," the cowman bade him. "I'll go inside."

He was looking for trouble when he entered the inclosure.

To his surprise everything was quiet about the place. Yet they had passed no horseman on the road. Could it be that he had come too late after all?

The stone house which Uncle Billy had built stood on a little knoll of rocks two hundred yards or so away from the ranch buildings. Thompson climbed slowly to the top of the incline and peered about him in the dark. He could discover no signs of conflict. He knocked on the door.

Silence followed; then, "Who's there?"

It was Curt's voice. The cowman answered, calling his own name. A moment later the door swung open and Curt confronted him.

"Put down that gun, yo' fool!" Thompson growled. "It's only me."

The foreman emerged from the blackness of the little room into the bright starlight, shoving his revolver into its holster.

"Don't hurt none to make sure," he explained cheerfully. "How's tricks?"

"Oh, fine!" the cattleman told him fervently. "Jest fine as silk! Pink Davis is in jail and I reckon yo'll be there, too, before mornin'. Slade ort to be along any time now. He must have got hung up some'rs along the road, because he left town before sundown."

His tidings roused even more language than he had hoped for. There was something like despair in Curt's voice as he heaped terms of infamy upon his incarcerated friend.

"I done told him not to shove his nose in town, but scout round outside and ——"

He broke off suddenly and leaned forward, peering into the night. The little knoll of rocks commanded a wide view in the daytime. Now the valley lay enshrouded in darkness to the eastward; the mountains on the other side were hidden. Far to the north a glaring light was crawling down the pass into the plain.

"What's the time?" Curt demanded.

"Quarter o' three," Thompson announced after lighting a match and looking at his watch. "What's pesterin' yo'?"

"Well, we done lost out, that's all."

The foreman swore some more, but Thompson interrupted him before he had got fairly into the swing of it this time.

"Listen!" he commanded. "I want in on this here racket. What's on?"

"There goes the limited"—Curt pointed to the distant headlight—"an hour and a half late. They done stood her up again an' robbed her. That's what's on."

He had lowered his voice and was taking his disappointment with a sort of fatalism.

"When we had took word to them boys and they had got into the clear I says to Pink, 'That train will be stood up again soon.' An' us two fixed it up to be ready to head 'em off this time."

"Head who off?" Thompson demanded.

"Why Slade an' that half-breed of co'se," Curt answered. "Who else d'yo' think I'd be layin' out here fer? They'd have to fight us." He relapsed into profanity. "Now they're headin' their hosses down towards the flat an' they'll be over to Dos Cabezos, come daylight."

"Look here," Thompson growled, "we've got to catch the outlaws, Curt. I've got Johnny Walker's car down here at the gate."

"Wait till I get the rifles," Curt cried as he dived into the stone house. "I got two in here."

Johnny Walker asked only one question as the two old-timers piled into the car:

"Where to?"

"We better take the Pearce road," Curt advised. "It's out of our way a good five miles, but we can turn east by that new cut-off that leads across the lower flat. An' we'll cut their trail some'rs about halfway."

Johnny stepped out and cranked the engine—those were the days before self-starters—and took his place at the tiller without a word. Originally he hailed from Chicago, but he had managed to assimilate a whole lot of traits since he had come into the Sulphur Springs Valley. He stepped on the accelerator.

The invasion of cheap four-cylinder cars, which has smoothed away the byways of every western county, was still to come. The Pearce road was one of those old-fashioned wagon tracks where you turned your buckboard into the bear grass when the going got too rough to stand the beaten way any longer. Plenty of ruts and chuck holes along the level stretches and a hazardous crossing at every dry wash. Curt managed to get his mouth close to the cattleman's ear when they had gone a few miles:

"Man needs buckin' straps an' a swelled fork to stick to one of these here ——"

He broke off in time to seize the seat with both hands.

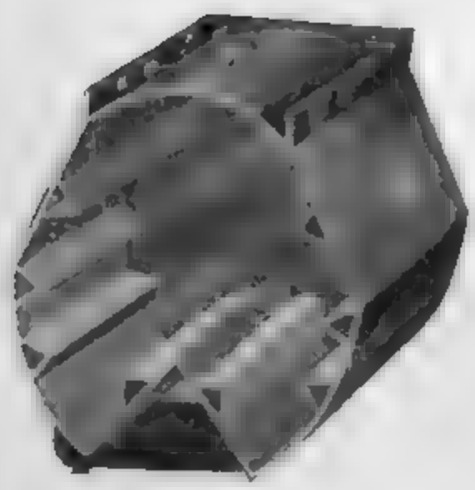
"Had to pull leather that time!" he called.

Thompson made no answer. He was thinking of the ugly complications of this situation into which he had projected himself.

Now and then a jack rabbit sprang into the road and raced ahead of them for a hundred yards or so, then whipped off into

(Concluded on Page 57)

# A Hamper of Clothes is no Work at all when you own an APEX



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# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

## SILVERWARE

(Concluded from Page 54)

the grass clumps. Occasionally a steer stood brooding in the pathway of radiance before them and at the last moment lumbered away athwart their course to the accompaniment of shrieking brakes.

They had turned into the cut-off and were well on their way eastward, crossing the valley toward the alkali flat, when a front tire blew out. Johnny brought the car to a stop in the ditch and explained the situation to the shaken occupants of the rear seat. They scrambled out and did their best to help him make the change, but their well-meant efforts only hindered what was at best a long and toilsome task. By the time the last man had taken his turn at the pump dawn was beginning to show along the eastern sky line.

"Been thinkin'," the cattleman said as he got back into the car, "that mebbe it's all the better. We can catch 'em yet—an' if we'd been earlier they'd o' seen our lights comin'. They could o' struck off to one side in the dark then."

Johnny Walker had the engine roaring and was in his place; he gave her gas; the gears yelled to the swift shifting; they went humming eastward and the light came on. They sped out across the wide white flat which shimmers all through the long days in the sunshine; and, as the heavens brightened, they saw far ahead of them, right under the wall of the mountains, two dots of black upon the plain's blanched surface.

Johnny Walker stepped a little harder on the accelerator; the car's whole framework shuddered and it seemed as if the wheels were hardly touching the sun-baked earth. The two old-timers in the rear seat dragged their rifles from the bottom of the tonneau. For some moments it was nip and tuck. The mountains rose abruptly from the plain. The horsemen spurred their jaded ponies to gain the shelter of the rocks which loomed so close ahead of them. And now it seemed as if the fugitives were about to make it. The sky was flaming at the summit of the ragged peaks almost above their heads. They urged their lathered mounts up the brief slope which lay beneath that wall.

Curt shouted into Thompson's ear, the cattleman nodded and "Stop her, Johnny!" he called.

The car lurched drunkenly and skidded with the suddenness of the halt. The two old-timers threw their rifles to their shoulders.

"Get the hosses!" the cowman ordered.

And almost as he spoke Curt's rifle cracked. The fugitives kept on. Thompson fired a moment later, and while he was swearing at himself for overshooting the foreman's weapon cracked again. The foremost pony pitched forward on his head, carrying the rider with him. Curt leaped from the car and dropped flat on his belly. Thompson was lining his sights for another shot. The two men pulled their triggers at almost the same instant.

"Johnny," the cattleman called, "better yo' get behind the car. No use givin' 'em too many men to shoot at."

A little spurt of alkali dust rose within two feet of Curt's face. Johnny was obeying Thompson's order like a good soldier when he heard the foreman exclaim: "Got that one!"

"And the other's on the run," the cattleman answered quietly. "Curt, see if yo' can't stop him without killin' him."

Curt swore and settled himself a little more carefully on his belly.

"Trouble with you, Ben, is yo're too religious," he growled.

And then Johnny Walker and the cattleman watched some of the fine shooting which has begun to go out of style in these days.

The fleeing man was a good four hundred yards distant, a small black manikin moving swiftly across the first gentle slope which led toward the rubble of bowlders at the mountain's foot. And now as he went on a spurt of dust rose before his feet; another followed just a little closer to him, and then a third. He halted and faced about; then came slowly toward the pursuers with his hands up.

As he drew closer the three men saw his face. The light of fear was in those shallow eyes.

"Slade," Curt Wilcox said quietly, "I'm shore sorry they wouldn't let me kill yo'."

They found the currency shipment for the Sulphur Springs State Bank in two gunny sacks on the saddles. The half-breed deputy was quite dead.

On the way home Thompson insisted on occupying the rear seat with Lathrop's reform town marshal. The cowman did a little talking; the prisoner did a good deal.

"Confessed both holdups," Thompson told the sheriff when that officer arrived in Lathrop. "And how he aimed to hang 'em onto them cow-punchers. Says 'twould o' been easy enough with the hull town down on 'em. Only folks he was afraid of was Curt and Pink Davis. They was onto him from the start."

Excepting for Smythe and one or two members of the board of trustees, who seemed to take the capture rather as a personal affront, Lathrop was unanimous in offering congratulations, but neither Thompson nor Curt was in a mood to receive them.

"Only thing that reconciles me to not killing him is he is sure to get life in Yuma," the foreman growled as Thompson was driving homeward with him up the valley the next day. "They say that pen's ten degrees hotter than hell itself."

Thompson did not answer; he was busy with his thoughts. Some miles farther on he did speak.

"It ain't reform," said he, addressing Curt, the mules and the landscape in general. "These things are bound to come. But what I cain't stand is some of the reformers."

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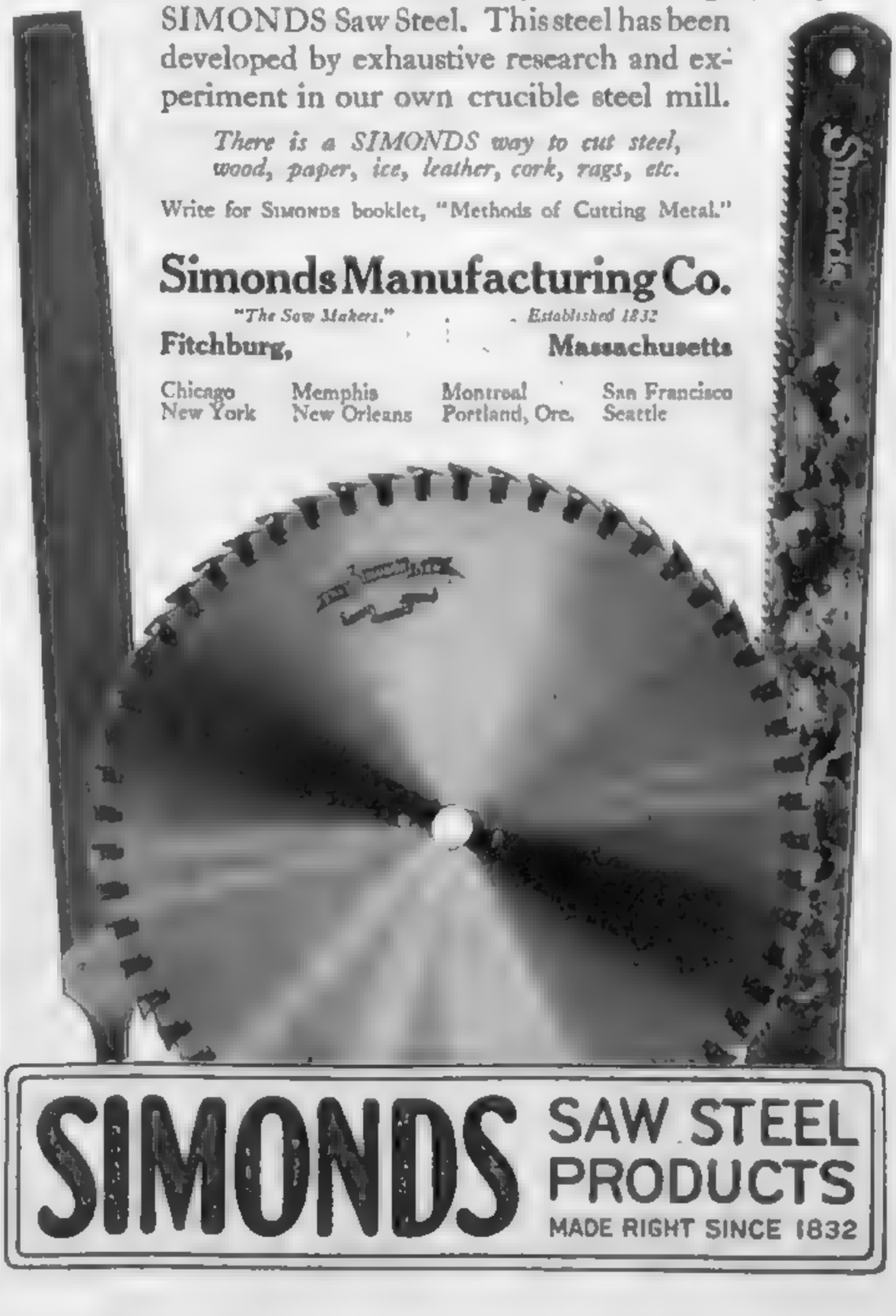


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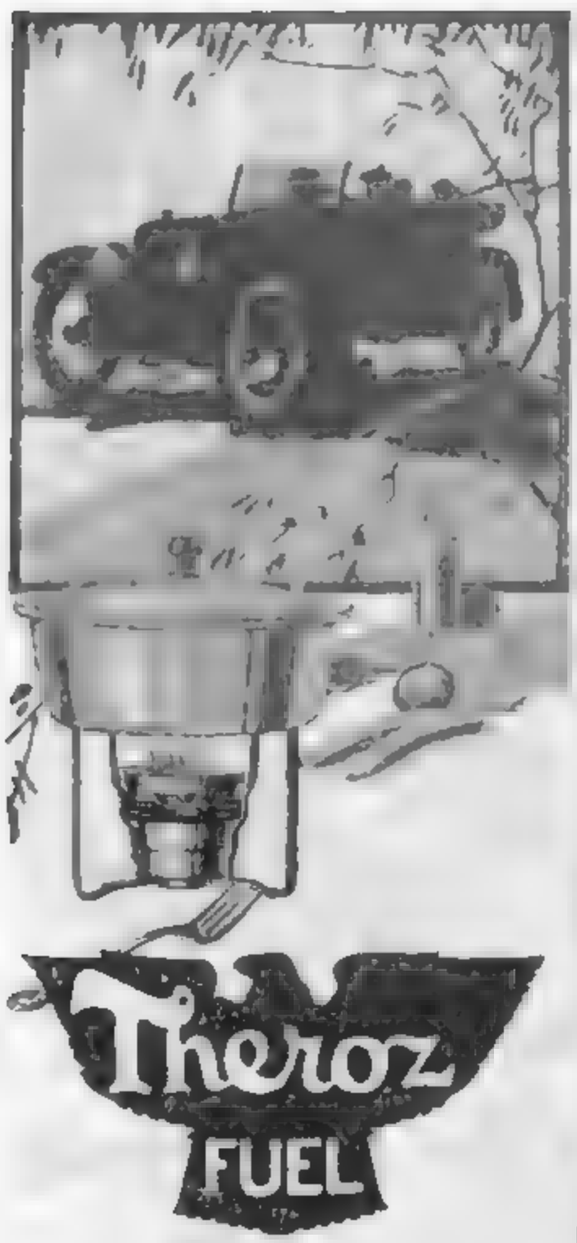

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DRAWN BY W. D. WHITE

# THE SOLDIER AND HIS BONUS

(Continued from Page 7)

flotation of the bonds by the Government is, I think, a particularly vicious one from the general banking and economic standpoint. In the first place, I take it that any man who is able to take $400 or $500 in the form of a government obligation and lock it up and not use it at all does not need it.

"If, as has been suggested, he can take the bond and trade it in with the dealer in agricultural implements or with the merchant for goods, of course, as a rule, the dealer is going to consider the market value in cash of that obligation and he is going to fix his price accordingly. The merchants will either sell the bonds thus received or else borrow on them, and the transaction will result in a further expansion of credit.

"I take it that there is hardly anyone that would seriously advocate the printing of greenbacks or legal tender to pay an appropriation made by Congress. All programs of that sort, I take it, are thrown into the discard in the present day. But the issuance of bonds of small denominations and giving them to needy beneficiaries of an appropriation is only slightly less vicious than the other proposition would be.

"My estimate would be that in order to float a $2,000,000,000 government bond issue at par in the present circumstances, you would have to fix a rate of at least six per cent."

**Four methods of financing a bonus have been proposed: First, giving bonds instead of money to the soldiers; second, issuing additional certificates of indebtedness; third, issuing another Liberty Loan; and** fourth, imposing additional taxes.

**If there is to be a bonus, the worst way it** could possibly be done would be to give bonds or other securities of the United States to the soldiers. That method should **be eliminated first. No one in good credit ever pays his bills by distributing his promissory notes. Those governments which** have been unwise enough or unfortunate enough to be obliged to adopt that method **have been subject to an enormous increase in claims against them and grave impairment of their credit.**

Suppose there should be put out, say, $2,000,000,000 of securities of the United States, not sold to investors, not placed in the hands of people who have saved the money to buy them and who would be, to begin with, reluctant to part with them for less than they cost, but intended to be treated as spending money, then you put out so much depreciated money—money that is not good for the payment of current bills at its face value. You will not satisfy the soldiers, because you will have given them something they cannot cash readily. There isn't any rate of interest thinkable which will serve to place and keep a bond so distributed at par, simply because the process of distribution among investors has not been undertaken.

The Liberty Loans were characterized by an intensive drive at the money of the investor. When you issue bonds you should seek to find those who have saved capital to invest in them. If you distribute them not to men who have saved capital but to men seeking money to spend, to men who by very definition need the bonds because they have no saved capital, then there will be the greatest recrudescence of the scandalous business of the sharks who preyed upon the Liberty Bond holders after the armistice. It will become a national scandal, and the inevitable consequence will be disaster to all of us.

You must not play tricks with the credit of the greatest nation on earth, and a bonus in bonds is a credit trick which is unworthy and sure to be destructive. Its influence upon the holders of Liberty Bonds—upon 20,000,000 Americans who did their part to win the war by buying Liberty Bonds until it hurt, because they were told by all of us to buy Liberty Bonds as a patriotic duty—will be disastrous. Those people are trying to hold their bonds. They have seen them go down in the market—some below ninety. The Victory Notes of the last issue are selling on a 5.60 basis, or thereabout. The punishment which has been administered to the patriotic citizens who subscribed for those loans by the existing credit stringency is sufficiently severe, and we ought not, of all things, to accept the method of meeting the problem which the ex-service men present which would be most disastrous to the Government's credit and therefore to the values of existing securities.

Now, nearly a year and a half after hostilities ceased, the American people expect and have reason to expect some appreciation in the values of Liberty Bonds and Victory Notes which they subscribed for originally and are buying daily and are holding to the utmost of their means as the soundest, safest security in the world. The 20,000,000 Americans who subscribed for Liberty Bonds and Victory Notes, with a fine determination that our soldiers should want nothing, have a right to demand, now that the war is over, that if the bonus be granted it shall be met in a way least injurious to them. And the ex-service men have a right to demand that if Congress recognizes their claim it make provisions which will insure the payment of it in full and not by the issue of bonds which will be unmarketable except at a disgraceful discount.

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the disastrous consequences of a bonus in bonds.

The second method proposed is to sell certificates of indebtedness.

The maximum amount of certificates of indebtedness which were outstanding at any one time was approximately $6,000,000,000. That was just before the Victory Liberty Loan campaign came to a conclusion. The bulk of those certificates were refunded into the Victory Liberty Loan. They were issued in anticipation of the Victory Liberty Loan and of taxes. We had an organization of 2,000,000 patriotic people who were giving their services to the Government in connection with the Liberty Loans. After the armistice we kept that organization together for six months by the express promise made to the organization and made again to the country that the Victory Loan would be the last Liberty Loan. The distribution of those certificates of indebtedness was predicated upon the fact that there would be a Liberty Loan to pay them off. It would be quite impossible to have any similar amount of certificates of indebtedness outstanding now upon any terms, or indeed to issue certificates much in excess of two and a half billions now outstanding, except upon terms injurious to the credit of the Government and to the general credit situation.

And we cannot issue certificates of indebtedness in anticipation of a loan that we do not dare to issue. We cannot sell certificates of indebtedness except in anticipation of loans or taxes. The attempt to create instruments of credit without a very definite program for their payment would be futile. Neither banks nor investing public will buy short-term certificates when there is no prospect of their payment at maturity. We may therefore dismiss the suggestion of financing the bonus by the issue of certificates of indebtedness except as an incident to a plan for financing it either by a Liberty Loan or by the imposition of taxes.

There ought not to be any Liberty Loan at this time. Though the creation of a Liberty Loan, the effort to float a Liberty Loan would be—next to the imposition of additional taxes—the least disastrous way of handling the bonus, it ought not to be done—probably could not be done.

(Continued on Page 61)

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U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 58

It has been assumed that if the interest rate is put high enough we can sell two billions of bonds. There isn't any thinkable interest rate which will automatically sell $2,000,000,000 of anything. If you contemplate the sale of $2,000,000,000 of long-time bonds you must contemplate also the creation or the re-creation of an organization like that of the Liberty Loans and a nation-wide campaign to float it. Two billion dollars, remember, is the amount of the first Liberty Loan. We must not lose our sense of proportion. We have got used to big figures—too much used to them. The Treasury was among the first to recognize that the things we could do in wartime we could not do in peacetime. I should like to see somebody now tell everybody to keep his motor car home on Sunday—just one Sunday—or to do without white bread. The things we were doing in wartime were possible because it was wartime and because there were 100,000,000 people looking for ways to take their part in the war.

If you know how to re-create the Liberty Loan organization, which consisted of 2,000,000 patriotic men and women giving their time without compensation or hope of reward to the Government; if you know how to replace that machine, then you know how to sell $2,000,000,000 of securities. But don't think for a minute that $2,000,000,000 of securities can be devised in such terms that they will sell themselves. That operation does not exist.

### *Undigested Securities*

Nothing sells itself. As a very great banker said to me when we were discussing the probable course of the market in one of the Liberty issues after the offering—I had asked him whether he thought the bonds would go down below par—and he said: "Why, Leffingwell, if you were to offer billions of gold dollars they would go down the day after you offered them."

There isn't any way to get people to buy more of anything than they want except by appealing to their patriotism. Now they have all the government securities they want, and more—and you are going to ask them to take $2,000,000,000 more than that. It isn't a question of price; it isn't a question of interest rate; it is a question of getting the investment market, which is already overloaded with undigested securities, to take some more.

The only way to do it is to go out and preach patriotism, and if you can fire the American people with the same feeling about buying bonus bonds that they had about buying war bonds, then you can do it. And I don't believe you can do it in any other way.

If it is to be taxes the strong arm of the Government will come down, and if the taxes are levied rightly you will raise money, unless your taxes prove to be so burdensome as to dry up the very sources of wealth—and that is a very real danger. You are not going to create new wealth by taxes. The government credit may be protected by that method, and that is the least disastrous method which occurs to me. But we will have the other evils from the bonus even if we try to provide for it from current taxes. The collection of additional taxes is obviously the only way of meeting this problem which would not add an unreasonable and almost intolerable burden to the financial requirements of the Government at this time.

I have not in mind any new fields of taxation that might be entered in the event this legislation is enacted. I think Congress has already pretty well scoured the field. I do not believe there is any source of revenue it did not consider in financing the war. I do assert that if this money for the ex-service men is to be raised it must be raised by some form of additional taxation. Even if this money is not granted the soldiers, the present taxes cannot be reduced at this time.

The only method that occurs to me would be to increase the normal income taxes. I am not advocating an increase in the normal tax; I am trying to give my best judgment as to a possible source of revenue.

The situation as to taxation, in my opinion, is this: We have gone beyond the point of productivity with respect to surtaxes. To-day the country is suffering from a lack of capital for essential business purposes. That is because you cannot get the same dollar twice from any one man. If you take money from any given taxpayer for taxes you can't sell him bonds for the same money, nor can the railroads sell him bonds. The surtax rates are so high that they drive the capital of rich men out of the country or into exempt securities, with the result to-day that we are subsidizing wasteful expenditures by states and municipalities or encouraging expenditures by them at a time when they might be deferred until the supply of capital was larger and sufficient for all, and we are discouraging investments by such men in other high-grade securities.

This will have a very serious effect upon the economic position of the country. The railroads have been returned to private ownership. The first question there, of course, is what rates they will charge; whether rates will be permitted to them which will give investors reasonable assurance that the railroads can meet their fixed charges with a reasonable margin of safety and thus restore their credit. Even then the railroads must come into competition with the Government of the United States and every other borrower to get capital sufficient to make betterments, improvements, extensions, and provide equipment; and if that is not provided our whole industrial and economic life will be set back for lack of means of transportation.

I do not anticipate getting additional revenue from surtaxes; I believe that they have not only passed the point of productivity but are actually decreasing the fund of real income in the country by driving capital away from productive enterprise and into state and municipal securities or into wasteful speculative enterprises. It is almost impossible to get a rich man to invest in anything except a state or municipal bond, a fully exempt government bond, or some highly speculative thing, so speculative that the profits might be very large; and he has figured that if losses occurred the United States would take its share.

There is one thing about the productivity of all our taxes that we must bear in mind. The taxes we are collecting now are on the present basis of industrial activity, and one cannot feel perfect confidence that business is going to remain speeded up or prices are going to remain so high. It is obvious that if prices were lower and business slower incomes would be smaller and the taxes on incomes would be smaller.

It has been proposed in connection with this bonus legislation for soldiers that a tax be levied on gross sales, including those of the manufacturer, jobber or wholesaler, or on retail sales. Either would be a consumption tax.

### *Luxury Taxes in Practice*

The reasons for preferring an income tax are the same as the reasons for opposing the sales or consumption tax. I take it that the increase of the cost of living which must inevitably result from issuing $2,000,000,000 of spending money to the ex-service men would be bad enough without raising that money in a way directly calculated to add to the cost of living. Unquestionably every consumption tax has the vice that it burdens most heavily the people least able to bear it. The income of the poor man is altogether absorbed in the things he consumes. A negligible proportion of the income of the rich man goes into the things he consumes. If you undertake to impose a consumption tax you will in the first place add to the cost of living to raise the money, and then add to the cost again by putting that much spending power in the form of new money or credit in the hands of the ex-service men. I should say that the operation would in that way be made more burdensome even than it need be.

Another tax proposition that has been submitted to Congress is to increase the list of luxuries and to levy a luxury tax. I was always very much interested in the luxury tax. Theoretically it is splendid, but practically it does not work. You cannot collect it. The machinery of collection is more expensive than the productivity of the tax justifies. You cannot get any important amount of revenue from the things which the rich man buys and the poor man does without, and you get into inextricable confusion as to what is a luxury.

What is a luxury? Are tea, coffee, cigars luxuries? I am not prepared to say that I know of many things that would be really productive of large amounts of revenue and of which I think the poor man ought to be deprived. I imagine the Ways and Means Committee has its own opinion on this subject, even clearer than mine, based on experience. Yet if this money is to be raised it must be raised by some form of taxation.

The trouble with all these taxes is that there is no way of collecting a tax that someone does not pay; and nobody wants to pay any more taxes. So we hunt round for excess-profits taxes and corporation taxes and sales taxes and luxury taxes and supertaxes in the hope of finding a tax that the other fellow will have to pay. Now the fact of the matter is that all taxes, with the possible exception—within limitations—of the income tax, are shifted to the broad shoulders of the great consuming public, and some of them are shifted many times over. The ideal of taxation is a tax which is paid only once, and paid then by all of us in proportion to our means. An income tax, properly graduated according to the means of the taxpayer, comes nearest to that ideal. But when the steps of the income surtax are made too steep or made to climb too high, the purpose is defeated and the whole plan breaks down, because taxable incomes are dried up at the source.

After all, there can be no other tax than a tax upon incomes, because in the last analysis the community as a whole can only pay taxes out of its income. The real question is therefore whether the tax shall be frankly a tax upon incomes or called by some other name and levied in some indirect and more injurious way.

If there is to be a bonus the least disastrous way of providing it will be by an increase in the normal income tax.

### *If Taxes are Increased*

The government actuary estimates that increasing the normal tax rates from four per cent and eight per cent, as at present—six per cent and twelve per cent last year—to nine per cent and eighteen per cent, and the corporation income tax to eighteen per cent, would increase the revenue on the basis of 1919 as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **First $4000 Over Exemptions** | | |
| At 4 per cent | $ 95,700,844 | |
| At 9 per cent | 215,326,899 | |
| Increase | | $119,626,055 |
| **Remainder of Income** | | |
| At 8 per cent | $206,183,113 | |
| At 18 per cent. | 463,912,004 | |
| Increase | | 257,728,891 |
| **Corporation Income Tax** | | |
| At 10 per cent | $ 594,500,000 | |
| At 18 per cent | 1,070,100,000 | |
| Increase | | 475,600,000 |
| Total increase | | $852,954,946 |

I suppose that all this sounds rather unpleasant. But the fact of the matter is that the situation we find ourselves in to-day is unpleasant.

The difficulty that the world confronts to-day seems to me to be about this: For five years we destroyed more than we produced. The world lived beyond its income. We worked very hard destroying each other and the wealth that we created. We blew it up and ate it up; we took our young men and our strong men and set them about the business of destruction. Then because we could not save, we could not retard consumption commensurately, the governments of the world issued evidences of indebtedness against the wealth destroyed. Ordinarily an obligation issued against wealth destroyed is not attractive. It would not have been attractive as an investment proposal.

Unfortunately, with the end of hostilities the condition which I have described of progressive impoverishment of the world continued, and was even aggravated. We find the condition of Continental Europe far from improved eighteen months after the armistice.

The world has become a very homogeneous community—homogeneous economically and financially, if not politically—and the destruction of wealth and the creation of currency and evidences of indebtedness in Europe have proceeded so far that prices have been affected all over the world. The actual amount of evidences of wealth that have been issued against the diminishing base of wealth has been increasing. You cannot borrow wealth that does not exist. You can create credit instruments, but you cannot borrow wealth that does not exist.

In my judgment, the present depreciation of Liberty Bonds on the market is due


# Does Your Tobacco Sift Down into the Stem of Your Pipe?

Edgeworth Tobacco goes out into the world to make its own friends. It is a good smoking tobacco. We don't have to make many claims for it.

It makes quite a number of friends for itself. Some of these good friends write to us. One of them recently sent us the following suggestion:

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

Being an occasional smoker and on those occasions usually smoking your tobacco, I am writing to mention a point which might be used in your advertising to your advantage, which to my knowledge has appeared in none of your advertisements to date.

Your tobacco possesses the particular quality of not being rubbed too fine, as a great many of the various brands of tobacco are, and this should be a great selling item, as a smoker invariably experiences a great deal of difficulty in keeping the stem of his pipe clear and clean with the average tobaccos, which practically always are drawn into and block up the stem. This is merely a point which I have noticed and hope that it may be of use to you.

If your pipe clogs up too quickly, we believe you'll find that Edgeworth will relieve you of one of the petty annoyances of smoking.

You are not likely to become an Edgeworth fan simply on this account. You will want a smoking tobacco which has the flavor and fragrance perfectly matching your individual taste.

Whether or not Edgeworth will in every way suit your individual taste can be decided only by bringing you and Edgeworth together.

Though Edgeworth doesn't suit all smokers, it suits many—not just because it doesn't clog up the stems of their pipes, but because it's also a pretty good smoking tobacco.

We invite you to try it.

Simply send us your name and address on a postcard. If you will add the name of the dealer to whom you will go for more in case you like Edgeworth, we would appreciate that courtesy on your part.

We will despatch to you samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is formed into flat cakes and then sliced into thin, moist wafers. One wafery slice rubbed for a second between the hands furnishes an average pipeful.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is already rubbed for you. You pour it straight from the little blue can into the bowl of your pipe.

Both kinds pack nicely, light quickly, and burn freely and evenly to the very bottom of the pipe.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors and glass jars, and also in various handy in-between quantities.

For the free samples which we would like you to judge, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

*To Retail Tobacco Merchants*—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Your girl—did she have to go through this last year?

# Mrs. Pierson finds out

THE holidays were over; Evelyn must return to Stanley Hall to complete her education.

"It's not as if she were unprotected," thought Mrs. Pierson as she put the last pretty dress in the trunk. "Stanley Hall is one of the best private schools in the country. Of course, the teachers take excellent care of the girls, and yet"—how she hated to turn her daughter over to the protection of others!

Two weeks later Stanley Hall had a serious fire. Evelyn escaped with twenty-two others through smoke-filled hallways at three in the morning.

"Why did that happen?" asked Mrs. Pierson sternly of her husband.

"Defective flue, I suppose, or something of that kind." He read of fires every day in the week—thank God, his daughter was alive and unhurt!

"Isn't there anything in the world that will make schools safe, Herbert?" persistently inquired his wife.

"No—oh, yes, Sprinklers. The law requires them in many factories and stores. Wonder why a school like Stanley Hall didn't have them?"

"I'm going to find out," came the answer from the more inquisitive sex.

And she did. She inquired so much, and got her friends to inquire so much, that a few weeks later she received an announcement from the school authorities containing the following information:

> ".....will be modern in every respect. And it will be further protected by the best sprinkler system we can obtain—the Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler."

So Mrs. Pierson found out about one school. Do you know about the school your sons and daughters are attending? Last year there was an enormous number of bad fires in prominent schools and colleges all over the country.

*Read—"Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy"*

By mailing a one-cent postal card to us you will receive much valuable information and many statistics of fire conditions in our great educational institutions. Is your school listed as safe or unsafe? Write us today for your free copy of "Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy." Address Grinnell Company, Inc., 277 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL COMPANY

EXECUTIVE OFFICE — INCORPORATED — PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Complete Engineering and Construction Service on Automatic Sprinklers. Industrial Piping, Heating and Power Equipments. Fittings, Pipe, Valves.

**GRINNELL AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM**

***When the fire starts, the water starts.***

chiefly to the fact that of the 20,000,000 Americans who patriotically subscribed during the period of the war, large numbers have not been willing or able to exercise such control over their personal expenditures as would enable them to retain their bonds after the cessation of hostilities. Liberty Bonds, like other bonds, are subject to market influences, including the law of supply and demand, and their market quotations have declined in consequence of the failure of the great investing public to save in proportion to the enormous expenditures of capital during and since the war. Many patriotic people bought Liberty Bonds and Victory Notes under the impulse of patriotism who have been unwilling since the war was over to continue to lend their money to the Government and have forced their holdings on the market more rapidly than others could save funds to invest, with consequent depreciation in market prices. The remedy for this condition is for people to work and save, to keep their holdings of Liberty Bonds as investments and to purchase additional government securities with their savings.

As the Treasury views it, the Liberty Bond problem is chiefly one of quantity. Unfortunately many holders of Liberty Bonds who patriotically subscribed for and held them during the war have since regarded them as so much spending money and thrown them on the market. People generally have been spending money freely and saving relatively little, so that there has not been sufficient capital saved to overcome the pressure upon the market from those who bought bonds as patriots but not as investors. I think most competent judges, however, believe that the equilibrium has about been reached between sales and purchases of Liberty Bonds and that the Liberty Bond market will soon turn upward; government bonds, in fact, could not well be made more attractive than they are at present market prices.

The reason Liberty Bonds and Victory Notes are depreciated to-day is not to be found in the terms of the bonds and notes; it is not to be found in the interest rate or in the tax exemptions; it is to be found in the fact that the demands for capital exceed the supply, and the demands exceed the supply because the whole world has been living beyond its income for five years.

### *Inevitable Consequences*

The depreciation of all securities in this country has been progressive. It results from the stupendous demands for capital which are being made upon America by the Old World, and to some extent by the New. Wealth is accumulating in parts of the world where capital is not saved and made available for new business. The wealth which India has accumulated is not made available; it is not a reservoir of available funds for the development of new enterprises in this country or reconstruction in Europe. The Argentine is, as we were in our youth, a land of great resources and of great needs for further capital for the development of those resources. And so it goes all through the Far East and South and Central America. The wealth which is accumulating is not accumulating in hands which will make it available for the capital requirements of the world. That is throwing upon American markets the demands of Europe. Hundreds of millions of dollars of good securities, some of our own issuing years ago, are being gradually forced back into our markets. The depreciation which exists in the market value of Liberty and Victory securities is less than the depreciation which exists in the market value of high-grade bonds of industrial and railroad companies, and particularly of public-service companies. Of course all those vary according to conditions.

We have a certain supply of wealth and we are trying to support upon that wealth a certain number of credit instruments. We can move about the relative position of any given security by the technical skill and ingenuity and devices which we adopt, but you cannot support on that base any more than so many credit instruments. So when you wonder about Victory Notes being higher than Fourth Liberty Bonds and the other variations in prices of Liberty securities, the answer is that they vary according to their terms, but all within that one single mass of securities supported on that single base.

If you take a full glass of water and try to pour some more water in, some of the water that you pour in may go into that glass, but some other water must come out just as sure as fate, and when you undertake to erect upon the base of existing wealth additional credit instruments, you are doing just what happens with the glass of water—something else must come off. Actually what will happen will be that the market value of the securities in the pile will be diminished about proportionately, and you will have the same number of dollars' worth of securities exactly piled upon that base, but they will all be of a reduced market value. Each individual security will be of a reduced market value.

The credit of this Government has not been strained to the limit; it has not been strained at all. There is no question of the soundness and strength of the finances of the Government of the United States. On the other hand, we are now engaged in considering what would be the effect of certain proposed methods of dealing with a very large expenditure, and what I am attempting to bring out is the fact that we cannot by issuing bonds or notes or levying taxes add to the fund of wealth which exists in this country at the present time. The fact of the matter is, we have anticipated our income for a number of years—and we are proud of having done it, because we did it to win the war.

### *The Camel's Overburdened Back*

When we recall that we have an existing base of wealth and that what we are going to try to do is to declare a sort of a stock dividend, it simply means that the buying power of the dollar in everybody's pocket is going to be decreased by just the amount of the additional payments that this Government makes. We cannot allow ourselves to suppose that wealth is going to be added to the country by what we do. What we are going to do, whether we adopt one method or the other at the present time, even though it be by taxation, is to decrease the buying power of the dollars in all of our pockets, because we are not going to increase the wealth against which money and securities are issued.

The present situation of this country is this: We have imposed taxes which are adequate to pay our expenses, our interest charges and our sinking-fund charges. We are using salvage to retire the unfunded overhang of the war debt, which is much too heavy now for the general welfare. If we add another straw to the camel's back, if we seek to add $2,000,000,000 more to the pile which the base of wealth is supporting, then in any way we do it we are bound directly or indirectly to reach into the pockets of all of us and tear a piece off the corner of every dollar bill in every pocket. The dollar isn't going to buy as much as it did before, in my judgment.

In other words, to follow any one of these processes which have been outlined—the four processes that I have referred to—will inevitably result in an increased cost of living. The people have not caught up yet; they haven't begun to save sufficiently, and the demands upon our credit, our capital funds, are not being met out of savings yet.

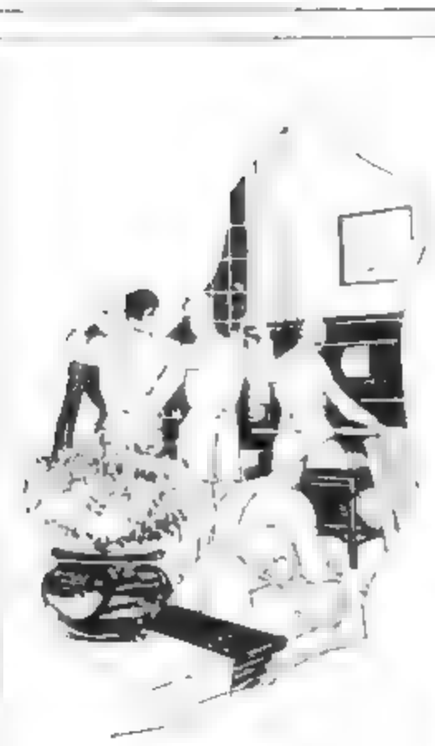
You inflate the credit to the extent of $2,000,000,000; you increase the cost of living; you reduce the market value of all securities, and especially the securities of the United States Government.

The Treasury has not been asked, and has not ventured, to express an opinion concerning the merits of the soldiers' demand for a bonus. I have not discussed the remoter consequences to the community, and to the more open-handed among the men themselves, of the distribution of this vast sum in cash or securities. But Congress asked the Treasury what the probable effect would be of raising $2,000,000,000 by bonds or additional taxes. That request we answered in about the terms I have set forth here. Such a great financial operation as is proposed is not of interest solely to Congress and the ex-service men and the Treasury. It is of grave concern to the whole country. For it is from the country the money would have to come.

Briefly, then, a bonus in bonds would be disastrous. Additional certificates of indebtedness could not be issued except in anticipation of a new Liberty Loan or additional taxes, and then only to a very limited amount. A further Liberty Loan is probably impossible—certainly impossible except upon terms which would be gravely injurious to existing issues. The least disastrous method of providing the bonus would be by the imposition of additional taxes.

# GULBRANSEN Player-Piano

(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)



## Your Stag Party An Uproarious Success

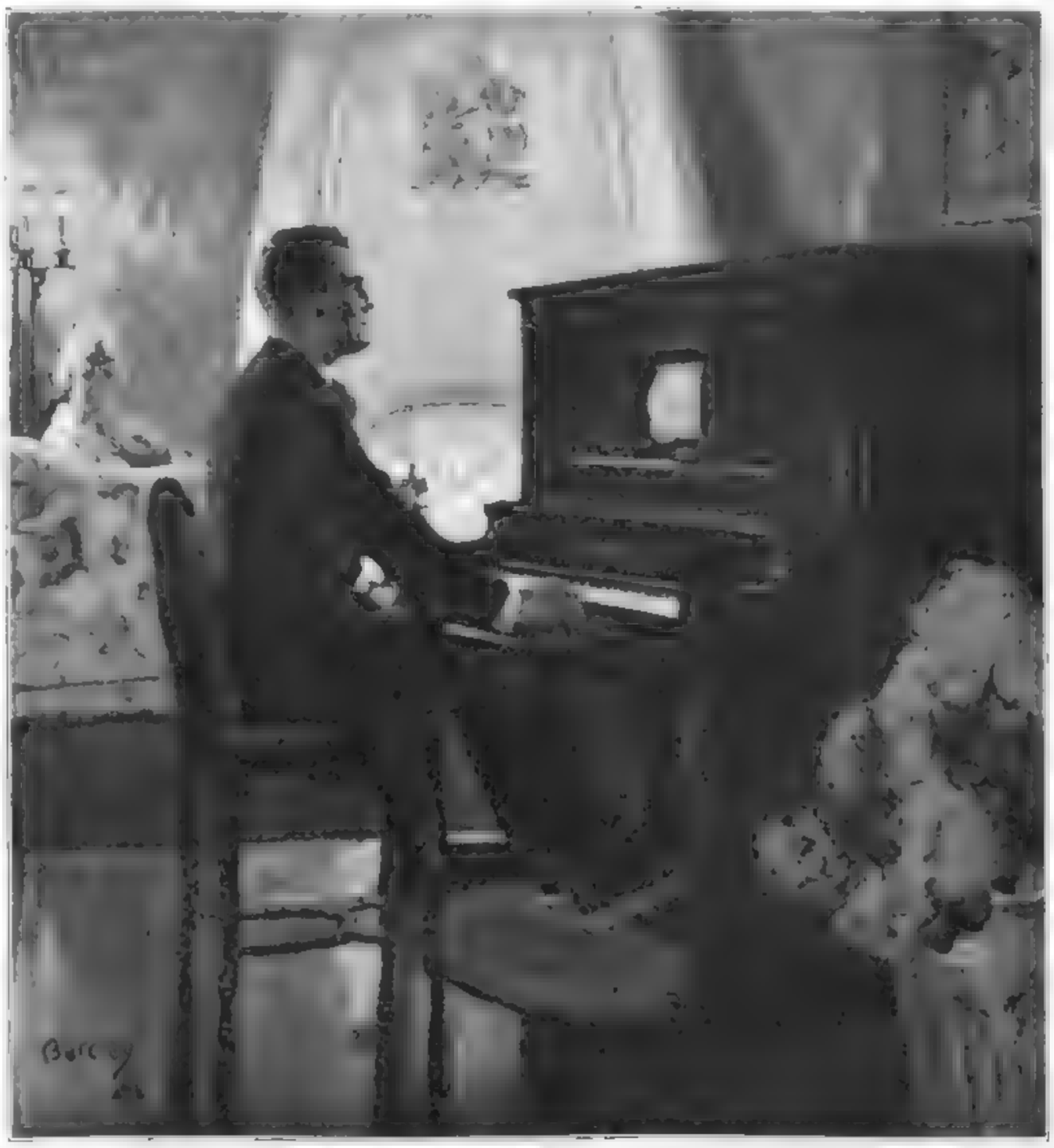
Men always have a good time at stag parties—after they get started and their minds get together. There is one thing they all understand—music. Try some of these songs on your Gulbransen the next time you have a crowd of men in:

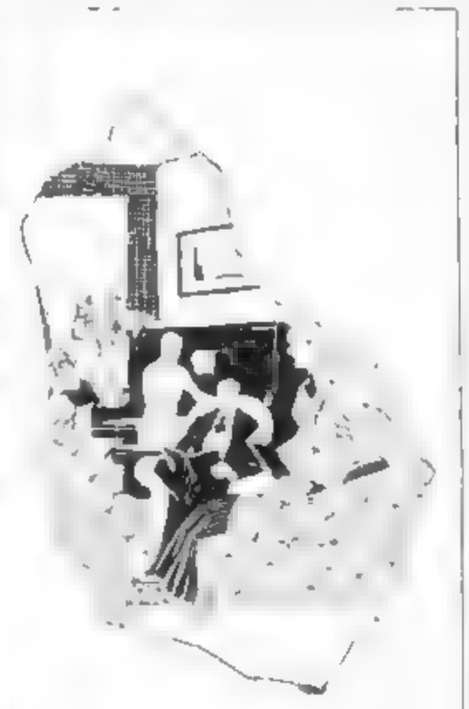
Sweet Adeline — Come on Papa
Stein Song — I Want a Doll
There's a Meeting Here Tonight
Does She? I'll Say She Does

## Using the Loud Pedal

The loud pedal ought to be called the "noisy pedal" the way some pianists use it. Rightly used, it makes the music sound better. Our new book tells how to use the Gulbransen loud pedal.

Do you have the tuner care for your piano at least twice yearly? You should.





## Christian Science, Catholic and Gospel Hymns

Many a religious meeting would have better music if the Gulbransen played the hymns. All the well known hymns are ready for you in player rolls and listed in our new book entitled

## Good Times With Your Gulbransen

Everything from a children's party to [illegible] occasion you can think of is mentioned in our new book with appropriate selections recommended.

Use the coupon below and we will send you a copy of "Good Times With Your Gulbransen" FREE.

© 1930, G. D. Co

# You Can Play the Gulbransen *Better* Than You Ever Could Have Played by Hand

That is true of nearly everybody. Because playing the piano is a two-sided art. The mechanical art of "reading" and "fingering"—and the mental art of playing the music interestingly.

One has no connection with the other—except that notes must be struck by some means before we consider how they shall sound. In fact, until correct striking of notes is accomplished—whether by hand or by mechanism—only then does interesting music become a possibility.

The Gulbransen starts you off at the point in musical education where perfect command of the piano is accomplished. It strikes the right notes unfailingly. And it enables you to play them in any desired style of shading, phrasing or rhythm. It offers every degree of tone value. It gives you full control of all of these.

Gulbransen Trade Mark.

Now then, if you enjoy music, you have the chance to make music—with equal enjoyment to those who listen. If you habitually hum or whistle, or keep time to a good march or dance, you are naturally musical. You will play the Gulbransen interestingly and with improving taste.

This is true of the Gulbransen because its exquisite "pedal-touch" gives you real freedom in producing musical effects—as much as though you played by hand. You will have increasing interest in playing with expression. You will be in fact what you are now at heart—a musician.

Try a Gulbransen at our dealer's store. You can locate him by the "Baby at the Pedals"—actually playing the Gulbransen—in his window. And send coupon below for our free book "Good Times With Your Gulbransen." Tells all about the music available and the fun you can have.

NATIONALLY PRICED

Three models, all playable by hand or by roll, sold at the same prices to everybody, everywhere in the U. S., freight and war tax paid. Price branded in the back of each instrument at the factory.

White House Model [illegible]
Country Seat Model [illegible]
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GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON CO., 3232 W. Chicago Avenue, CHICAGO

FREE BOOK COUPON

The new book "Good Times With Your Gulbransen" sent free if you mail this coupon.

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☐ I own [illegible] piano [illegible] not a player piano.

Use coupon below which [illegible] and address plainly.

# FOLLOWING THE FRONT

(Continued from Page 19)

party has been taken, "weren't they just all darlings? Harry was the only officer that came through out of his regiment of the Coldstreams."

Harry, you find out afterward, was exactly eighteen years old, one of the boys with whom Lord French, after Mons, held back the Huns from reaching the sea—one boy to every fifty yards of Front.

A fine rain was sizzling down upon the mist-covered water as the Channel boat, on time to the minute, stopped, turned round and backed into her place alongside the quay at Calais. France looked disconsolate; so did the fifty-odd porters who stood hungrily waiting to grab our luggage. There was the customary confusion, a swarming of blue blouses, and presently we were being half suffocated in the clamoring mob about the tables of the *douane*. The haggard, one-armed soldier who was acting as inspector gave our seven huge bags the most casual once-over and chalked upon each the white badge of innocence without even an inquiry as to possible *tabac*.

At that instant I became conscious of a pervading odor of alcohol, and a face resembling a hawk wearing burnsides and surmounted by a grotesque cap marked "Interpreter" thrust itself into mine.

"A-h-h-h!" he cried, clawing the air in a frenzy of excitement. "A-h-h-h! So I have found monsieur at last! You are Monsieur Blanc! Ze motor is outside. I have arranged everything—even the customs examination." He lowered his tone and shaded his mouth with his hand. "There will be nothing to pay." Then to the arrested porters: "Here, zis way! Zis way with the baggage of monsieur!"

"But," I expostulated, "our bags have already been passed by the customs!"

He glared at me indignantly.

"What! When I have had everything arranged for hours? That is what it is to take trouble! Very well, I will escort you to the motor—carry the baggage to the grand motor which is waiting for monsieur at the end of the gare, where I have had it placed for the convenience for monsieur!"

Outside the rain had turned to sleet, and the damp, raw wind of the Channel bit sharply into our necks and wrists. I thanked heaven I had asked for a limousine.

"Zis way, sir-r!"

The Paris train rumbled slowly out. Our bags had vanished—perhaps with it. We were alone in Calais with Mister Interpreter. But at the end of the platform stood a compact closed car with extra-large windows, its owner a husky, amiable-looking Frenchman in a chauffeur's cap and fur-collared jacket, arguing with the porters.

"Behold ze beautiful car, monsieur!" cried Mister Interpreter dramatically.

### *An Indignant Interpreter*

Through the sleet I now perceived that the top of the tonneau, where I had counted upon carrying our baggage, was already heavily loaded with receptacles covered with a tarpaulin.

"You see how well everything is—hic—arranged!" chanted the interpreter.

The chauffeur touched his cap.

"*Bon jour, m'sieur*," he said. "I am Jean Tourselles. I arrived with the car yesterday evening. Where does m'sieur wish to place his baggage?"

"What have you got up there on top?"

"*L'essence*."

"What for? Can't one buy gasoline along the Front?"

"*Ah, non, m'sieur!* It must be carried from Paris."

We glanced at one another dubiously. The car was small and the body rather undersized. But in spite of the adage that there is always room on top, there wasn't. The porters meanwhile waited passively. Mister Interpreter scented danger and we scented his scenting of it.

"The baggage must go on top!" he announced with emphasis.

The chauffeur disregarded him.

"If mesdames and m'sieur will get in ——" began Jean politely.

"Put it on the top!" yelled the interpreter suddenly.

Jean turned on him. I do not know what he said, but I am morally certain that in words, form or substance he unequivocally informed that interpreter that his presence was a stench in the nostrils. This demolition fire ended with the word "boche." The interpreter went into action—gas curtain, barrage, heavies, everything.

He danced round Jean like an infuriated Hottentot. A gendarme sauntered near—carelessly.

"Who is this man?" I demanded wearily as he paused for breath.

"I do not know, m'sieur. He asked if I was waiting for anybody and I told him yes," explained Jean, his chin trembling.

"Be off with you!" I shouted. "You have no business here whatever."

"What? No business? He says I have no business! Name of a name! What have I done all day but arrange for m'sieur ——"

*German Prisoners and Guard*

"Here," I interrupted, thrusting five francs into his hand, "take that and be off!"

He inspected it carefully, while Jean began piling the bags inside the car. Then Mister Interpreter exploded again.

"What?" he shrieked. "Am I to work for nothing? I have wasted my day! I have arranged everything!"

"Isn't that enough for him?" I asked Jean.

The chauffeur shrugged his shoulders.

"M'sieur, he hasn't seen five francs in a week!"

"Ah-h-h!" chattered Mister Interpreter. "Assassin!"

*Le Coq Hardie Hotel, Verdun*

The gendarme drew nearer—silently. Mister Interpreter retreated inversely to the square of the distance, maintaining a vigorous rear-guard action.

We were safe inside! The smiling porters, grateful for two francs each, touched their caps and stepped clear of the car. The gendarme, wearing an expression of detached friendliness, answered Jean's query as to the direction of St.-Omer and we glided off, our bags and boxes piled round and upon us, with the sleet driving against the plate glass of the windows and the car heavy with its load of chauffeur and three passengers, our baggage and array of gasoline tins, bumping over the cobbles of Calais into the gray winter twilight—for the Front.

"Do you blame our boys," asked Miss K., "for being sore with the French? What a dreadful, unscrupulous person!" She was silent a moment, and then added: "But I forgot those two nice porters and the gendarme! I suppose it would not be any fairer to judge the French by that interpreter than it would be for an immigrant to judge the American nation by the boarding-house runner who lies in wait for him at the Battery."

### *Bumping the Bumps*

Night had closed down on us as we rumbled through the narrow streets of St.-Omer, British G. H. Q. throughout the war, and the townsfolk evinced an extraordinary ignorance of the whereabouts of Cassel. We had been warned against the beds of St.-Omer—and Cassel was twenty kilometers nearer Ypres. Moreover, we had telegraphed ahead for rooms. So Jean with resignation turned the nose of the car toward the country. The surface unexpectedly went back on us. Bump! Bumpity-bump! But we continued on for what seemed a long time, until finally the car stopped at a crossroads and Jean got down, lit a match, peered at a signpost and turned to the left. Presently we were wallowing from side to side in six-inch mud. I switched on the inside light and looked at my watch. We were an hour from St.-Omer. There was a distinct suggestion of uncertainty about the slope of Jean's shoulders.

The car stopped suddenly, and we found ourselves looking into the enormous white face of an astonished horse surrounded by a yellow aura of steam, like a spot light. Behind the face appeared the vague mass of a hay wagon.

There was a polite interchange between chauffeur and peasant. Then Jean spread his palms. The driver was pointing in the direction from which we had come. Turning, however, was an impossibility. We pulled aside and bade good night to the white horse. Then we lumbered on. Bump! And yet again bump!

"I'm glad I don't own this motor," ventured Miss K. by way of consolation.

We continued to plow onward for a space. The mud was freezing. To our left a glow against the blackness of the sky indicated lights. I looked at the speedometer and then at the map. We were obviously lost.

"Hazebrouck!" muttered Jean over his shoulder.

With a start I recalled Haig's famous message: "We are fighting with our backs to the wall!"

We were there—we were on the Front!

A half hour more and we roared into the little town of Cassel and began searching for the inn. It was only seven o'clock, but the rain fell upon empty streets. All good citizens were either abed or huddled for warmth in their kitchens. We stopped in front of a small house and, inquiring for the hotel, discovered that that was it. Yes, we were expected, but travelers were uncertain quantities, even if they had sent telegrams. However, our rooms were ready, and so dinner would be in about an hour. We got two surprises. Our rooms—for which we were charged five francs each, or at the current rate of exchange about thirty-five cents—were on the ground floor to the left of the stone-paved court and opened directly off the cobbles; but they were paneled in wood, exquisitely painted, and each was large enough for a major general and his staff. There was no heating and the temperature was like that of an

(Continued on Page 67)

# Power speaks all languages

## *How American Supremacy in Scientific Lubrication has made its way around the globe*

A USER of Gargoyle Mobiloils motored around the world. Writing after 18,000 miles of running through the countries of the earth, he said:

"I believe that if American motorists realized that Gargoyle Mobiloils can be obtained in practically every country of the globe as easily as they can be secured in the United States, foreign touring would be much more common."

This man bought Gargoyle Mobiloils in Dublin. He found them in every part of Ireland. He saw the red Gargoyle all over England and Scotland.

In Holland, Belgium and Northern France he "was occasionally forced to buy oil of local makes, with unsatisfactory results."

In Paris, Gargoyle Mobiloils were easily secured.

He secured Gargoyle Mobiloils in Châteauroux, Limoges and the old Roman town of Carcassonne, which materially helped his climb over the Pyrenees the following day.

Across the Mediterranean he had no trouble in securing Gargoyle Mobiloils in Algiers, Tunis and Egypt.

Pursuing his way, he found these oils in Ceylon, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Japan and the Hawaiian Islands.

This widespread use of Gargoyle Mobiloils for the lubrication of automobiles, tractors, motor trucks and motor-cycles, is not a sudden growth. The world-wide standing of the Vacuum Oil Company is simply the result of its ability to perform. Every automobilist understands the language of the red Gargoyle. Every experienced motorist appreciates full power and high efficiency.

Nothing counts like *engine results.*

Gargoyle Mobiloils *deliver engine results*—full power, full protection, smooth running—all on lower consumption of oil and fuel.

The grade specified for your car in the Chart will show you new *engine results.* Try it.

GARGOYLE

# Mobiloils

*A grade for each type of motor*

*Domestic Branches:*

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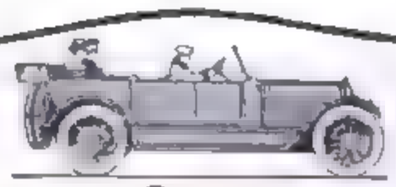
|---|---|---|---|---|
| New York | Philadelphia | Detroit | Minneapolis | Kansas City, Kan. |
| Boston | Pittsburgh | Chicago | Indianapolis | Des Moines |



## *Correct* AUTOMOBILE LUBRICATION

GARGOYLE

# Mobiloils

*A grade for each type of motor*

Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are:

**Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"**
**Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"**
**Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"**
**Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic**

The Chart below indicates the grade recommended by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers. The recommendations cover all models for both passenger and commercial vehicles in common use. If your car is not listed on this partial Chart, see the booklet "Correct Lubrication," which lists the correct grades for all cars.

| '17 AUTOMOBILES | 1919 Models | | 1918 Models | | 1917 Models | | 1916 Models | | 1915 Models | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| [illegible] | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| [illegible] | | | | | A | Arc | A | Arc | | |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
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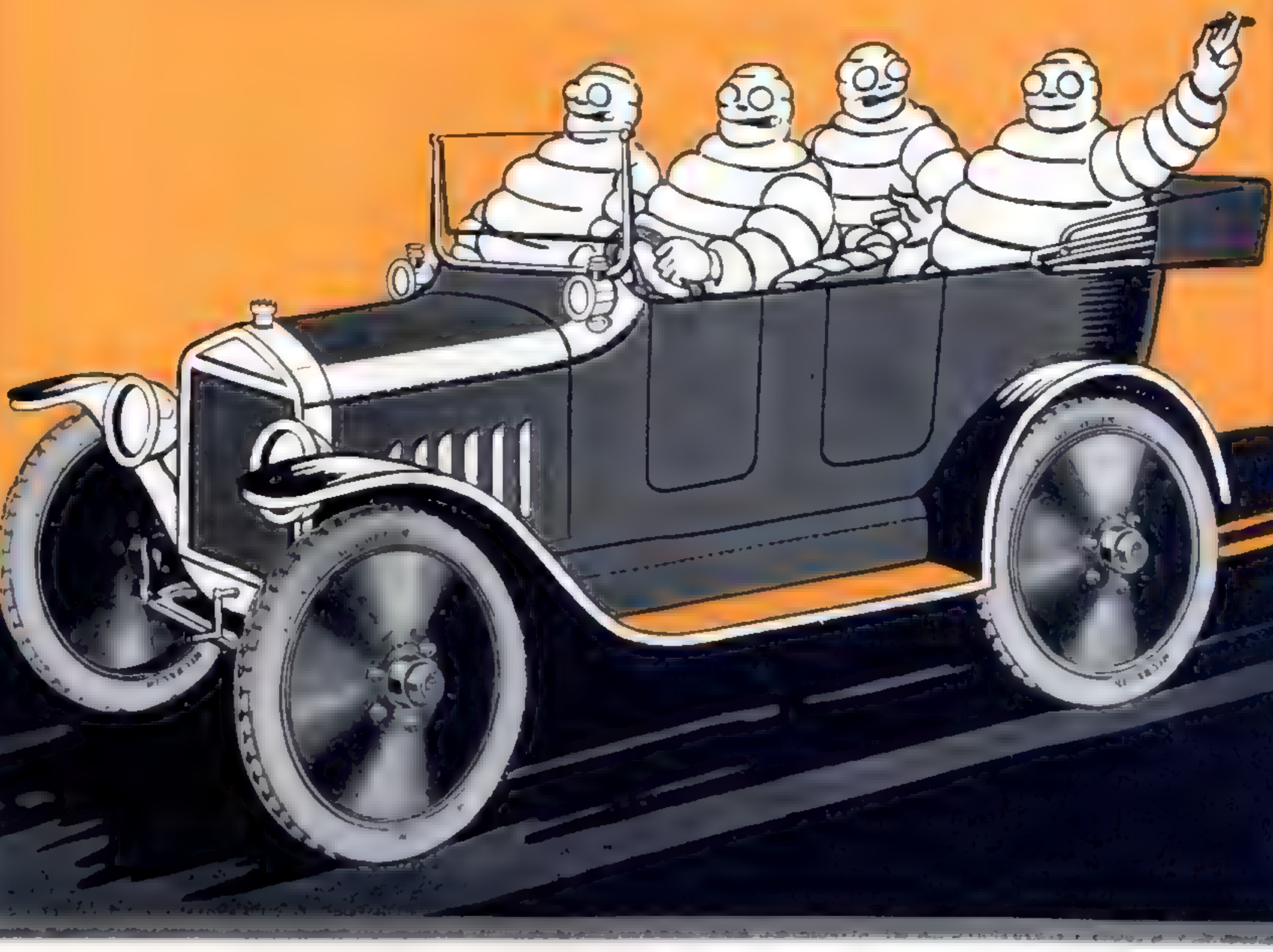

(Continued from Page 64)

Icelandic tomb. Hot water in ewers only intensified the consciousness of cold. Incidentally there was no plumbing of any sort whatever. Shivering in our furs, we sat in our beautiful apartments until dinner should be announced. It was not announced. We waited an hour and then sought the *salle à manger*. A drummer sat patiently reading a three days' old *feuilleton* by the dim light of a kerosene lamp. Another half hour and we experienced the gastronomic delights afforded by a lukewarm and very thin soup, a bony fish, stonelike fried potatoes, some leathery bread and a bottle of sour wine. There was nothing to do, so we went to bed in our igloos—fully dressed, our feet thrust into fleece-lined foot warmers salvaged from the motor, which stood unsheltered in the middle of the court.

We awoke. Sunlight flooded the windows, the inn, the picturesque street of the little Flemish town and its near-by windmills. We swallowed what was served for coffee, bundled into the motor and whirled off for Ypres. Yet Cassel, next to Amiens and Soissons, was the most comfortable place at which we stayed overnight upon our entire trip.

Ten kilometers farther on, at Steenvoorde, we were held up at the *douane*, but were passed through without difficulty in spite of the fact that one of us had no passport. The French customs officer satisfied himself merely that we were not taking more than one hundred of those elusive French francs, in currency, out of the country. The Belgian merely looked at us and bowed us in.

### On Hallowed Ground

Up to this moment, though Cassel had been throughout most of the war within sight of exploding shells, some of which had burst with unpleasant proximity to the hotel which the war correspondents had made their headquarters, we had seen no sign of gunfire. Unexpectedly, a few kilometers farther on, at Poperinghe, we passed into the zone of destruction. A shattered steeple held up a warning finger, and fifteen minutes more and we had entered the desolated horror of a town totally destroyed—of heroic Ypres, whose shattered, gutted Cloth Hall stands like a mortuary chapel for the hundreds of thousands of British youths who died on that pitiless, treeless marsh that stretches toward Passchendaele, Menin and Messines. Beyond the town the road runs for miles across a slimy sea of interlocking, scum-covered shell holes bordered with harsh, greenish-brown grass. Here and there a rusty tank stands rampant in the mire. Beyond us, on a little rise by the roadside, upon stretches, lie some shapeless bundles shrouded in canvas.

"*Ce sont des cadavres!*" whispers Jean, and removes his cap.

One understands the British legend on the Cloth Hall warning the visitor that this is and for all future generations ever must be hallowed ground. With saddened hearts we turn back. Yet we must needs eat—even amid ruins. But where? An English sergeant hovers near by, thirsting for converse in his native tongue. He has been, he informs us pathetically, stranded in this 'ere bloomin' 'ole eight months. No, sir, nothink to do wotever, sir! However—with a hospitable wave of the hand—out beyond the ramparts we shall find the Hôtel Excelsior et Splendide, where one can get the best food outside Simpson's—you know Simpson's, sir, in the Strand? The majestic and splendid edifice to which he had referred us turns out to be a substantial shanty of Bristol board and tar paper, but the repast served inside is in fact worthy of Voisin's. One wondered where Monsieur le Patron had been able to discover and reduce to possession such culinary ingredients. Clearly there are still ducks and laying hens amid the shell holes of Ypres.

We were back in France again by two o'clock, and turning south at Steenvoorde followed roads close to the Belgian border through the tangled mass of brick and iron work that is now Bailleul to Armentières—taken by the boche with the aid of poison gas on his 1918 push—where for years the lines were only 1200 yards apart, past vanished La Bassée, the dismal gray waste that once was Lens, by Vimy, in the fast-gathering dusk, to Arras.

We had done 140 kilometers. We were hungry, sad, weary. We looked forward to

Cross Roads, Berry-au-Bac

comfortable rooms in a warm, well-lighted hotel in the Flemish metropolis. But the two commercial hotels were crowded to the skylights. As aforementioned, there wasn't a bed to be found, even in February—we had not seen a single tourist all day—until some kind citizen—he meant it kindly—suggested a hostelry, half barracks, half hotel, outside the city. In the gloom it leered at us like a high-class chicken house or dog kennel. The bell pendant on the jamb jangled a long time before the ex-N. C. O., who ran the place, appeared in his shirt sleeves and looked us over. Yes, he could put us up. Take any of those along the hall—they were all alike. Dinner would be in in an hour or so. He vanished.

I picked out three wooden cells about six by eight, the floors of which oozed with dampness, and heaved in my own luggage. The cold inside them was bitter. We turned down the sheets. Clearly they had not been changed for days—and I speak with charity. But there wasn't anywhere else to go. Jean and the motor had disappeared into the night, and anyhow Amiens was sixty kilometers away.

But the first thing was to get warm. About 100 yards down the chicken run was a door, light spurting from its cracks. We pushed it open and stepped into a temperature of ninety degrees in the shade. In the middle of the narrow cigarette-butt-strewn dining-room floor stood a red-hot stove and about it were ranged a circle of N. C. O.'s—British Tommies—two beautifully enameled demoiselles, a frowzy officer's wife holding a squalling baby, and a real captain—temporary gentleman—somewhat maudlin, who was describing his rise from insignificance to fame.

"Yus!" he declaimed grandiloquently. "I tells yer! Twice I was in By-earl in '14, an' never a scratch! An' then just before the bloomin' show was hover I goes hup in hayteen for to 'elp push Heinie back and gets me 'ead plugged full of tin plyte. Naow wot dy'sy to that? But do I go to 'orspital? Not me! Although I've a right to me bit o' Blighty, I stays on, gets made a capting and 'as me look-in at the finish. Now, I says, this 'ere proves 'ow virtue is its hown reward, for in By-earl wot does I find in one o' them ruined 'ouses but a complete set o' Dresdin Chiny, hintact! An' in the werry next room two helephant tusks o' solid ivory—worth forty pound apiece no less! Damn yer, shut hup!"—to the dog.

There was a murmur of perfunctory applause as the temporary gentleman simpered fatuously at his auditors. We glanced at one another and retreated to the plank walk outside. But when dinner was announced we found to our surprise that it rivaled our lunch at Ypres.

Again we woke to a burnished sky. The demolished Cathedral of Arras, rising from the shadows of a tangle of narrow streets into a haze of golden sunshine, was a marvelously impressive spectacle. Round it we saw our first gang of German prisoners still at work. Jean, though he had fought for eighteen months in the trenches of Berry au Bac, seemed to bear them no grudge.

As we rode away one of them yelled: "Say, I worked three years at the Hotel Astor in your burg. But believe me, never again!"

Quite so! Never again! I fully agreed with the gentleman.

We hesitated a few moments in the Grand Place, where the row of old Spanish houses stands disemboweled, and where hundreds of persons lived underground in cellars and dugouts for nearly five years; ground our teeth at the sight of the demolished Hôtel de Ville, a thing of exquisite beauty never to be restored, and soon were bowling down the road to Bapaume.

Now Bapaume was taken and retaken time and again, and there is nothing left of it. There are only acres of débris filled with rotting beams, of powdered brick and crumbled stone, cemented by frost and rain. That is all. To the uninformed visitor it seems incredible that it—and the towns like it—should ever be rebuilt. A row of little *estaminets* line the main street, and in one of them you can pick up a meal of sardines, bread and cheap wine. Here in a shanty noisy with mud-stained peasants we met our first tourists—a young officer and his bride evidently on their honeymoon. They were English, for one meets only English on the Flanders Front. They spoke no French, and I gave him the high sign.

"Sardines!" I whispered.

"Thanks!" he replied diffidently. "Awfully good of you."

A bit later as they were starting off I inquired, "Are you going to Cambrai? There isn't anything to see there, is there?"

"Yes," he replied. "I think I'll run over."

"What for?" I demanded rather inquisitively.

He blushed.

"I'm not going into the town," he stammered. "There's a special place—just outside—I—I—want to see again. It wouldn't interest anybody, you know, but me."

And then I noticed that one of his arms hung limp.

### The Last Inhabitants

We couldn't have stayed there had we wished to, for there wasn't a house standing. So soon we were following the ridge to Albert, the scene of the heroic epic of the British in '18, when the boche retreated to the Hindenburg Line. Albert is an ash heap. It took six months for the British to shove Fritz back those nineteen kilometers and cost 500,000 men. Beyond on one's left rises, only a couple of hundred yards from the road, the Butte de Warlencourt. This prehistoric grave, or mound, honeycombed with tunnels and caves and bristling with machine guns, for a time stood an impregnable outpost on the edge of the boche line, until the Gordon Highlanders bombed it and wiped out a whole German battalion. The fields are thick hereabouts with shells and pieces of accouterment, while crosses topped with the helmets of those who lie beneath mark the stubborn defense of men who died fighting, expecting and getting no quarter. My foot kicks apart a rusty rifle, its woodwork white from the weather. Ahead two crosses lean toward one another.

"Here lies a German hero," reads one.

"Here lies a soldier of France," reads the other.

The same words repeat themselves thousands of times along the Front.

"Ein deutscher Held."

"Un soldat Français."

It is always the German who was the "hero," but the Frenchman was ever the "soldier."

We are struck by the loneliness of these vast, silent stretches. No one is to be seen, save an occasional plowman or a peasant filling in a trench, the white line of which zigzags across the fields over the hill. An old peasant woman is trudging along with a net bag of potatoes, and she waits patiently for half an hour—while we climb over the great mine crater near La Boiselle—to get a lift of 400 yards. She has never been in a motor before, and she disappears beaming into a heap of stones and mortar, whence protrudes a smoking funnel. She comes out presently with an old man and both wave delightedly. They are about all that are left of the inhabitants of La Boiselle, which has been wiped entirely out of existence.

That night we slept in Amiens in order to get clean beds and baths, and next morning doubled back on our tracks to Peronne, one of the worst shelled places upon the Front. But Peronne differs from towns like Bapaume and Albert in that it is larger and is also on the River Somme. It has always been a center for barter, and the country folk flock there naturally on market days, bringing their produce, their dry goods or needlework with them. I cannot conceive of towns like Bapaume, Albert and Bailleul being restored for many years, since it would seem that the task of clearing away the mass of débris would be so gigantic and costly as to be almost prohibitive. Towns that have disappeared entirely—blown to powder, like La Boiselle—can be rebuilt on their ancient sites. But it would be far easier to rebuild Bapaume somewhere else, if the land were available. Towns like Peronne will come back automatically, just as Rheims, St.-Quentin and Arras are doing.

(Continued on Page 69)

Le Coq Hardie Hotel, Looking Up the Street at Side Blown Off by Shell, Verdun

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*Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks*

(Continued from Page 67)

As it is now, Peronne is not unlike Pompeii. Only the façade of the cathedral still stands. We wandered freely among the fallen houses, sauntering through what had been drawing and dining rooms, which now looked like the remains of burned factories. Occasionally one found oneself confronted by the ornamental pilasters and tinted walls of a great salon, with conservatoire and marble floor. The only actual restoration I saw in process anywhere was a man replacing a concrete wall in Peronne. Of course there must be restoration going on to a greater or less degree—probably less—only one doesn't see it.

One thing to which the boche gave especial attention was the destruction of all cathedrals, and no matter how careless he was about overlooking the local *mairie*, school or hospital, he always banged the church. There isn't a cathedral in the entire region that has not been shelled to a transparency. Compared to Arras, St.-Quentin, Noyon and Soissons, the damage to the Cathedral at Rheims, though fiendish enough, is as chicken pox to the bubonic plague.

Once in the Somme region—in the bulge of the hammock, so to speak—which was systematically devastated by the boche in his strategic retreat of 1916, there is nowhere to stay overnight except in the big towns, where if you are in luck you may still find a cracked hotel or two. We lunched in part of one at Peronne, and then made for St.-Quentin, whose huge cathedral, recently a dust heap, is slowly—block by block—being reconstructed. They will all be reconstructed, those cathedrals, because France would not be France without them, and without cathedral spire neither life nor landscape would hold interest for the peasant.

The Front may be roughly divided into damaged cities; demolished towns of unusual size and importance, which—like the cities—must of necessity be resurrected; smaller towns, like Bapaume, which are only junk heaps; and the wiped-out village, which has vanished in smoke and powder, leaving the ground clear for rebuilding—when France gets the money.

But will she get the money? Probably not for a long time. Meantime we wonder, as we motor by the freshly plowed fields, where the peasants are living who have worked such marvels in bringing back the ravaged land. As far as the eye can reach are visible myriads of circular patches of light earth amid the darker brown, showing where the shard of war has turned the soil. Each has been carefully refilled.

### The Immortal Charlie

But the spirit of France is rising—her courage never faltered—even though her prostrate walls are not yet reared again; and at Noyon, amid the rubble and brick of the demolished cathedral, a familiar figure on the public square bade us welcome—the most familiar if not the most famous figure in the world—Charlie Chaplin, rising like the Phoenix from its ashes. Surely hope springs eternal.

We followed the silver Aisne through the twilight past picturesque Vic-sur-Aisne and entered poor, mangled Soissons just at lamp time. And here let me declare that the one and only really comfortable hotel we found on the Front—except, of course, at Amiens, which isn't really on the Front—is the new little Lion Rouge at Soissons, where—even if it is of hasty construction—one can be sure of clean rooms and beds, good plumbing and excellent food and wine, the last by no means to be lightly waved aside in a country so recently foul with putrefaction. If I were to visit the Front in the tourist season I should write ahead to the Lion Rouge, make Soissons my headquarters for a week, and—let the rest of the Front go. For from Soissons one can in a motor easily visit the most striking, if not the most harrowing, portions of the French Front and return to comfort each night.

It is here between the Oise and the Aisne that one gets the most vivid picture of the nightmarish horror of the war—the tortured crossroads at Anizy-le-Château, the monumental destruction at Coucy-le-Château and the agony of the dying forests about the Chemin des Dames, which mile on mile, ridge beyond ridge, stretch out their blackened, writhing arms like the condemned from an inferno. These gas-killed trees along the roads are the most depressing of daily sights. They cannot be cut down, for their trunks are so full of iron as to turn any ax or saw. Their roots must needs be uncovered and severed before they can be felled and burned.

It was late as we left the shell-torn wilderness of the Chemin des Dames and dropped back to the Aisne looking for something to eat. But there was nothing to be had at Aixy or even larger Vailly. At Chavonne, however, we found a cardboard shanty squatting amid fallen walls, its hiding place marked by a great sign, "Hôtel Lion d'Or." Madame, who cooked in one half and served it in the other, would have nothing to do with people so inconsiderate as to demand *déjuener* at three *après midi*. *Non! Non, m'sieur!* Impossible! She became indeed furiously angry at the thought of it. But her dignified old father, whose sad, wistful face haunted us all that afternoon, gently urged her to reconsider.

The American *mesdames et monsieur* were very hungry. They had come because they loved France. Surely she would not refuse to make an omelet!

*Non! Non!* What was our hunger to her? Was she to be a washer of dishes all her life—besides being a widow? Had she not done enough in giving her husband without being a slave? Then she saw that Miss K. was in the uniform of the French Red Cross and she weakened. Well, this once perhaps. But there was nothing to eat—absolutely! An omelet perhaps, some bread—brown, not white, you should understand—sardines—*toujours les sardines, à la grace de Dieu*—and some really very good wine. And while she withdrew—grumbling—to the kitchen side of the hut, m'sieur her father, who wore the ribbon of '70 in his buttonhole, told how he—one of the most prosperous men on the Aisne—and his daughter, who used to wear silk and count out the money, were now reduced to serving lunches to irresponsible motorists.

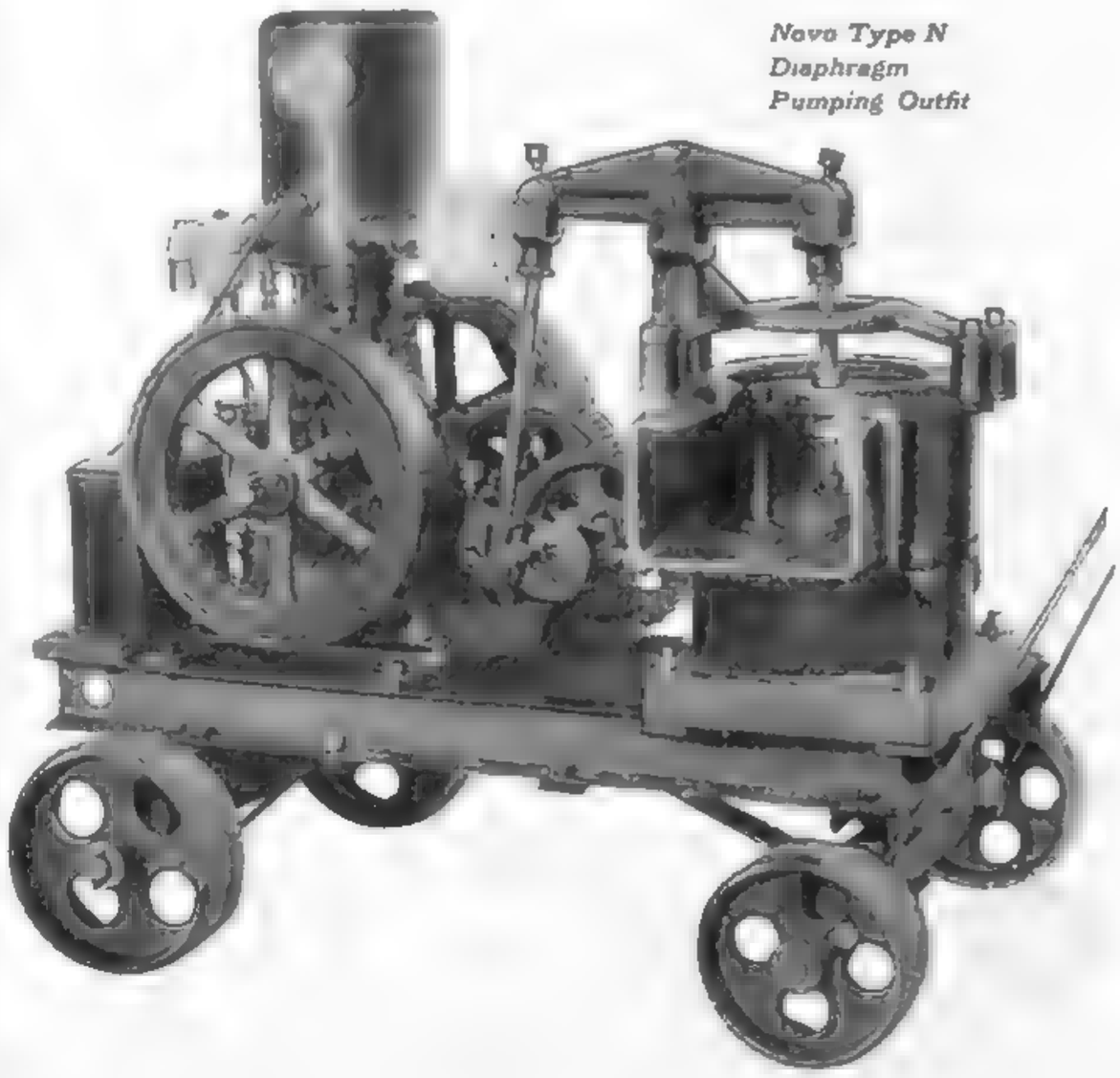
### Among the Ruins of Rheims

"Ah!" said he, and the tears welled in his faded eyes. "Mine was the most beautiful hotel anywhere on the Aisne outside of Soissons. I put my entire fortune into it—100,000 francs. Oh, so beautiful a hotel; so large—twenty rooms! Then came the war. We are standing now where was my beautiful hotel! There is—nothing! And all the government will ever pay me is 20,000 francs—and all they have paid me is 3000. So I have built this! But it is not for long. I shall never have a grand hotel again!"

Someone had told us a fairy story of a wonderful new hotel in Rheims, built to accommodate the expected tourist invasion—the Crillon, he thought it was. So we telegraphed ahead and took our time climbing over the trenches below the Chemin des Dames, poking into half-collapsed *abris* and falling over barbed wire round the famous crossroads at Berry au Bac, which were churned to chalk by high explosive.

Happy in the expectation of another Lion Rouge, we purred through the falling dusk of the Sabbath into Rheims, peering eagerly for the apochryphal Crillon. There was a socialist parade of shouting boys making a demonstration, and they hooted at us savagely. But no one could tell us where to find the new hotel. Unexpectedly we came upon it—the roof awry, the walls rent, the lightless windows crudely boarded. However, we were told there was a hotel—two in fact—down another street. One turned out to be merely a restaurant; the other one of the most dank, inhospitable places I have ever stayed in. A yellow-faced miser of a woman condescended to let us have two rooms if we would carry up our own luggage. One little girl did most of the work—with a smile—probably for ten francs a week. No, Rheims was not for us.

It may well be that from an architect's or historian's viewpoint the Cathedral at Rheims is individually the most interesting feature of devastated France. But somehow we were less moved by it than by the burned villages of the Somme, the blackened ruins of the Aisne, the piteous little heaps of what were once farmhouses below the Chemin des Dames. The great cathedral with its shattered stonework, its shrapnel-blasted façade, and its glassless windows, lacked for us the personal, human touch of what we had seen before. Its bombardment was a crime, a sacrilege, a blasphemy, but not a cruelty. Had we seen it under actual shell fire doubtless we should have felt differently.

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Rheims can be visited by rail or motor from Paris in a single day, but Verdun cannot. Tourists must spend the night either there or in some near-by town. But as Verdun, with its surrounding forts, is perhaps the most instructive point upon the Front it should be visited at any cost. I trust that before the summer tide of wayfarers sets in some additional accommodation for strangers will be provided. Verdun was pretty badly treated by the boche, but not demolished by any means.

Still one of Fritz's shells did land in the streets beside the leading hotel—Le Coc Hardie—and blew half of it away. The Hardy Cock now stands on one leg, so to speak, supported by timbers, its stairs and floors sagging dangerously, one side of it protected from the winter wind by a thin covering of lath and tar paper. The sensation of climbing up to one's bedroom by means of a staircase resembling a grossly inebriated Tower of Pisa is unusual. So is the inevitable feeling after one has gone to bed that maybe the chamber and its contents—including oneself—will fall into the neighboring back yard before morning.

Yes, a stay at Le Coc Hardie is an experience not likely to be forgotten, particularly as after nightfall a considerable portion of the populace crowd into the salon about the only stove to keep warm and make polite conversation at the top of their lungs. Le Coc Hardie is popular as an evening resort because, there being no lights in the streets, the foreign troops quartered in the town—particularly the Senegalese—have a way of knocking people on the head and taking away their money if they stroll about too carelessly.

The clouds were gathering as we gained the treeless ridge, clothed with an ancient forest before the war, from which gallant little Fort Douaumont looks across the sea of death that stretches toward the north. It is Ypres and the top of the Chemin des Dames and the Somme over again—only worse. By the roadside ran a communication trench. Above it stood a lonely cross—"Un soldat Français." A hundred yards below in a small wired inclosure a few rusty bayonets projecting from the soil show where twenty-five French soldiers were buried alive by a mine explosion just as they were about to go over the top. They stand there still, erect, their lifeless hands still holding their rifles at attention.

We tried to picture Douaumont under fire, but imagination failed to reconstruct that scene from hell—a hell so terrible that for five nights one of the garrison lay wounded only twenty-five yards beyond the parapet, while each night one more of his comrades died in an effort to crawl those twenty-five yards and bring him in. The little *copain* with the acetylene flare, who showed us over the fort, told us all about it. He mentioned casually that the wounded man's mouth was full of clay which he had eaten to keep from starving, and that he died the next day after he had been brought in. I did not ask him who the rescuer—after all only "Un soldat Français"—had been, but I noticed that he was wearing a Croix-de-Guerre ribbon.

He showed us where in his subterranean chamber the commanding officer, amid the fiercest fire and with the fort hopelessly cut off from communication with Verdun, without food or water, could sit and talk over the telephone with the Ministry of War in Paris. I do not know exactly why, but the thought of that man sitting inside his concrete shell amid a hurricane of iron, gas and flame talking to Paris lingers very stubbornly in my mind.

Just as we were bidding our little soldier good-by there came a white flash from the north, the air shook and a thick column of black smoke spurted upward ten miles away and broke out into fan shape. It was only the systematic destruction of unexploded German ammunition, but for a moment I forgot.

We stopped for an hour at Château-Thierry and at Belleau Wood, and that night reached Paris. We had seen the Front, and we had seen where our comrades had fought and died, and where some of them still lie. I hope they will always lie there, with the American flag softly flapping above the rows of white crosses.

The trenches and *abris* are half fallen in now, the shell holes filled with grass and rubble. The pill boxes have been blown to pieces, the wire and camouflage cleared away. Stacks of duds and unused shells, however, still line the roadsides, and great bundles of wire here and there dot the fields. Yet Nature has been pretty well mopped up. Only the charred trees remain untouched, for mile upon mile, hillside beyond hillside, stretching blackened, distorted limbs toward the sky.

No one can visualize the immensity of the conflict, the trifling protection of the trenches, the hopelessness of survival on the unsheltered Flemish battlefields, the limitless prairies of death round Ypres and Verdun unless he has seen them with his own eyes. Doubtless they are more ghastly in the silent sunlight of to-day than they were two years ago, swarming with men and shuddering to the sound of the guns. Those who see them will never be quite the same, and the lesson of the war will withstand by so much the longer the bickerings of politicians and the thoughtlessness of the frivolous.

*The tumult and the shouting dies—*
*The Captains and the Kings depart—*
*Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,*
*An humble and a contrite heart.*
*Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,*
*Lest we forget—lest we forget!*

# OUT-OF-DOORS

### *Further Monkeying With Nature*

SPEAKING of the wholesale killing of crows, hawks, and other birds known as enemies of game birds, and speaking also of the general proposition of improving on the ways of Nature, I might mention some of the results of monkeying with Nature as evidenced out in Montana, where gophers eat grass. The Montana act provides for the sowing of poisoned grain. This was fine in theory, just like a great many instances of sporting altruism which are hoped to work out with the result of abundant shooting for everybody, no matter how much everybody wants to kill. As a matter of fact the actual result of the Montana law was the almost total destruction of many species of song birds and insectivorous birds, and hundreds of game birds also. The gophers survived.

We used to have the reputation of being a people remarkable for our common sense. Of late we seem to be victims of hysteria. There has hardly been one instance of an attempt to alter the ways of Nature which has not resulted in disaster. And always things happen we did not foresee. Why not leave Nature alone? And why not give Nature a chance?

I see no reason to believe that there will be any open sport in America twenty years from to-day. Certainly there will not be if we are to rely upon the mental activities of gentlemen who are still in search of the philosopher's stone and the transmutation of metals, who still believe that Venice treacle will cure all the diseases that flesh is heir to, and who still patiently endeavor to get over the fence by pulling at their boot straps.

### *Protecting the Grizzly*

TIME out of mind the grizzly bear has been regarded as the most dangerous animal on this continent. We have always held him to be the very type and embodiment of all that is ferocious and dangerous. His name, *Ursus horribilis*, shows what we think of him. All the old hunting stories which have come down from days of the trappers and hunters of the plains and the Rockies convey the impression of a giant beast to which fear was a stranger—a creature which attacked without provocation and which could never be met in combat except with great risk. The Indians always regarded the killing of a grizzly bear as proof of the greatest prowess, and a necklace of grizzly claws was the tribal Medal of Honor, Croix de Guerre, D. S. O. and V. C. all in one. Even those level-headed young gentlemen, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, have recorded their extreme respect for this giant brute.

These old grizzly stories came out of the days of muzzle-loading rifles. Moreover, not only were those rifles less efficient than the modern high-power arms but the bears themselves then were larger and more dangerous. They had not yet developed the heredity of fear. They did not run, but stood or charged. Even in the more modern times of big-game hunting the man who has killed his grizzly has always been envied, even though as a matter of fact the feat might have been devoid of danger and even of excitement.

For many years the grizzly bear has been so wary that it has been almost impossible to come up with him by still hunting. I should not like to take three thousand dollars and wager that I could kill a wild grizzly, by still hunting, to my own rifle anywhere within the United States, allowing myself a year to do the trick. The truth is that the grizzly is a passing species in America. He is harder and harder to find, harder and harder to get. No longer a bold and courageous animal, he has become one of the wariest and most suspicious. On Kadiak Island if one of the giant bears smells a man he will run almost until he drops. There are few parts of Alaska where the keen scent of the grizzly is not used to keep him miles away from the hunter who pursues him. The times have changed, and the grizzly has changed with them.

As a matter of fact there is little more danger in meeting a grizzly to-day than there is in meeting a jack rabbit.

A tragic figure, this giant of the past now is driven to the last fastnesses of the mountains. He no longer ranges in Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota. Only the mountains hold him to-day, and there his defense is not his courage but his shrewdness. Even so, he remains a figure of romantic interest. He ties us to our past of exploration and adventure. There is not a live grizzly left in the state of California to-day, and the same is true of almost every other Western state. But so long as one is left alive or is thought to be alive, we shall connect him up with the days of Frémont and Carson, and the times when our world was young.

The trapper cares nothing for tragedy or bold romance or history. The trapper can do what the hunter cannot do. The trade demands grizzly hides, black-bear hides, and the trappers produce them. The black bear will outlive the grizzly, and the latter soon will go.

It has been but a very short time that any man has raised a voice on the side of the grizzly bear. I think the first man to do that was J. A. MacGuire, of Denver, who for some time has been doing what he could to get some sort of protection and some sort of legal closed season established for the grizzly bear as well as for our other great game animals. In Montana, for instance, where there are as many bears as in any other state of the Union, they may be trapped or shot during every month of the year. The same is practically true over pretty much all of the remaining range of the grizzly. The end is not very far off if the present condition continues. Here is one of the most prized big-game animals in the world, without question the most redoubtable trophy of all American hunting, and yet it has no protection whatever at any time or against any method which may be conceived for its destruction.

Fair play is a jewel. Even the giant in the prize ring has fair play among sportsmen. Why should not the grizzly have fair play to-day? Has he not played his lone hand long enough to show himself a gentleman unafraid? Why should we not treat him like the gentleman he is? Why should we not have laws to-day protecting the grizzly and the black bear absolutely during part of the year and at least partially during the restricted portions of the year? The Denver man ought to have a wider following. His idea has good sportsmanship back of it. The grizzly has been a gentleman, even though we call him a robber baron.

### *Good-by, Wapiti!*

THE country now knows the tragedy of the Yellowstone elk herd. What was predicted here three years ago now has happened. The great elk herd practically is wiped out. Now in all likelihood we shall begin to rub our eyes and wonder, perhaps also to ask some questions.

We have lost our elk herd because the grazing of sheep and cattle on the winter range of the elk has been permitted.

Now a program for the solution of the elk problem is being concluded in the midst of a certain acclaim.

The biological survey has incurred a deficiency of something like forty-five thousand dollars in order to buy hay for the elk in the Jackson's Hole country. That will not avert starvation there, neither will it bring back the six thousand or seven thousand elk which were slaughtered outright on the north edge of Yellowstone Park, or save the two or three thousand more which died crippled in the mountains. Contrition of this sort comes rather late.

The time to save the elk was before they were shot and before they were starved. Now it is good-by, Wapiti!

Only a remnant of the great herd ever will be saved now, and these are the last elk we have worth mentioning. Good-by, Wapiti!

### *Politics in Game Protection*

IT WAS under the old game-warden system, universally practiced in all our states, that the American fish and game disappeared. It is not true that these executive officers always were incompetent or unfit or dishonest. Some of them were very good men. Many of them were not, many of them were prize jokes in the appointive system. Very few of them ever had a salary, and most of them were paid by a percentage of the fines which they caused to be imposed for violation of the law.

A change in the political administration of a state has usually meant a change in the entire system of game and fish wardens. What an older officer had learned in experience the new one had to learn all over again. No one loves a constable. The result was that the whole warden system for practically the last generation in America has been something a little bit worse than a mockery.

A gentleman in one of the youngest of our Western States complains of this state of affairs from a standpoint perhaps personal but none the less logical:

"Permit me to call attention to the fact that in many of our states the game warden is appointed as a reward for political work and uses the office as a political machine. Many sportsmen who know this still observe the law, but they are disgusted none the less. In our state the state warden had nothing to recommend him for the office except that he had a concession which enabled him to deliver the vote of the miners for his party. The result was that nearly all the old deputies, most of whom had served gratuitously, resigned their offices as a protest against that sort of thing. Why not mention such matters and make it plain that politics should have nothing to do with game protection anywhere in the United States?"

A lot of things are plain to the people of average intelligence, but it is not so plain how we can remove the trickery and treachery which seem to have been a part of politics all the way down from the time when G. Washington was running for President.

We are a strange people and I presume we shall remain strange until the slow processes of time, in sharp reprimand of mistakes which cost us heavily, shall have taught us better practices. It is so much easier to "go along" than it is to be progressive or independent. We Americans have mostly been going along. I presume we now gradually are beginning to discover where we are getting in our going along.

# Bon Ami

## —makes windows invisible!

My—how much brighter and lighter the room is after I have cleaned the windows with Bon Ami! It removes all the grime and haziness and lets the sunlight stream in. All you do is coat the surface with a thin lather and wipe it off when dry.

Bon Ami is also best for mirrors, white paint, linoleum, bath tubs and nickel.

Made in both Cake and Powder Form

Copyright 1920, McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co.

# for more power-less oil trouble

Piston rings have a double function to perform. They should act so evenly all around the cylinder wall that fuel and power cannot waste past them—and they should prevent lubricating oil from working its way up into the firing chamber.

In the first case they should save fuel and increase power; in the second, save lubricating oil and prevent fouled spark plugs and carbon trouble.

In some motors the flow of oil is so excessive that a special ring is necessary to control it. That's the kind of motor that Supercyl rings were made for. By using one in the top groove of each piston, its special oil reservoir collects that excess oil on each down-stroke, emptying it on the up-stroke. It's not a mere groove on the face of the ring—but a scientifically accurate solution of this special problem that cannot be bought in any other ring.

Supercyl rings also insure as good cylinder compression as any well-made one-piece ring can do—but they should always be used with McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings in the lower grooves.

These time-tested rings—with 9 years of successful performance to prove their worth—produce more motor power and save fuel. Their two sections equalize each other, producing uniform pressure all around the cylinder walls. That prevents fuel from wasting past them and converts it all into power.

Both rings are made in every size and over-size to fit every make and model of motor. Your repair man either has your sizes in stock or can get them promptly from his jobber's complete stock.

*McQuay-Norris Metal*

is melted in the only Electric Furnace used for making piston ring iron. It is tougher, stronger and more elastic metal, resulting in more serviceable piston rings.

## McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

BRANCH OFFICES:
New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston Pittsburgh
San Francisco Kansas City Seattle St. Paul
Columbus Atlanta Memphis Omaha Dallas
Canadian Factory W. H. Banfield & Sons, Ltd., 120 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

*Write for this Book*

The new edition of "To Have and to Hold Power" shows by diagrams and a clear non-technical explanation why McQuay-Norris Piston Rings are the ideal combination for your motor. Address Dept. B.

# THE AMATEUR RAILROADER

(Continued from Page 15)

Jacksonport on their night train, and slip it off at Jefferson Junction."

"That's a good idea," I replied. "The Lebanon Valley should have done the same thing a dozen years ago."

"But," protested our secretary and treasurer, "we haven't any night train to which to attach a sleeper."

"We should have had it," I persisted, "a dozen years ago."

Wilkinson looked at me narrowly. I felt the scrutiny of his disapproving gaze, and when I looked up quickly I caught him shaking his head slowly. And I read his thoughts. What an odd duck old S. Rogers Bartlett was anyway. Taking a greenhorn college boy, who didn't know the difference between a draw bar and an automatic coupler, and making a railroad president of him overnight. Still, you never could tell about old man Bartlett. He forever delighted in the unusual. Once he had brought a superintendent up from one of his Arizona mines and made him managing editor of his evening newspaper in Tremont. And the wild boy from the Southwest had made a howling success of a dead newspaper. Even Wilkinson would admit that. For Wilkinson was honest; honest and faithful, two qualities which Pop Bartlett revered. And that was why one of the few conditions on which he had turned over the Lebanon Valley to my tender mercies was that Wilkinson was to remain. He had been with the road almost since it was first built, long before the coming of Henry G. Tillson, who certainly was no amateur; long before the main line had found its way into quiet old Jacksonport, where river navigation used to become canal. He had seen it come from obscurity and near-failure into a steady and prosperous little property which somehow or other ground out a six per cent each year upon its modest capitalization.

Wilkinson backed himself out of my office, still shaking his head sadly. Perhaps he was thinking of his own modest little budget of Lebanon Valley shares.

### The Crisis

In five minutes he was back. His face was more woebegone than before. He held a legal paper in his lean fingers.

"It's finally come to pass," said he. "They've dumped us out of the Union Depot, right here in this town," said Wilkinson, coming straight to the point.

I myself was flabbergasted.

"Why, the Lebanon Valley's been in that old ark ever since——" I began.

"Ever since they both were built," said the secretary and treasurer. "But Randall and the whole Atlantic Eastern crowd have been getting control of it; for ten years past they have had this stroke in mind. I told old man—Mr. Bartlett—that. Mr. Tillson, too. They couldn't believe it possible. Well, now it's done. We're out. Here's our ouster. We might just as well shut up shop and tear up the rails if we have to leave the Union Depot."

I did not answer. I could not. I turned in my swivel chair and pulled down the cover of Tillson's old-fashioned roll-top desk.

"What are you going to do?" asked Wilkinson.

I saw him narrowly eye the clock upon the wall. It was not yet three of the afternoon.

"I am going to call it a day's work," I said as I reached for my hat and coat and started to leave the office.

That was my first day with Lebanon Valley. If I spend ten thousand with it, that one can never be duplicated. Foxy old Henry G. Tillson; twice-foxy, revered parent-in-law. Both of those smooth old articles had seen all this mess coming, had figured that a long trip overseas would be pleasanter than the hard times and turmoil that were on their way by fast express, and in a breath had said, "Let Peter do it." Well, Peter was going to do it. Peter was young and raw and amateurish, but Peter had health and strength and Peter could learn—even if some of the lessons were bound to be expensive. And Peter was going to do it.

I walked from the offices of the Lebanon Valley—the three upper floors of the First National Bank, if you have managed to recognize Tremont under all this camouflage—straight toward the ancient and disreputable Union Depot, which still housed most of the railroad lines entering the town. It is not a great distance down there, as perhaps you may recall; less than a mile. I walked down Main Street very slowly, and missed not a single detail in all that way. Not even the big Olympic Roller Rink, two blocks this side of the depot, where a man with a hammer and a ladder was attaching a sign announcing that the property was offered for sale. What a fool business that had been, trying to put up and make a go of a roller rink down in that part of Tremont, among the wholesale houses and the factories. Such a well-built structure, too, with its solid walls and its great steel-framed roof. Not an easy thing to sell either—a building so poorly adapted for general business purposes. It might have done as a garage, only there was no shortage of garage space in Tremont in those days. And the location was hardly more fortuitous for that business than for a roller rink.

This building I studied with great care. I walked round it three times before I was done, and then I found my way up a narrow alley between vacant lots at its rear. A small dog came out of the doorway of a shed and regarded me—on general principles—as unfriendly. Two children, one white and one black, displayed unmixed curiosity. I found my way to the end of the alley. It led where I thought, to the brink of a sharp ravine. Across the gully, hardly two hundred yards distant, was the roar and commotion of a railroad yard and a machine shop—our yard and our shop. It was the junction, the very point where our own tracks led from those of the Union Depot company and off up the valley toward Jacksonport.

*I Showed Bessie and Wilkinson the Cabled Message, Which Had Come All the Way From Cairo*

With a good deal of difficulty I got down the one side of the gully and up the other, followed the joint tracks of all the railroads down into that same Union Depot toward which I had first headed. It was a forlorn place, fairly typical of far too many others all the way across the land. For fifty years soft-coal locomotives had breathed their blasphemous fumes against its stodgy walls—once red of brick but now black with age and filth.

It was midwinter and we had had four or five weeks of the peculiarly sharp and sleety weather for which Tremont is all too well famed. There was no protection to the station platforms and their rough brick floors were glassy with slippery ice, save where some of the station employees had made feeble attempts to melt the ice with sand or salt. And now it was beginning to sleet again—the open platforms to present new possibilities of danger to passengers. The narrow hoodlike roofs that ran part of their length were absolutely no protection against the drive of a wind-propelled storm.

The inside of the station was hardly more cheery than its exterior. Its walls apparently had not been painted for at least two decades. Over their surfaces were pasted a great variety of advertising posters. One of them, affixed close beside a telephone booth, particularly interested me. It read:

WHY TRAVEL?—TELEPHONE

It no longer is necessary for salesmen to put both time and money in railroad journeys. John Blinks, of Holyoke, Mass., covering New England territory for a Boston shoe house last year, found that by using long-distance telephone calls he had reduced his expenses thirty-five per cent and covered twenty-five per cent more concerns in an allotted time.

Impossible? Not a bit of it. There it hung, big as life and twice as natural. One couldn't blame the telephone people for their audacity. But how they must have been laughing in their sleeves at the salesmanship of the railroad folks.

Salesmanship? Salesmanship of transportation? It sort of has a funny sound, hasn't it? The very idea of selling railroad transportation as a merchant would sell silk or shoes is a little unusual, I must admit. But I cannot admit that it is preposterous. Of which, very much more anon.

Salesmanship.

I crossed the big waiting room of Tremont Union Station to the news stand. I asked for the current issue of one of our more conservative but still very popular monthly magazines. The sloppy young man who represented the news company had never heard of that magazine. I asked him for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. He had heard of it!

"I am reading our copy of it," said he with an air of great finality.

That was logic if not salesmanship. I asked him for some maple sugar. My Northern taste is always keen for the sweetness of our maples. All about Tremont are fine groves, still yielding much sap each spring. The young man had no maple sugar, no maple candy of any sort. He had chocolates in great profusion and variety. Now I have no grudge against chocolates; at the right time and in the right quality I have the nonsmoker's real appreciation of them. But what I wanted that February evening was maple. And I was not going to get it. It was plain to see, moreover, that the agent of the news company was growing peeved at my persistence. He showed it in his manner, and finally gave definite utterance.

### Atlantic Eastern Plays Poker

The Union Depot of Tremont was positively fascinating. I stopped at the ticket window and interrupted a tête-à-tête between the agent and an extremely charming young woman long enough to inquire the round-trip railroad fare from our town to California and return; I wanted to be sure to include San Diego and Seattle, and, if possible, Boisé, as well. That young man did not know the rate. He told me so, without ever having to come to his feet or over to the window. Why didn't I ask him something easy—the ticket price to Palmyra or to Boston or to Jacksonport? He would have known that offhand.

"Don't you have tariffs or schedules to show that rate?" I ventured.

He shook his head slowly.

"We've got them, but I don't understand them," he replied. An inspiration came to him. "If you were to drop in here to-night, just before the night train goes to New York, our head agent, Mr. Reynolds, might be in. He ought to be able to find the rate."

And he went on listening to the prattle of his lady friend.

One other experience with the Tremont Union Depot and I am done. I took supper in that ancient structure that evening. It is a fairly busy hour about the old depot, half a dozen trains coming or going within the space of some fifty minutes, and a good many folks coming or going on them. The dining room did a good business. It ought to have done a wonderful trade. The business was there. But the dining room wasn't. What I mean is that it, too, had not learned the value of salesmanship, of making its wares attractive. Like the news stand, it, too, was run by the same widespread news company—and with the same sort of general indifference in the management. The food was not poor, but the service was unattractive. Prices were almost on a level with those of our new hotels downtown, and the quality quite inferior, while there was a great lack of graciousness on the part of everyone connected with the establishment—cashier, waitresses, head waiter, all the rest of them. Service was lacking. And so was salesmanship.

As I sat finishing my supper, a piece of soggy pie—twenty cents—and a cup of muddy coffee—fifteen cents—a real bit of philosophy slipped into my mind: We were lucky to be getting out of that wretched old terminal. It had taken a jolt to accomplish the very thing that the Lebanon Valley should have done of its own accord many years ago.

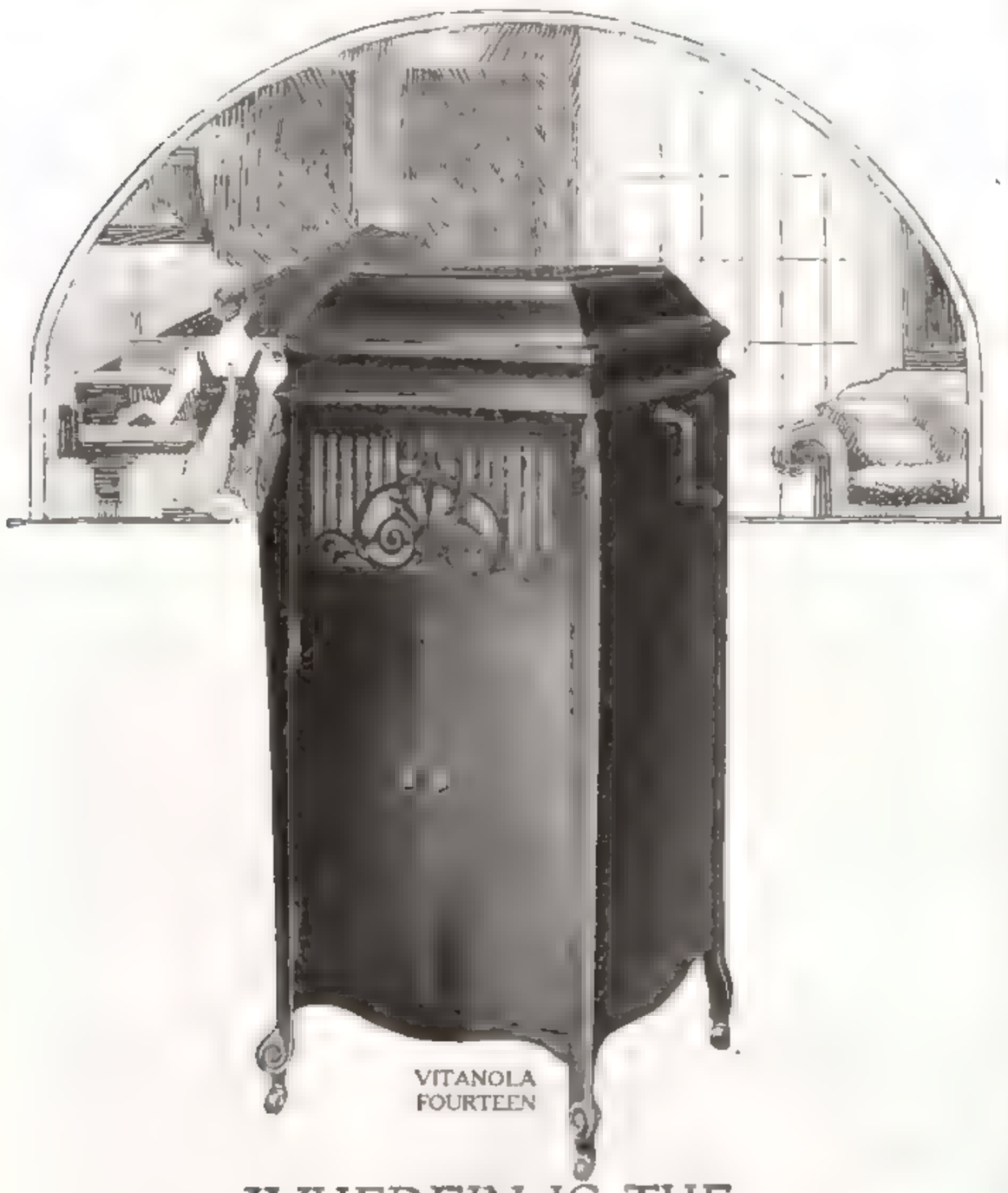
This thought stayed with me—and was a good deal of a comfort. Three days later I gave utterance to it; to Henry James Wilkinson, our secretary and treasurer. He looked upon me blankly; in horror, too.

"Get out of the Union Depot?" he asked. "Where should we go?"

And without giving me a chance to answer he began whispering to me, in his nervous excitable way. It was Henry James' opinion that the Atlantic Eastern was playing poker with us, that they did not want us to get out of the terminal at all, simply wanted to take a big rent boost out of our earnings. He regarded it as unfortunate that they held the whiphand over us in this entire terminal situation; that just at this time when the margin between our net profits and our six per cent dividends was getting

# VITANOLA

*The Phonograph of Marvelous Tone*




## WHEREIN IS THE VITANOLA DIFFERENT FROM OTHER GOOD PHONOGRAPHS?

Your first glance at a VITANOLA will reveal a wonderful specimen of the cabinetmaker's art—

When you hear the music you will realize the difference—you will appreciate the fact that here is a phonograph which has practically eliminated surface noises and blasts from the music.

The remarkable clarity and sweetness of VITANOLA music is the result of the Tone Filter—a combination of clever devices and scientific construction which practically does away with the noises which have in the past been responsible for imperfect phonograph tone.

If you will listen to the VITANOLA side by side with the best instruments on the market, we know the result in advance.

### *Plays All Records—*

The VITANOLA instantly, without extra attachments, adapts itself to the playing of any make of disc record on the market today, whether of domestic or foreign manufacture.

### *Wide Range of Beautiful Cabinet Designs—*

There are enough different beautiful and characteristic cabinet designs in the VITANOLA line to enable you to select an instrument that harmonizes with your home. Different woods and finishes, of course.

### Valuable Information Free

Send your name and we will furnish, free, information which will prove of real value in helping you make an intelligent phonograph selection.

*To Dealers:* Write today for a real business-building, profit-making proposition—literature and the book, "How to Make a Phonograph Dept. Pay—BIG," will be included.

*The VITANOLA Is Distributed by Good Dealers Everywhere*

VITANOLA TALKING MACHINE COMPANY
*Executive Offices:* Chicago, U. S. A.


most uncomfortably close—this was ten years ago, when increases in operating costs were beginning their long upward climb—we should have to come across with a boost in Tremont rentals that might amount to fifty per cent, and which certainly would not be less. But that was the only way out—according to Wilkinson.

I was not so sure of that.

"I can play a little poker, too, old man," I said to the faithful old watchdog of our treasury. "And this time it is the Lebanon Valley that holds the hand. We are not going to pay more rent to those pirates. We are going to get out of Tremont Union Depot. And the sooner the better."

Wilkinson gave frank utterance to his perplexities.

"Where are we going then?" he asked despairingly. "What are we going to do?"

"We are going to show fight," I replied. "This road has quit being on the apologetic. We are going to take care of our own."

Wilkinson grinned—for the first time since I had come with the road.

"By the Lord Harry, I think that you can do it!" he said. Then his face fell once again. "But how about the terminal?" he pressed.

"These three afternoons that you fellows in the office thought I was drifting back to the club and my old habits I've been picking up options. Do you remember the Olympic Rink?"

Gradually I unfolded my plan to the secretary and treasurer of the Lebanon Valley. That rink would make an ideal station—for Lebanon Valley exclusively. The building was well built and in excellent condition. A little remodeling would make it most fit for our passenger-terminal purposes. Its big trussed roof, wide of span and nearly one hundred and fifty feet in length, would make an ideal train shed, with plenty of protection for passengers coming and going. Somehow I have a great liking for the old-fashioned type of covered train shed, not only a comfort and convenience in bad weather, a wonderful saver of the temper of the travelers, but it gives a sort of aplomb to the railroad itself, a sort of distinguished air to the journey right at its very outset. There is a sort of psychology in all that which I honestly think might easily be translated into dollars and cents of passenger-traffic income.

### *Working Out the Plan*

The station itself would—and did—remodel easily. The chief problem that we faced was that of the three-hundred-foot viaduct that would be necessary to join its tracks with those of the main line of the Lebanon Valley there at the junction. That required a special permit from the Tremont Common Council, and at the best the possibility of a tremendously long wait.

Now Tremont is no better and no worse than a good many other American cities. And its aldermanic board was not in business for its health. It had always made that clear to us. And the knowledge that we were to be thrown out of the Union Depot—the news had already become common property—and so, to a very great extent, dependent upon city action, made its lips fairly smack.

We should have to pay tribute to the city government, and good stiff tribute at that. Henry James Wilkinson said so; so for a little time did Ellery McCammon, our new general superintendent. But I was not quite so sure.

In the long run we got our viaduct—and without the payment of one cent of graft. Thus were upset some pretty stiff traditions in Tremont history. How did we do it? you ask. It was rather simple, as I now look upon it. We did two things—we put our cards upon the table, face up, and then we traded in the true Yankee fashion that is the real delight of Tremont blood. For the first of these steps we brought the public into our interest and into our confidence. I hired an advertising man and paid him a good wage.

"It's more than any advertising man in this town is getting to-day," he said, when first we began to talk the money end of our future relationship.

"I shall expect more of you," I replied, "than is asked of any other advertising man in this town."

I had sized up my man, had fully made up my mind that he was the man for this most important job right at hand. And here I wish to record the fact that young Will Collins never failed to justify my expectation of him. He spread the record upon the printed pages of the Tremont papers—straight stuff, every line of it. The advertising of the Lebanon Valley heretofore had been confined to mere service announcements—the printing of time-tables or the rather perfunctory heralding of excursion trains or special summer service. This was different—radically. We wrote to the people of Tremont just as we would talk to them when we met them on the street. We told them how we had been thrown out of the Union Depot, not in any whining, sympathy-seeking fashion, but as a matter of record; and how we had come to realize that this was the very best thing that could possibly have happened to us. It was going to result in a better railroad station than the town had known in a good many years.

The Atlantic Eastern has never been overly popular with its patrons. It is a well-operated road—one is bound to admit that—but Bourbon in its traditions. It is terribly set in its habits. Moreover, having held Tremont so tightly in its grasp for so many years, it had none too many friends in the town. But, chief of all, it was an alien concern. We were of the town, of its very blood. And on this last we made our chief appeal—with overwhelmingly successful results.

### *Quick Expansion*

Then we traded. At the edge of Tremont, running in a general direction at right angles to our line, was an interurban trolley which had found it quite impossible to get into the center of the city. The Consolidated Traction of our city is a pretty hard-headed and arbitrary old organization. It, too, has a good deal of Bourbon in its make-up. And for reasons of its own—the most of them personal and hereditary—it had made up its mind that this interurban trolley should not enter the town; and had persisted in its determination—against the long-continued protest of both the merchants and the newspapers of the city.

We saved the day for the interurban. We brought it right into our new station—by the utilization of a little-used freight spur that ran from our line at Tremont Junction down to the lower harbor edge of the town. A short stretch of new track and we would be ready to handle the little interurban—not quite twenty miles in length. Only we ceased calling it interurban. It became our first adventure into real suburban service. We cut out the fixed half-hourly service and the three or four battered cars, of ancient type and vintage, that had been performing it, and ran the line upon time-table, bunching the trains at hours when they were most needed and spreading them apart in the duller hours of the day and evening. Which meant that with actually fewer trips we gave a better service.

I say "trains" advisedly. The new cars that we bought for our venture were of a multiple-unit type that would couple together easily and practically for real train movement. And it is in our records that within three years after we had acquired the Tremont Eastern we actually were operating two-car trains in rush hours; in two years more these had become three-car trains. Advertising and the open hand do count.

My real purpose, however, in acquiring the bankrupt and dilapidated Tremont Eastern was not primarily the expansion into suburban service. Our new station seemed like a whale to a road which was then operating but four passenger trains in and four out of the town—its service had been steadily cut for nearly two decades and now was down close to the bone. Henry G. Tillson never was extravagant with service—to put it mildly. With eighteen trains a day in each direction on the Tremont Eastern we began to justify a good-sized station; we more than justified it a year later when we put the overhead wires on the first twenty miles of the Lebanon Valley out of the town and a dozen suburban trains in each direction on that rather closely populated and almost continuous community along the lower reaches of the Lebanon River. And incidentally we forestalled the stodgy and slow-moving Tremont Consolidated in reprisal threats of paralleling our main line for those selfsame twenty miles.

I knew that it was against all traditions of standard railroading to tinker with

(Continued on Page 76)

© 1920
"Save the Surface Campaign"

# A school room Lesson too seldom learned

SCHOOL days are rough days for school furniture; there is hardly any varnished article that has to stand what desks and chairs in the school go through.

Their salvation is surface protection. Ordinary wear and tear leave their surfaces uninjured. It is a hard test, but varnish is equal to it!

Interest to you lies in what it teaches.

It teaches that in your own home you can have the same protection.

You know better than anyone else what the good floors and good furniture in your home have to stand. You *know*, but do you think much about it? Do you accept it as a necessary evil or do you realize that by keeping every surface intact under a tough, enduring protective coating you will save your property —save replacing furniture—save repairing, indoors and out?

The surface is the danger point. The surface is the point attacked. Whether property be wood, metal, stucco or concrete, the surface is the place where deterioration tries to get a foothold. It has *no chance* if there is always a protective coating in the way.

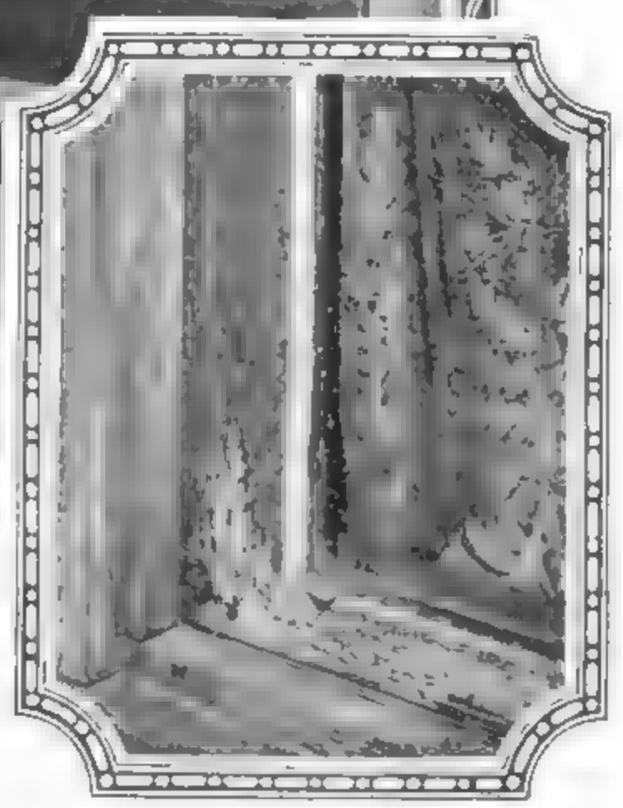
Look at all your property from this extremely important angle. Save the surface and you save all.

¶

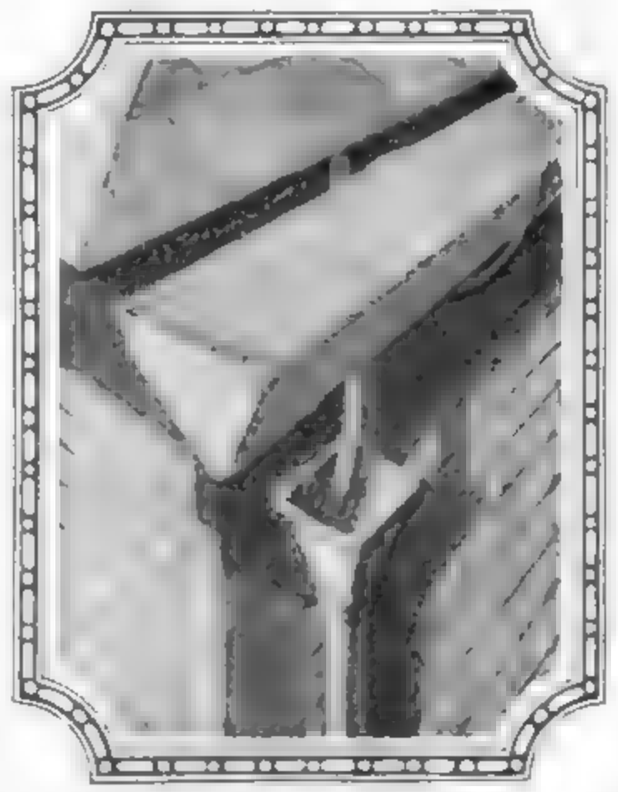
Let us send you a copy of the illustrated booklet we have prepared, showing how easy it is to prevent property loss—perhaps you have overlooked a surface problem that this book will remind you of. Address: Save the Surface Campaign, Room 632, The Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT

*is issued by the Save the Surface Committee, representing the Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests, whose products, taken as a whole, serve the primary purposes of preserving, protecting and beautifying the innumerable products of the lumber, metal, cement and manufacturing industries, and their divisions.*



The paint has peeled off—the putty is breaking away, the surrounding woodwork is splitting. Here is a case where the surface was left unprotected with disastrous results. Actual falling out of the glass is a very real danger. Keep an eye on the surface conditions of your window sash and frame.



Many people never think of their eave troughs until a leak occurs. Eave troughs cannot be expected to last indefinitely unless given surface protection. Inspect them frequently. Paint them thoroughly.

"SAVE THE SURFACE AND YOU SAVE ALL"—*Paint & Varnish*

WOOD SURFACES | PLASTER SURFACES | CONCRETE SURFACES | MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS SURFACES | METAL SURFACES | BRICK SURFACES

BEARINGS SERVICE COMPANY

THE Bearings Service Company with its 27 Branches and over 1000 Authorized Distributors is the sole official service organization for the distribution of the following nationally known anti-friction bearings—

**TIMKEN**
**HYATT**
**NEW DEPARTURE**

This official service is for your convenience and protection. It enables you to obtain genuine Timken, Hyatt and New Departure bearings and parts *promptly* for any make of motor car, truck or tractor ever built.

**Branches at**

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| Atlanta | Indianapolis |
| Boston | Rochester |
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| New York | Omaha |
| Seattle | Fresno |
| Kansas City | Portland, Ore. |
| Dallas | Toronto |
| Cleveland | Brooklyn |
| Denver | Milwaukee |

Salt Lake City

—and after June 1st, at Baltimore, Birmingham, Buffalo, Newark, Oklahoma City and Richmond.

*Over 1000 Authorized Distributors in other main centers.*

BEARINGS SERVICE COMPANY
General Offices
Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 74)

electric tractions. In the theory of the game they were separate—competitive. However, I have never been able to see the different forms and elements of our inland transportation in quite that way. In my belief all of these are, somewhere and in a last analysis, supplemental rather than competitive. There is a field for each; a field in which each may shine so efficiently and so economically as to leave no doubt whatsoever in the unprejudiced mind as to its real merits. I look forward myself with keen anticipation to the canalization of the Lebanon River—for at least sixty miles from its mouth at Tremont. When that comes I hope there will also come advanced and far-seeing legislation that will permit our railroad to build barges for those sections and so to relieve the more congested industrial sections of our line from the increasing quantities of coal that are coming down to Tremont from our important new trunk-line connections at Wyebourne. In this hope, frankly expressed, I am called everything from radical and Bolshevist to plain nut by my fellow railroad executives. And I rather glory in the abuse.

After all, what are traditions anyhow? There have been far too many of them in the railroad game in this country. On the Lebanon Valley we have tried to stand from under on traditions. The word has become a sort of red rag to me. I hate it. If you were to want my veto on a plan simply call to my mind that it falls in well with tradition.

Once in those early days they came to me to sign the requisition for the repainting of some of our passenger equipment, as well as to pass upon the standard of the new multiple-unit cars that we were to buy for the Tremont Eastern Division. What color were they to be? I asked Ellery McCammon quite distinctly as to that.

### *Anything But Standard*

"The standard color, of course," said he. "The Pullman green that has been recommended by the national railroad association. What color would you have it?"

"Anything else," said I.

"Anything else?" he repeated.

"I want our passenger trains a radically different color from those of the other fellows. I am not so particular about the color—as long as it is striking, is practical and different. The color must represent us so definitely that when a man sees one of our trains go whizzing by he will know and think 'Lebanon Valley' without ever seeing a bit of lettering. The thing must register—definitely. That's my idea of real advertising."

The Pennsylvania red is a handsome and a distinctive color; so is the pumpkin yellow of the Milwaukee and the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the lighter yellows of the Northwestern. Any of them would have been good—if they had not been preempted.

We wanted something distinctive, and finally found it in a fine combination of maroon and cream. Showy and —— Ellery McCammon groaned.

"And you said that you wanted something practical, boss," said he. "Think of those cream-colored panels along the sides of our cars. Do you know that they will have to be kept clean?"

"Exactly so," I replied. "That is one of my chief reasons for choosing the color. They will have to be kept clean, those cars—inside as well as out. This is going to be known as The Cleanliness Route."

The psychological effect of such a radical change was overwhelming—upon our own people as well as upon our patrons. Respect engenders respect. And the reaction from bringing up a property to the highest standards of cleanliness and appearance is that the folks who use it come to the same standards—while they are using it at any rate. You can put that down as being axiomatic.

I have digressed from our new union station at Tremont. Under our own building department the transformation of the old skating rink progressed apace, until the structure was ready, almost simultaneously with the completion of the new viaduct and the lead tracks to it. We avoided making too elaborate or too expensive a job of it. The amount of money that has been thrown away in overelaborate passenger stations in the United States in the last decade or two has hardly been less than appalling. We strove for simplicity in effect, to accomplish attractive and striking results at a minimum expense and—above all other things—to produce a station that could be easily kept in immaculate condition.

"Our Tremont Station is our front door," I kept telling our people. "It is the first impression to a good many of our patrons. And that first impression must be kept good."

So it was that we worked for simplicity. We avoided plaster walls or ceilings or wood floors, all of them dirt catchers. Brick and tile not only make splendid substitutes but permit the turning of a hose upon them as often as that becomes really necessary. And into the tiles of both our floors and our ceilings we worked ingenious little designs—an early steamer on the Lebanon River; the first locomotive in the Lebanon Valley, with its most distinctive flaring balloon stack; an early tavern—things of like import.

Two things were my pet concerns. The first was the news stand. From the first I had decided that we would not let it out—that or the checking concession—to a private interest, as is too often the case in terminal management. In fact from a larger angle that was to be the principle of the Lebanon Valley; it was to be, to the fullest possible extent, a self-contained railroad.

The policy of the English railways along these lines had interested me greatly. I had made quite a study of them and had found that in addition to owning their own sleeping-car and dining-car services they operated their freight-wagon collections and deliveries in the larger towns—not dissimilar to our express services in America. They even owned their hotels and connecting steamboats as well, and operated their own printing plants and laundries. The Canadian Pacific, north of us, has always operated along much the same principle. I remember some years ago a minor executive of that road finding himself at a dock in western Ontario with a spare hour to be spent in waiting for his train. A young French-Canadian was operating a peanut stand at the end of the dock. The railroad officer strolled over to him, engrossed him in a general conversation.

"What can you make out of a thing like this?" he finally asked.

The French-Canadian was frank in his reply.

"In any fairly good season, over five thousand dollars," he admitted.

And any traveler who passed that place a year later might have seen the same young French-Canadian there. His stand had been moved upon the pier, and upon his uniform cap there were printed two words—"Canadian Pacific."

I had decided that our station news stand could be made into just as attractive a merchandising unit, though in miniature, as a first-class department store. Specifically I had in mind the creation of a news stand something like that of Fred Harvey in the big new union station of Kansas City. I have never been able to pass through that station without spending from fifteen minutes to half an hour in that news stand, and emerging from it with my arms filled with bundles. That is what I call real merchandising.

### *Restaurant Possibilities*

Did you get me just then—that phrase about going "into the news stand"? I said that advisedly. The Kansas City station emporium is a tiny store, with its wares so attractively displayed, inside and out, as to create the psychological desire of purchase. So in the new Tremont Terminal of the Lebanon Valley we wrought our news stand into the form of a huge kiosk of glass and iron—into which patrons were lured and which was presided over by three or four young women, chosen as much for their general attractiveness as for their proved abilities in salesmanship.

Close by the news booth was the restaurant. This, too, was a matter of a good deal of concern and planning. I recognized from the beginning the difficulties of getting the right sort of stewards and chefs and dining-room captains. And after a few vexatious experiences I decided that life was far too short to take such worries upon my own shoulders. In our town, up in the ultra section of hotels and theaters and shops, we had ten years ago a restaurant of peculiar excellence and rapidly growing popularity. It was run by a woman, a Mrs. McFarlane, who had shown herself hardly less than a genius at this sort of thing.

I brought Mrs. McFarlane into our organization, at a good salary and a percentage of final profits. It is enough to say that the restaurant that she created in our station is more than a mere function of that terminal. It is, in itself, an institution. It has wormed itself into the very hearts of Tremonters. Probably two out of every three of its patrons are folks not bent upon travel, at that moment anyway. We like to get them in the habit of coming into our station. So much so that evenings—we have night trains now on the Lebanon Valley and so keep the station open all night long—in the dull hours between eight and ten we have been wont from time to time to stretch a great canvas in our high-vaulted waiting room and there display motion pictures and stills of American travel possibilities, near and far, with direct and traceable returns upon our passenger-traffic returns.

"What am I going to do with my K Street place when I come with you?" Mrs. McFarlane asked me one day.

My first impulse was to tell her to lease it. On second thought it seemed a shame to slip out of a perfectly good and going business without a tremor of regret, and I suggested that we keep the store as a sort of uptown headquarters for the Lebanon Valley. We retained its restaurant feature—only as a branch of the culinary department of our road. In addition we used the place as a city ticket office and an advertising headquarters. A few months later we made further increases in that culinary department. Mrs. McFarlane seemed to have unlimited possibilities as an executive and I asked her if she was willing to undertake the management of dining cars.

### *The New Dining Cars*

"I didn't know that the Lebanon Valley ran dining cars," she responded to the suggestion.

"It never has," was my reply, "but it is going to."

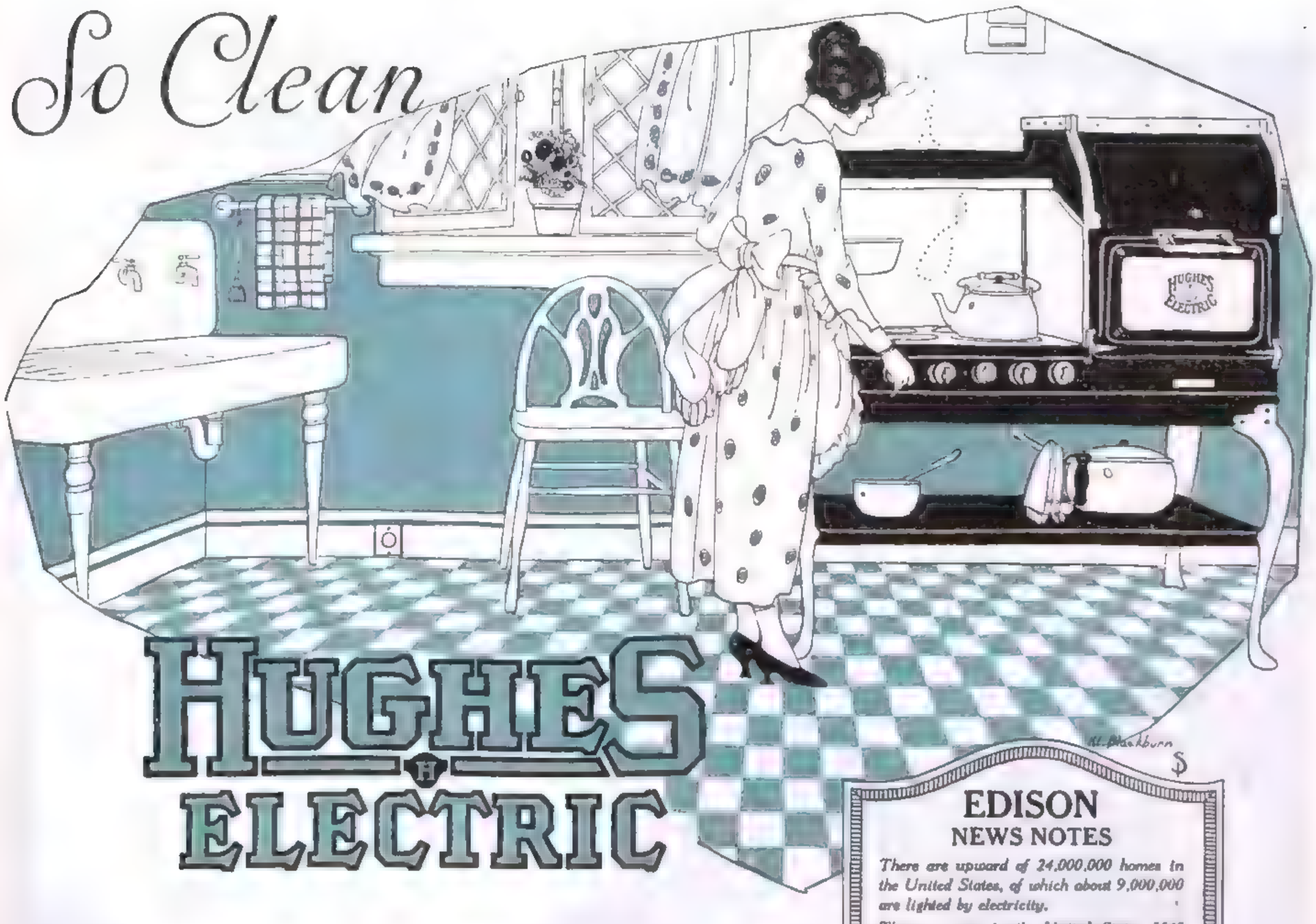
One of the big Eastern systems was changing its standardized type of dining-car equipment, which gave me the opportunity to pick up two very good secondhand cars and to refit them according to our own peculiar standards. To make them as much like a home as possible and as little like a railroad car was our ambition. So we threw out all the ordinary standards of dining-car equipment and decoration. We hung brightly colored chintz curtains at the windows and papered the panels in between with plain old-fashioned wall papers. We carried the chintz coloring into our chair slips and our small table fittings. The outside of the cars was, of course, our new standard of maroon and cream. I remembered the exquisitely colored crests that the English railways used to have emblazoned upon some of the panels of their first-class carriages. We evolved a crest of our own—an Indian head set in a circle and, above, the hills of the Lebanon Valley. It made its first appearance upon the sides of those two dining cars, afterward upon our parlor cars and finally upon pretty nearly every form of our stationery.

So much for the cars. We made the wares they sold vie in attractiveness with the vehicles themselves. We eschewed the conventional types of railroad menu cards. Our food was home-cooked. Women cooked it and women served it. And though we specialized most strongly on fixed-price meals we did have a very limited variety of à-la-carte dishes for those who preferred them. Our sandwiches were dreams. I honestly think we were the first road in the country to make a custom of sending them through the train for sale to those folks who for one reason or another did not go to the dining car. We always had at least a dozen varieties of sandwiches and, in neat containers, coffee, tea and milk on sale in this fashion.

We put the first of these dining cars on Number One, which has been pulling north out of Tremont at seven-thirty o'clock in the morning for pretty nearly sixty years now. We began with it in March. By May it was a fixture—our breakfasts were wonders—and the daily business of that old train went up from thirty to thirty-five per cent. Number One is not much of a train. Until recently it has made pretty much all the stops from Tremont all the way through to Jacksonport. Some cynical and old-fashioned railroaders could not see why we should put a dining car on a local train. I saw no reason myself why

(Concluded on Page 79)

# So Clean




# HUGHES ELECTRIC

So clean! The truly modern kitchen, bright and sunny—white woodwork, enameled walls, gleaming porcelain sink, spotless floor —all follow naturally when you install your Hughes Electric Range.

— Clean, because the Hughes Electric will give you cooking heat without ashes, without smoke, without soot or harmful fumes. Clean kitchen utensils, clean walls and floor and even clean, pure air in the room In such a kitchen is work a real joy!

And aside from the joy of working in this scientific cleanliness the Hughes Electric Range embodies many other advantages:

It is *convenient*, because you merely turn a button and begin cooking; to reduce the heat you turn the button again; to stop the heat, once more turn the button.

It is *cool* because practically all of the heat goes directly into the cooking. It banishes entirely the discomforts of hot weather cookery. The air remains clean and cool.

It is *efficient* because this Range (Model 50 shown above) will do all of the cooking for a large family, do it as quickly as the most elaborate fuel range and do it with less fuss and bother.

This Range is *economical* because there is never any spoiled food, and because roasts retain their moisture and weight.

From every standpoint the Hughes Electric Range provides the ideal method of cooking. Let us suggest that you talk this over with your Lighting Company, or write us for a copy of "*How to Modernize.*"

**EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC.**
**CHICAGO**

**New York** **Ontario, Calif.** **Atlanta**

**In Canada, Canadian Edison Appliance Co., Ltd., Stratford, Ontario**

## EDISON
## NEWS NOTES

*There are upward of 24,000,000 homes in the United States, of which about 9,000,000 are lighted by electricity.*

*There are now in the United States 5543 lighting companies that provide current for 12,859 communities. 1411 of these companies generate electricity by hydro-electric plant in whole or in part. It is estimated that this use of water power saves the nation 20,000,000 tons of coal annually.*

*As an instance of development, note that high-voltage transmission lines convey electric light, power and energy from the Sierra Mountains to Los Angeles, 250 miles away, and to San Francisco, 225 miles away, at a pressure of 150,000 volts.*

*When you build your house or your architect prepares specifications, be sure enough convenience electrical outlets are provided so you can freely use electrical household appliances.*

*This company makes more of these appliances than any other organization in the world, under three trade names: Edison, Hotpoint, Hughes.*

*For the convenience of our customers we maintain the following*

*SERVICE STATIONS*

*Ontario, California* — *Boston, 138 Purchase St.*
*St Louis, 1003 Pine St.* — *Portland, 412½ Stark St.*
*Seattle, Maritime Bldg.* — *Chicago, 157 W. Lake St.*
*Atlanta, 24 Peachtree Arcade*
*Los Angeles, 505 Equitable Bldg.*
*New York, 140-142 Sixth Ave.*
*Salt Lake City, 147 Regent St.*
*San Francisco, 155 New Montgomery St.*

# Monroe Clothes

"New York *Styles* America — Monroe *Clothes* New York"

## New York's Style Preference in May Time

Wherever New York men gather Monroe Style rules conspicuously. And for very definite reasons:

Monroe Clothes give style that is accepted as standard in New York. Style that is supported by distinctive fabrics, careful tailoring, assured quality and positive value.

And because New York men see quickly Monroe advantages Monroe Clothes *outsell any other make* in New York, *the very source of American style.*

500,000 New York men have accepted Monroe Clothes as their choice. *Make it yours!* Your local Monroe Clothier has ready for your selection the latest Monroe New York Styles.

The Monroe label guarantees you satisfaction and the price ticket attached to each garment by us is the nation-wide guaranty of low New York prices.

MONROE CLOTHES
55 Fifth Ave., New York

*"Psyche at the Bath"*
*Central Park Plaza, New York*

*500,000 New York Men have bought Monroe Clothes*

*On Sale by Leading Clothiers throughout the United States*

$40 $50 $60

*Concluded from Page 76*

a long-distance local train should not have a diner. And the almost instant success of our experiment on Number One, as well as on the down local in the evening, was the full justification of my belief.

That experiment led to another. If a diner—properly priced and properly conducted—could thrive on a local train, how about a parlor car? Now it has been accepted American railroad tradition for a good many years past that only the Pullman Company was properly equipped to handle this phase of passenger traffic. For myself I do not believe that is so. It might have been in the past somewhat justifiable in the case of the sleeping cars, which frequently were routed over half a dozen different roads and whose traffic fluctuated so that it required a rich holding company with the resources to hold reserve of cars and move them here and there across the face of the land as seasonal and other exigencies might demand, but I could not see it in our passenger traffic.

### *New Traffic Created*

To carry a man in a neat parlor car to Jacksonport from Tremont—our longest run and with a steadily increasing volume of business—meant a dollar added to the regular fare. A neat and well-arranged car filled each way meant sixty dollars a round trip—and most of it velvet. It looked good to me. We skirmished round and found two very good secondhand wooden observation parlor cars—refitted them, according to our own peculiar notions, and placed them behind the diners on Number One and Number Two. The traffic on those two trains climbed another fifteen per cent. We had not drawn from their coach traffic. It had come to us—seemingly from out of the thin air. In transportation phraseology we actually were creating traffic.

Up to that time we had never operated other than local trains on the Lebanon Valley. Three up and three down the main line, with a short-run local from Wyebourne into Tremont in the early morning and out again in the evening, had been the standard of service.

Now we saw our way clear toward increasing that standard—not waiting for the public-service commissions or local chambers of commerce or commercial clubs of the two states through which we operate to club us into it.

We slipped a real express train into service leaving each main terminal at a comfortable hour in the morning and arriving at the other well in time for the evening meal. It was a dubious experiment, I am frank to say—an expensive one, too. I awaited its effect on the older trains with a good deal of anxiety.

There was only one effect that I could note. The patrons of Number One and Number Two made an awful fuss about losing their parlor cars and their diners, which we had taken to build up the equipment of the new flyers. Eventually these came back—after we had had time to build brand-new equipment for our crack new trains. To-day every through train on the Lebanon Valley—express or local—carries parlor or sleeping cars; the most of them diners in addition. There is no question in our minds as to the ability or the willingness of our small-town patrons to pay for additional travel comfort. To suppose the reverse is to insult their intelligence and their prosperity.

Last of all came our night train up the main line. It did not require the frenzied efforts of the Atlantic Eastern to build the Jefferson County Railroad through to Jacksonport to stir us to this move. Once again—we put on the train because we thought that good solicitation and good advertising would develop the traffic for it. We reached out and bought four sleeping cars of our own from a big New England road which was just ceasing the operation of its own equipment of that sort. We felt that we could operate two of these cars and hold two in reserve for special movements of one sort or another. Before our night train had been in operation a full six months we had all four cars in regular operation; two up and two down each night. A little later, we were permitted to join in the operation of a through sleeper in competition with the Atlantic Eastern between Tremont and New York, using our tracks up to Wyebourne—fifty-eight miles from Tremont—and then the A. G. & D. and another trunk line through to the big metropolis.

All these things cost money—a lot of it. But in return they brought in money in increasing volume. And I could not help recalling a remark of my own father a good many years ago. Father had a pretty progressive sort of spirit about him, even though he never had a fair opportunity to give expression to it.

"Look at the doughnut," he used to say over and over again, "and not at the hole in the middle of it."

We could have had a pretty blue sort of time looking at the increasing size of the hole in our railroad doughnut. All these experiments were costing real money; there is no use in trying to deny that. Moreover, the long upgrade of increased operating costs was already showing itself—in wages, in fuel, in raw materials—at every conceivable nook and corner. But I kept my mind off the hole and tried to keep the mind of that old faithful, Henry James Wilkinson, secretary and treasurer of the Lebanon Valley, off it too. Our gross and net revenues had increased; far more than merely proportionately. In fact, as I now look upon the situation, I do not know how we could possibly have maintained our six per cent against those steadily rising operating costs and, with our rates firmly fixed by legislative enactments and regulation, our constantly narrowing margin of profits.

### *Branch-Line Problems*

We were not above economies. Please do not think that for a moment. When I came with the property there were nine branch lines, shooting off from its main stem, all of them most dubious earners. To-day there are but eight, including the one which I added, the electrified Tremont and Eastern, which already has developed into something considerably better than earning its fixed charges and operating costs. Three of the branches we lopped off—not without considerable argument and trouble. They were terrible lemons, eating their very heads off and making great inroads into the profits of the staunch old main line.

Under pressure I finally restored service upon one of these branches, but with a great simplicity and economy of operation. The internal-combustion gasoline engine solved the problem of this one branch, just fourteen and one-half miles in length. It made it possible to take off a chunky passenger train with a crew of five men which made three round-trip runs a day and cost a real sight of money to operate, and to substitute a closed gasoline-motor car for it, which performs six round trips a day—a vastly bettered service, at a great operating economy. And when the brotherhood people came to us and tried to force us into putting a five-man crew onto the train we told them to "go to." In plainer language we said that we would again abandon the branch, and we meant it. We would not actually tear up the rails—as we did in the cases of the two other even less important branches—but we would lease it to the traction system of the important town which it bound to us, who would operate it with two-man crews and brook no interference from the railroad brotherhoods. After which the labor men backed down—politely and gracefully.

Eventually we shall resume the operation of at least one if not both of the two branches that we completely abandoned, and perhaps establish five or six more in addition. But these will become trackless branches—with a single exception. That exception—nearly sixty miles in length—is to be narrow gauge of a different type from any America has yet seen. It was my privilege to be overseas for fifteen months—during the late unpleasantness over there. The ingenious way in which the French have used the so-called light railways along their highroads these many years has made a tremendous impression. And upon my return and pending the return of our railroads to us from the Government I worked out a real light railway to serve our busy main stem.

### *Word From the Old Man*

But the working out of this experiment as well as that of our proposed trackless branches by an entirely new form of motor-truck service is too long a tale to be told at this time. Our plans are definite. We shall go ahead with the least possible delay. In the meantime ——

"What did S. Rogers Bartlett say to your experiments with the Lebanon Valley?" pipes up a delightfully feminine little voice at my elbow. My secretary has been with me but a very short time indeed.

Bless our hearts! I have nearly forgotten about my revered father-in-law. It was long weeks and months after his departure from New York before I heard from him directly. On the night that we opened our new passenger terminal in Tremont, and incidentally made quite a festa of it, a cablegram was slipped into my fingers. It was from the old man. I slipped over into the corner of the big new waiting room and tore open the envelope. A moment's glance told the story of the message:

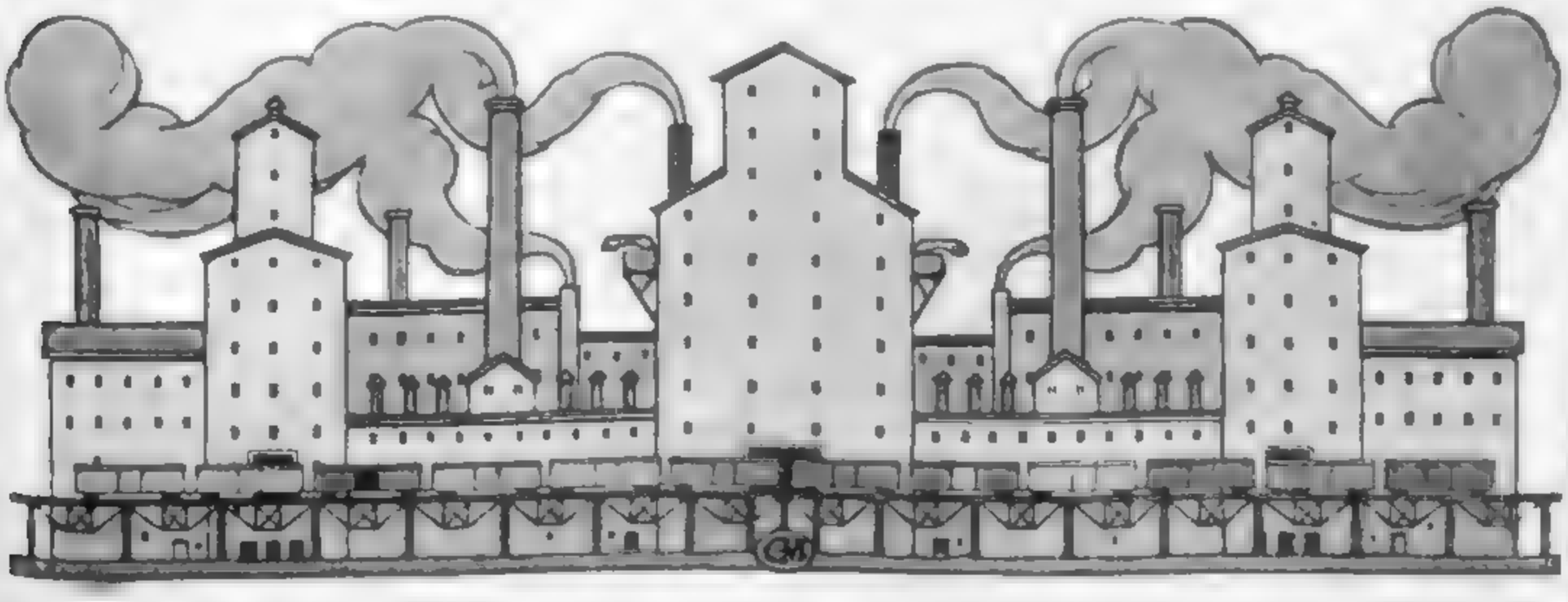
"PETER ——, Tremont.
"Explain damphool business with Lebanon Valley. BARTLETT."

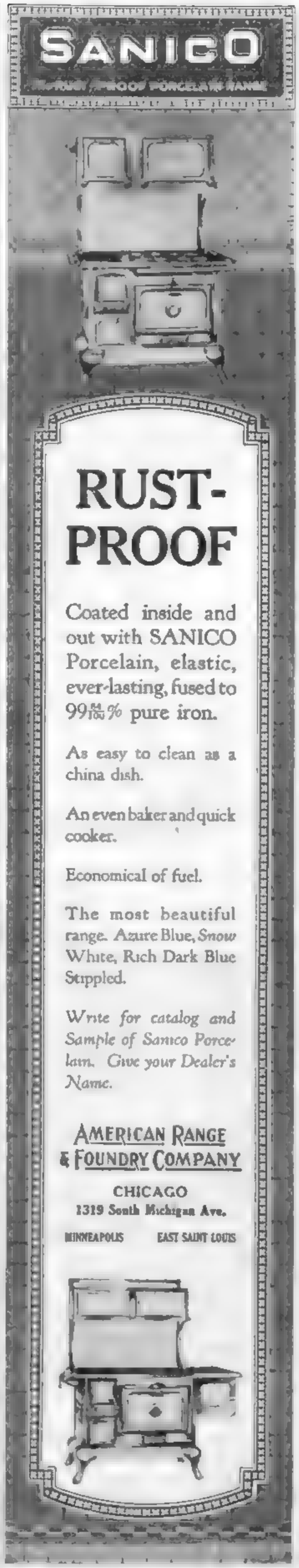
I called Bessie, my wife, and the faithful Wilkinson to me; showed each the cabled message, which had come all the way from Cairo.

"What are you going to say to him?" inquired the faithful Henry James.

"Watch me," I replied, and scribbled the answer at the bottom of the message. He read it aloud after me:

"BARTLETT, Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo.
"Hope your bridge improves. Much love. "THE AMATEUR RAILROADER."





SANICO
RUST-PROOF
Coated inside and out with SANICO Porcelain, elastic, ever-lasting, fused to 99 84/100% pure iron.
As easy to clean as a china dish.
An even baker and quick cooker.
Economical of fuel.
The most beautiful range. Azure Blue, Snow White, Rich Dark Blue Stippled.
Write for catalog and Sample of Sanico Porcelain. Give your Dealer's Name.
AMERICAN RANGE & FOUNDRY COMPANY
CHICAGO
1319 South Michigan Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS
EAST SAINT LOUIS

"The Motor's the Thing"

# Herschell-Spillman Motors

IN a passenger car the motor is a matter of pleasure or profanity. But in a truck, the motor's performance means hard, clinking dollars. The motor either coins money or dissipates it.

When you put a Herschell-Spillman Motor to work for you, you can rest easy regarding its fidelity to duty.

It's on the job all day and will work Sundays and holidays, if necessary, without balking or complaining.

Remember its name — Herschell-Spillman.

*Builders of high grade motors since nineteen hundred*

Four
3 1/2" x 5"

Six
3 1/4" x 5"

"The Pick of the Field"

The HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN MOTOR CO.
North Tonawanda, N.Y.

# The Metal of Mystery

WE HAVE always been taught to look upon gold as a precious metal, but its value becomes insignificant when compared with radium, which weight for weight is worth at least 150,000 times as much as gold. The trouble is that just as we are commencing to understand the marvelous powers of this new element of mystery the experts come along and tell us that at the present rate of production the known sources of the metal will be practically exhausted in ten or fifteen years.

The total supply of radium in the world to-day is estimated to be four ounces—an amount hardly sufficient to fill the cup from which you drink your morning coffee. The total annual production of the metal throughout the world is now about one ounce a year, and comes chiefly from the carnotite ores of Colorado. The present value of this annual output, which can be held in a tablespoon, is in the neighborhood of $3,000,000. The hopeful side of the picture lies in the indestructibility of radium. Every gram that is added to what we already have is in the nature of a permanent addition. Furthermore, radium only loses its power at the rate of about one-thirty-third of one per cent each year. In other words, it takes approximately 1690 years for the metal to lose one-half of its potency. Then after a second period of 1690 years we still have one-quarter of the radium energy we started with.

The property of radioactivity is a comparatively new discovery and was uncovered by accident in 1896 by Henri Becquerel, the French scientist and investigator of the X ray. His experiments led to the development of the fact that the salts of uranium possessed the property of ionizing gases, or converting the molecules of gases into charged particles. Madame Curie, in Paris, became interested in the discoveries of Becquerel and proceeded to examine all known elements to see if any other metals contained these peculiar properties detected in uranium. She found that radioactivity is an atomic property; that thorium acted quite like uranium; that pitchblende carrying a given weight of uranium had approximately four times greater activity than any pure uranium salt containing the same weight of uranium. This latter disclosure caused her to conclude that pitchblende contained another element that was also radioactive, and she proceeded to prove this conclusion.

### *Where Radium Occurs*

The pitchblende was dissolved, and the various elements in it were precipitated and tested for radioactivity. The principal activity was found to be concentrated in the barium, strontium and calcium group. After the calcium and strontium had been eliminated, the barium that remained still showed strong activity. This caused Madame Curie to investigate further, and the element radium was eventually separated out by the fractional crystallization of its salts from the corresponding barium salts.

Radium gives off three types of rays—called the alpha, beta and gamma. The alpha rays travel with a velocity of about 20,000 miles a second; the beta rays are ejected with a velocity of more than 100,000 miles a second; while the gamma rays travel with the speed of light. The alpha ray is stopped by an ordinary sheet of note paper; the beta ray will penetrate a piece of glass; while the gamma ray is practically identical with the X ray, only being more penetrating.

Radium is now obtained chiefly from carnotite, though a small amount is derived from pitchblende. Small deposits of the latter ore are found in Austria, Saxony, England, Australia and Portugal. Practically all of the world's radium until eight years ago came from the autunite deposits in the latter country. The first important radium operations in the United States did not commence until in 1912, though a small plant designed to recover uranium from carnotite ore was erected in Colorado as early as 1900. This venture, however, enjoyed but a short life.

Practice has shown that it is necessary to handle and treat something like 1,000,000 pounds of ore in order to recover a gram of radium. One ton of ore will seldom deliver more than six or seven milligrams of the radium element. One authority figures that including coal, water and chemicals the producers must handle more than 50,000 tons of raw material to produce an ounce of the precious radium metal. No such effort has ever before been required to produce a spoonful of any single element.

The medical fraternity of the world has come to accept radium as a treatment for cancer. Permanent cures are said to have been accomplished, and practically every large city has at least one hospital that is supplied with a small quantity of radium. In actual practice the surgeon generally uses a minimum of fifty milligrams of the powerful substance, and even this quantity, which is no larger than the head of a match, costs him $6000.

As a general rule the radium metal is shaped into a tiny rod no larger than a small piece of the lead in a pencil. This is incased in a glass capsule and hermetically sealed; next the whole tube is placed in a silver casing open at one end; and finally the silver tube with its precious contents is inserted in a strong cylindrical holder made of brass. The rays of the radium are directed upon the diseased human tissue through a screen of rubber, and strange as it may appear the rays act only upon the diseased flesh, leaving the healthy tissues unaffected. This small piece of radium, which will penetrate lead to a depth of more than two inches, must be handled carefully with silver forceps. Any contact of the surgeons' fingers with the radium would result in a serious burn.

### *A Cupful for Posterity*

Radium is also used in the manufacture of luminous paint. Such paint usually carries from .1 to .25 milligram of radium element to one gram of zinc sulphide, depending upon the use for which the paint is intended. A similar compound is now being largely used on the faces of watches and clocks, and to coat electric push buttons.

Scientists tell us that the serious waste of radium in the manufacture of luminous articles may be ended by substituting mesothorium for radium. The mesothorium will remain luminous for four or five years, and can then be renewed if desired. This radium substitute may be obtained as a by-product in the treatment of monazite sand for the manufacture of thorium nitrate used in incandescent mantles. Experiments are now being carried forward, and it is hoped that before long mesothorium can be substituted for radium in commercial practice, thus leaving the more precious element for the treatment of afflicted humanity throughout the world.

More than half of the radium now in existence has come from Colorado and Utah carnotite ores. Though the industry is in the infant stage, the radium producers are having difficulty procuring a sufficient supply of the proper ore. Engineers state that we cannot depend upon our carnotite deposits to furnish us commercial quantities of ore for more than eight or ten years longer if we continue to produce at the present enormous rate of one ounce of radium a year. One expert who has followed the development of the business from the beginning estimates that the maximum production of the American fields will not exceed 100 additional grams of this metal of mystery, which amount would hardly double the world's present supply of the element. All of these facts force the conclusion that unless science comes to the rescue and new discoveries are made the poor unfortunates who will succeed us in ages to come will have to labor along with a mere cupful or two of the most wonderful but most elusive metal that ever lay in the bosom of Mother Earth.

—*good taste*

A well-dressed man may be noticeable, even conspicuous, in a crowd, but it is never because of any definite peculiarity in his clothing.

It is because of something which even those unfamiliar with it know instinctively to be correct. It is an indefinable quality, known, perhaps, as "good taste."

Such a quality is much harder to attain than mere novelty.

You will find it in all Clothing Specialties bearing the "R & W" mark.

At leading dealers' everywhere.

*Makers of good Overcoats, Raincoats, Trousers, Day and Evening Waistcoats, Smoking Jackets, Bath Robes, Summer Clothing, Golf and Automobile Apparel*

Rosenwald & Weil

*Clothing Specialties*

PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Chicago New York

# Korry-Krome

## GENUINE LEATHER SOLES

## Are You Hard on Shoes?

The harder you are on shoes the more you will appreciate Korry Soles of double-wear leather. The army found them invaluable. Their extra long life means a real saving to business people who tread hard city pavements and to men whose work requires much walking on rough ground. You can imagine the economy they are on the shoes of romping children.

Besides outwearing any others Korry Soles are permanently waterproof, comfortably flexible, and won't slip on wet surfaces. They are as good for dress shoes as they are for work shoes.

Next time you take your shoes to the repair man it will pay you to ask for Korry Soles. Most good repair men have both brands, Korry-Krome and Korry Special. The name stamped on the bottom identifies the genuine.

**Korry-Krome**

Korry-Krome is made from selected portions of the hide, and takes a somewhat higher finish. This is the most durable sole in the world.

**Korry Special**

As this sole is cut from the shoulder, it has a coarser grain; but Korry Special will outwear any other kind of leather except Korry-Krome, and costs less.

In buying new shoes, inquire if your dealer has any with Korry Soles. There is a pair of Korry Soles awaiting every shoe in your household. See that your repair man gives you what you want.

If your repair man does not have Korry Soles for you, send us $1.00 and we will send you a pair of Korry-Krome half-soles (or two pair children's sizes up to 13), which any repair man can attach. Full soles, $1.75. Give size of your shoes.

J. W. & A. P. HOWARD COMPANY *Established 1867* Corry, Penn.


# KINGS' HOSTS

(Continued from Page 27)

"No, not this morning, anyway. Speaking of explaining, how do you explain this? I found it under the body."

He extended on his open palm a tin disk a little larger than a dollar with a bit of fine wire attached to it by twisting. The tag read:

PECOS MINING CO.,
908 ozs.
2-7-07.

All save the figures was embossed in the metal—those had been scratched on in the office of the assayer of the mine, and indicated the weight and the date of pouring of a bar of gold bullion. The Pecos robbery had occurred in June, 1907. Walters rose suddenly and crossed the room—came back. He was trying to cover his panic.

"You found that? Oh, yes, that might mean something! What do you think?"

"You're the sheriff," Squires retorted. "Here is the only thing that seems to hook up with the murderer—this might do it."

He drew from a pocket the metal top of an automobile radiator.

"That was there too?"

"Little ways off. I've been looking over the machines in town—this could fit any one of forty of them."

Walters began to bustle busily.

"That gives me an idea," he said hurriedly. "I'll take those things here and get out and see what I can stir up. If you'll stick round the office ——"

"Well, I won't, Walters."

"What do you mean—you won't?"

"This is my case. I'm reporting it to you, that's all. Don't say that I tried to keep it dark later. Oh, you poor fumble-fingered fool!"

The slight pause and the exclamation had covered an amazing action. Walters, panic-stricken and now defied—seeing the whole house of his illicit and grafting machinations tumbling about him—had put out a hand to sweep up the clews of the murder case, where the undersheriff had laid them on the table. Squires had struck his hand up violently. Walters had turned livid, gasped, cursed and reached for his revolver at his left hip. His fingers were unsteady, his arm cold. Without raising his voice or appearing to move rapidly the undersheriff had whipped out his own weapon—its muzzle drilled into Walters' stomach, doubling him over helplessly.

"All right, Squires," he whispered. "You've got me this time. I didn't mean anything."

"You didn't quite get away with it, if that's what you're trying to say," his subordinate retorted. "Now, listen to me, Walters! There's something rotten on in this man's town. I don't know yet what it is, but I'm going to find out. As far as the law goes you're sheriff, but as far as the fact goes you've got to lie low and keep your voice soft or I'll fight you for the office. I won't stand any fooling till I clear this thing up. What about you?"

"I only wanted to help you, Judd."

"I'd like to believe you, Jack, but I don't. That's straight! Pico is filling up with Radcliff's gunmen—they've been coming in for the last hour. Gessler is busier than a hive of bees. Tip Templeton is at Radcliff's and a lot of his kind are hanging round looking mysterious. I've been here since five o'clock this morning and it looks like they are watching me."

He paused, waiting for Walters—perhaps hoping that the man would come clean at last. But either Walters was not in Radcliff's secret or he was a convincing liar.

"I take oath I don't know what it's about, Judd," he said earnestly. "Gessler was here on a little matter this morning, but he didn't tell me anything."

"All right," the undersheriff said. "I'll have to take your word for it. The best thing you can do is stay right here. I don't mind saying that I would be suspicious if I saw you on the street. I'm mad, Walters, and I'm getting madder. If they have come to town to get me to-day they may do it, but so help me I'll have a lot of company when I go out! Don't fool yourself that I don't mean what I say! Just watch out for yourself, and I'll do the same! So long!"

He replaced his automatic, picked up the envelope, the mine tag and the radiator cap, and walked out. Instead of turning down the corridor toward the front door of the jail building, however, he crossed it and went through into the courthouse by way of a covered passage by which criminals were taken to and from the court rooms. From the latter he passed out to a back street. Walking briskly and circuitously, he came presently to the rear of Henry Hudson's garage opposite the courthouse.

Hudson's was the only place of the kind in Pico that he had failed to visit that morning in his search for some link connecting the radiator cap found at the scene of the murder with the machine to which it belonged. His chances, he had early realized, were slender, since the cap would fit almost any automobile. However, he was determined not to overlook any possibility. He nodded to the mechanics at work in the shop and passed on toward the front, where a dozen or more machines, most of them belonging to men he knew, were standing.

In the middle of the garage a boy was filling a bucket at a hydrant.

"Hello, sonny," Squires said. "You came back in, I see."

The boy looked up quickly, then grinned.

"Oh, hello! You're the sure rider, ain't you? Yes, I had to come back. Busted a spring."

"Hard luck! Did you get caught out in the wind last night?"

"Yep. I don't like 'em."

He had crossed and was raising the bucket to fill the radiator of a dusty old automobile when suddenly a tire, flawed or unwisely loaded, blew out with a loud and startling report. The boy uttered a cry, dropped whatever he had in his hands, and leaped toward the side of the car. Then he stopped, laughing foolishly.

"Gee, that scared me!" he exclaimed.

His voice trembled and he was pale and wide-eyed. The undersheriff laughed.

"You seem to be kind of nervous," he said good-humoredly.

"Yeh, I guess I am," the boy agreed. "It was that wind got my goat."

He was searching the floor with his frightened eyes. Now he crossed and picked up a radiator cap. He had been holding it in one hand—had thrown it from him when the blow-out occurred. Judd Squires' lips puckered slightly. With some casual farewell to the lad, he walked on toward the office of the garage. But once inside, he turned to watch the boy at the battered old machine in the middle of the building through a dirty pane of glass behind the stock room. In a moment Ralph was back at the nose of the automobile again—was raising his bucket of water for the second time. Squires waited. The radiator was slowly filled. Squires took out his automatic, held it behind him, screamed suddenly, terrifyingly, and fired into the floor.

The boy outside echoed the officer's cry, spun round and once more sprang toward the doors of his car. He stood clinging to it this time, weak and unnerved. Squires walked softly out and up behind him.

"That's twice, sonny," he said rather sorrowfully. "Once might be a coincidence, but twice ——"

▼

ON THE third or top floor of the Cattlemen's State Bank Building, in Pico, was a suite of offices arranged about the stair well in a horseshoe. Entrance to all the nine rooms in this group was had through a single door in the center, opposite the stairhead. This door was rather crowdedly embellished with this directory:

PICO TOWNSITE CO.,
R. P. STEARS, AGT.

INDIAN HEAD COPPER MINING COMPANY

PICO GAS, LIGHT AND
WATER CORP.

JAS. P. FEATHER
REAL ESTATE

KEARNEY COUNTY LOAN ASS'N
GEO SEBRIGHT, MGR.

GESSLER & YARROW,
ATT'YS AT LAW

NOTARY

ENTER WITHOUT KNOCKING

With all that elaboration of lettering the door failed of telling the whole truth. All these corporations, firms, partnerships and individuals were mere kept men and errand boys for the real tenant—and his name did not appear at all. The suite of offices was, in fact, that of Henry Radcliff.

(Continued on Page 85)

# The Challenge Answered

CANONICUS, war chief of 2,000 savage Narragansetts, sent the handful of Plymouth Puritans a snake-skin filled with arrows—a warning and a threat. The same snake-skin, but filled with gunpowder and bullets, was Governor Bradford's answer—a bold reply to the challenge, in terms that were unmistakable.

Thus stout Governor Bradford defined New England's attitude toward disturbers of the peace. A recent occurrence in Massachusetts clearly demonstrated the vitality of this New England ideal—fearless, uncompromising maintenance of law and order.

New Englanders—in fact all Americans who glory in the old American traditions—will celebrate during the coming year the Tercentenary of the First Landing. Visit Old Plymouth and Provincetown; Boston, the scene of the famous "Tea-Party"; Salem, the home port of many old Yankee clipper ships; Lexington and Concord, where was fired the shot "heard round the world."

Enjoy the pleasures of sea and shore, of rugged mountains, of placid lakes and streams—of pleasant days and cool nights in New England.

Make this institution your New England banking headquarters. We are equipped with unexcelled facilities for handling your Banking, Trust and Foreign Trade requirements. Correspondence invited.

Our illustrated brochure, "*New England —Old and New*"—issued in commemoration of the First Pilgrim Landing, will be sent on request. Address Department A.

## OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY
*BOSTON*

THE KIND OF CLOTHES GENTLEMEN WEAR

BUY seldom and well. The buying of a suit today is no longer a mere incident—it is an economic event. It amounts literally to making an investment. Therefore, use the same business judgment you would use in making any other kind ot investment. The security behind your investment is the quality of our materials, the great amount of hand-tailoring we put into Kahn clothes and the *Kahn label.*

Kahn clothes are tailored to your individual measure—and are, as a matter of course, *pure wool.*

They cost a little more, but they wear a great deal longer—and they invariably remain *good clothes.*

KAHN-TAILORING-CO.
OF INDIANAPOLIS U.S.A

Copyright 1920, Kahn Tailoring Co

(Continued from Page 82)

On the northwest side of the floor were three rooms into which very few ever penetrated. The town's affairs were dominated and its destinies determined in the office of Gessler—shared with Lafe Yarrow up to the time that he became a county judge. Its business was largely controlled from the headquarters of George Sebright, of the Kearney County Loan Association. Its politics was manipulated from the office of the gas-and-water corporation. Other of its activities had allotted place in the suite, but the rooms in the corner were almost sacrosanct. Sheriff Walters had been in the outer of the three; Gessler, Yarrow and Tossie Troy and Jim Feather, two of the boss' henchmen, had seen the second; but if anyone had been in the third his name—or hers—was never known. Pico heard stories about that room—its Chinese furnishings, its costly chests and lacquered tables, its liquor sideboard with handles and knobs of hand-wrought silver, and the sliding panel through which Lee Kim, the Chinese half-caste, passed hot viands of strange nature from a small pantry outside to which only he had the key. But these were only tales. Looking at Radcliff, one would scarcely have credited him with Sybaritic tastes.

He was a thin, yellow-faced man, with beady eyes always half veiled, with light sandy eyelashes and almost no brows. His hands, long and slender, were peculiarly dead looking and usually lay inert on his knees or a desk top. He wore diamonds with extravagantly bad taste, and this was the more surprising because he was quietly and very well dressed, and chose ties and even socks and handkerchiefs with discrimination and a nice sense of color. His gems were worth a sum of money variously estimated but probably always under their true value, for he bought only the best through agents who knew his desires and who went far to meet them. The only plausible explanation is that Radcliff turned as much of his fortune as possible into portable and easily convertible articles against some contingency when money would be useful to him and when he would want it accessible.

He was not afraid of being robbed. He was amply able to take care of himself in any company and against reasonable odds. He did not anticipate having to protect himself against unreasonable odds, because he always arranged the odds in advance. He was a gunman of incomparable quality—fearless, quick, steady, perfectly armed, and, because of the life he led, entirely ready at all times for any eventuality. His own followers were bad men—sudden in quarrel and reckless in behavior. He had no lovable qualities and the loyalty given him was his despite his selfish, mean and despicable traits and because he was the worst bad man of all his desperate crew. Any one of them—and especially Gessler, the cold and capable lawyer—would have double-crossed or betrayed or turned up Radcliff for a finger of whisky at any time if he had dared. On the other hand—unless it was Gessler, whose fealty Radcliff held because of his possession of certain information concerning the attorney—no one of them ever considered such a project. They hated Radcliff cordially—and fetched and carried for him like spaniels.

Such dominance in his world carried its own penalties. Radcliff was the most lonely man in the Southwest, and knowing just what to look for he could not trust any single person, man or woman, out of his sight, except as he kept them in subjugation and fear. Years of success as whip to this pack of curs had bred in him supreme contempt for them; also it had tended to give him a false feeling of security. To his mind there was no possibility of personal danger or difficulty for himself. As now, when Trigger McCune, the Pecos mine bandit, was threatening to complicate matters by a wholly unnecessary murder at the very gateway of the county seat, Radcliff contented himself with cursing McCune in his quiet, toneless voice, and laid certain admonitions concerning him on the unhappy Gessler.

This undersheriff, Judd Squires, was more dangerous. But Radcliff's feeling of security from any of Squires' clumsy investigations was grounded in his recognition of the fact that Squires was a menace. Knowing that much, Radcliff had only to take certain precautions. His mistake, of course, had been in permitting the merchants of Pico to put the cow-puncher into the office. They had threatened to turn the whole county government upside down—make an issue of it—if Walters, the braggadocio weakling, were left in sole control of the office. Radcliff had recognized that they could carry out those threats—therefore he had compromised, because back of them he saw the old and always real potential power of Stull Stow, the cattle baron and once boss of Kearney County. Radcliff really hated Stull Stow—and he feared him. But between Stow and the ex-gambler's seat of power were innumerable safeguards.

On that morning of the division with McCune of the recovered spoils of the Pecos robbery all of them had been startled by the sudden return of Judd Squires, sent from town on a trumped-up errand that should have kept him absent three days at the very least. During those three days the gold bullion could be handled and disposed of; McCune could be started with his consignment of highly valuable liquors for delivery to agents in Arizona and thus got out of the way for good and all; and Tim Doon could be indicted and headed for the penitentiary. That was the project. Radcliff believed that Doon or his pretty-faced and high-tempered daughter had given Squires the information that had led ten days before to the arrest of Sebright and the little peddler from Searchlight. Luckily the girl—a chit with fancy notions about her virtue and no sense of gratitude—knew nothing, but Tim Doon knew too much. Once convicted—made the goat, as Walters had told Gessler—he would be fangless. The one man who was troublesome, Undersheriff Squires, would be put out of the way soon, somehow!

But here was Squires back in town; McCune suspected of a murder and hanging about in the way waiting for his damned automobile; Tim Doon in the county jail; and John Walters helpless with chattering fear. Well, something would happen during the day! Tossie Troy's gunmen would have a spree and a riot—it was an ill wind, indeed, that blew no one good!

A hand fell on the boss' door, and Gessler came in hurriedly without the usual formality of knocking. He was worried and blown. He sank on a bench opposite his chief's desk.

"McCune's caught," he said bluntly.

"By Squires?"

"Yes."

"What charge?"

"Transporting whisky."

"How'd he happen to get him?"

"I don't know. Hen Hudson says that Squires picked McCune's driver up in the garage this morning. This afternoon he brought the kid back and drove away with him. Lee was out at the corral—he loaded the stuff according to orders. But he says McCune wasn't in the machine when it came there for the booze—about an hour ago. I've been wondering if Squires suspected something—but I don't see how he could!"

"At any rate he got McCune."

"Yes."

"Is the charge on the blotter?"

"Yes."

"That's all right then. Send Jimmie Nance or Heffernan to bail him out. Call up Judge Yarrow yourself and get the bail fixed.

"Oh, that part is easy! But Walters says he's afraid ——"

"Don't tell me about Walters! If he bungles this thing I'll kill him."

The boss did not raise his voice or vary his inflection. His tone was casual—matter-of-fact.

"But Squires seems to have something. I think Walters knows what it is and is covering up."

"What, then? Talk up, you sick fool!"

"I am sick. Squires may have found a clew at the cache—something more than the murdered man. Or got a confession from McCune's boy."

"Squires! Squires! Squires! Who's sheriff of this county?"

"Walters. But right now he's less use than a cat. If I could take hold ——"

Radcliff looked at him pityingly.

"You're a thumb-fingered shyster, Gessler," he observed. "Sometimes I wonder if I made anything saving you ten years back. How are you going to take hold?"

"I could get a writ of habeas corpus from Judge Yarrow ——"

"And show your hand to Squires? Where do you get in on this thing? Did you ever hear of this man Barnes before to-day?"

"No."

"Did Barnes ever hear of you? How are you going to account for that?"

"I see. But if Squires finds out that Barnes is the Pecos bandit ——"

SUBMARINES when submerged depend for power and safety upon giant storage batteries that weigh several thousand times as much as the storage battery on your car. For submarine service, where quality is paramount, six nations buy Gould Storage Batteries with Dreadnaught Plates.

The same quality is built into the Gould Automobile Starting and Lighting Battery; and *you* can buy one to replace the battery on your car, at more than 2,000 Gould Service and Sales Stations.

Gould Storage Battery Company
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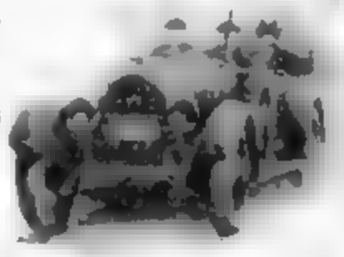
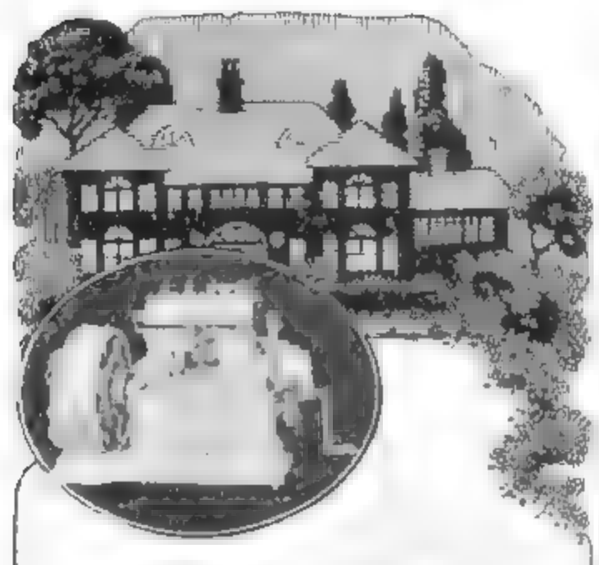
Plant: Depew, N. Y. Sales Offices in Principal Cities



GOULD STORAGE BATTERY
WITH THE Dreadnaught PLATES

THE Dreadnaught Plates in Gould *Starting* Batteries are produced in the same way and from the same Gould-made lead oxide as the plates in Gould Batteries that are used in submarines of six nations, railway signal systems, fire alarm systems, mine locomotives and farm lighting plants.



## City Comforts for Country Estates

Universal 4 K.W. Lighting Plants furnish unflickering light plus ample surplus of power for electric household conveniences—with the reliability of a city power plant.

Its quiet, water-cooled motor runs on gasoline, kerosene or gas and is direct-connected to a specially designed 8-pole generator. Write for Bulletin No. 30 on Lighting Plants, both stationary and portable.

Driven by

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4-Cylinder Motor

There's a Universal Motor for all boats up to 30 feet. Speed, up to 20 miles an hour with 17-ft. boats—proportionate with other lengths. Write for Bulletin No. 29.

UNIVERSAL MOTOR CO.
Station 47
OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN

## Double the Convenience of Your Electricity

Make every single electric socket do the work of two. Use one socket for light and appliances.

**"Every wired home needs three or more"**

Fits any electric light socket. At your dealer's.

BENJAMIN TWO-WAY PLUG

*The Plug of Quality*

3 for $3.50 OR $1.25 EACH

Benjamin No. 2452 Shade Holders enable you to use any shade with your Two-Way Plugs.

BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
Chicago New York San Francisco

"You make me weary! What do we care how much Squires finds out so long as we aren't connected up? Get Tip Templeton to put daylight through him on Main Street. And if Feather can't arrange a jail delivery with Walters ——"

"Oh, I see!"

"Don't see too much! Keep out of it yourself! One of the boys can frame a reason for bailing McCune, and if Squires opens his head it can be shut—with a forty-four slug. Now get out of here with your whining—you give me the creeps!"

The lawyer went out. Presently a woman was admitted. She was a stranger in Pico, tall and foreign looking, holding her head high and proudly. Radcliff stood up in his place, snarled some question at her, shoved her from him and into the middle room. He amused himself by baiting her for a time; then led her on into the third room. He was opening a bottle of wine later, laughing at her for being afraid of him and taunting her about something when the door was flung open violently and Gessler stood therein. Behind him were Feather, one of Radcliff's lieutenants; Lee Kim, the half-bred Chinese; and Tip Templeton, a professional gunman. The three underlings gaped into that secret room, their eyes scandalously on the woman. But Gessler was not thinking of her or the room.

"You'll have to come into this thing, Radcliff!" he cried, his mouth pulled down. "Get rid of the woman!"

Radcliff looked them over sneeringly, turned from them, poured two glasses of the wine and drank one, and walked in leisurely fashion to the door, throwing back some imputation as he closed it. The four men gave way before him; he motioned them into the outer office, closed that door and faced them.

"Well, rats?" he asked softly.

Gessler answered.

"Barnes is booked for murder."

"Who did he croak?"

"A man named Stanley Snyder. Barnes was carrying his papers—that's where Squires found the identification. It was some personal matter certainly. Snyder wasn't known here."

"Well, go on."

"He's held without bail."

"Where's Walters?"

"In his office. He's done—through!"

"Oh, is he? Get him up here!"

Jim Feather, officious and fawning, spoke sharply to Kim, the half-caste, and the latter went out shuffling his feet but moving very swiftly. Radcliff crossed and sat down.

"Now listen to me, you mushheads! I don't want to go over the same ground twice, and I don't want to answer a lot of fool questions. Get me?"

They nodded, surly or anxious or intent according to their natures.

"This man Barnes is a friend of mine—I want him in Arizona to-night. Feather, you'll attend to handling him after we get him free. If he makes you any trouble knock him on the head with something and throw his body into the Cañon. I don't care what happens to him—if he's never seen here again!"

"I'll take care of him," said Feather importantly.

"Number two: Getting him out of the jail is fairly easy, but it must be done right. Squires is the man we have to deal with. I don't think anyone would mind if Squires had a funeral to-morrow or the next day—if it couldn't be helped. Tip, you used to hate Squires, I believe."

"Don't worry about that, Mr. Radcliff. I got my orders."

Templeton growled the words, mouthing them thickly.

"All set then. Walters will make himself scarce—I'll see to that. He'll leave the jail door open—the keys are on the rack by the door, or they should be if Squires is handled. Troy will run the show there, and his boys better go masked—no use of giving Squires or anybody else a chance to make any death-bed charges. Slip this man Barnes out to Feather. And you, Gessler—somebody must look out for that boy. What's his name?"

"Gossard. What do you want done with him?"

"Croak him, you simpering idiot! Cut his squawking little throat! He's the one that's played hell with the whole game!"

"All right. That's Templeton's specialty."

Tip Templeton, long and stooping—picturesque in his fringed leathern chaps and his Mexican sombrero—spat thinly through his clenched teeth.

"I'll turn him over to The Cholo," he mumbled. "Where's he at—this kid?"

Gessler replied:

"In one of the steel cages on the second floor."

"You get that, Tip?" Radcliff said. "Might as well go and give ourselves up to the grand jury if the brat gets clear. Have The Cholo haul him off in the brush somewhere—don't want him showing up dead either!"

"I got ears!" Templeton said in surly tones.

"Wish you had brains!" Radcliff countered instantly. "Don't talk back to me!"

"Didn't mean no harm."

Gessler intervened.

"We'll take care of all this, Radcliff. But you will have to help Walters away. He isn't fit to travel—he looks sick."

"He's yellow! I've a good notion to send him off with Tip, here. Tip is an amiable companion."

"I'll be busy," the cowman objected. "But if you say so, Mr. Radcliff ——"

"Shut up!" Radcliff remarked in his even tones. "Now, Gessler, where is the stuff Barnes had in his car?"

"Still in the car, I suppose."

"You suppose, you fathead! Don't you know?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Squires ran the machine into Hudson's garage when they came back with Barnes, and Hudson said he'd been ordered to hold it as evidence."

"So I have to think for you too! Go and get Judge Yarrow when you leave here; have him issue an attachment for the machine. Then send George Sebright to serve it—he's deputy of Walters', isn't he?"

"Yes. And he will take the car ——"

"To the garage out at my place. You follow him and empty it."

"Of the booze? But ——"

"Where's your mind to-day, Gessler? The booze be damned—pour it into the cesspool or give it to the boys! You know what I want out of that machine!"

"Oh, I had forgotten that!" Gessler colored. "But if we take that Barnes will ——"

Radcliff was angered at last. He rose from his place—crimson, biting his upper lip. The stupidity of these agents, on whom so much that was his depended, infuriated the boss beyond control. A flaming imprecation upon them rose to his tongue, but he did not utter it, for Sheriff Walters entered, breathing hard and with unsteady gait, and flung himself into a chair. Lee Kim slid unobtrusively in behind him—to a place near the door.

The sheriff avoided Radcliff's eyes.

"We're gone!" he muttered. "Squires has found out who Barnes is—knows he's McCune."

Radcliff settled back into his place, his left hand lying inert on his desk, his right thrust inside his coat. The angry color had gone out of his face; now it was again a jaundiced yellow.

"Go on," he said, and the two words cut—made Walters cringe.

"I went up to the cell to tell Barnes we'd get him away—to ask him to lie low. He thought we'd double-crossed him and he cursed me. The worst talk I ever took from any man."

"I have to admire Barnes!" Radcliff said cheerfully. "What next?"

"Squires came up—overheard part of it. When I ordered him down he laughed at me. Twice to-day he's pulled his gun on me. He meant business too."

"Too bad he didn't shoot!" Radcliff remarked, still pleasant.

"Damn it all," the sheriff broke out, "I'm tired of being the goat for this ——"

Radcliff's hand came out of his coat and went back over his shoulder. As it shot forward, almost with one movement, there was a flash of steel and a knife hurtled across the room and pinned Walters' shoulder to the wall, the blade singing as it struck.

"That's nothing but a warning, Walters," Radcliff said coolly, returning his hand to his breast. "Next time you get insolent it'll be a slug of lead. Go on with your story."

The sheriff groaned and shivered, then uttered a sharp cry. His movement had wrenched the flesh of his shoulder free of the knife blade, but he was still pinned by his coat. He sagged forward, half fainting, and the coat ripped clean, releasing him so suddenly that he almost pitched to the floor. He looked with piteous appeal toward Radcliff. The latter smiled, lighting a brown-paper cigarette with steady hand.

"I'm waiting, Walters," he said.

"Yes, I know. Well, the next thing was that Squires took old Tim Doon to Barnes' cell. That didn't mean anything to me at first. Give me a glass of whisky, can't you, Radcliff?"

"I'll give you a little treatment with my gun butt in a minute!" Radcliff said, angry again. "What the devil are you talking about? What has Tim Doon got to do with ——"

But Gessler interrupted, choking.

"Doon!" he cried. "Doon would know McCune! What fools we've been!"

"Speak for yourself!" Radcliff interjected, beginning to rise in his chair once more. "Talk to me, you chattering ape! What do you mean?"

"It was at Doon's that McCune stayed before he stuck up the Pecos. Sheriff Broadhead found out who he was through Tim Doon after the robbery."

Radcliff was across the room. With his gun suddenly in his hand he slapped the lawyer full across the face, brutally; continuing the sweep of the heavy weapon he brought it down on the bowed head of the sheriff, half fainting in his chair. Still the ex-gambler did not raise his voice—he lowered it, lashing them with his words.

"Everybody happy now, I suppose!" he sneered. "You've got me tangled up in this thing, you think—you're satisfied! But I'm not through—I'm only starting. Get over to the jail as soon as it's dark enough and put Barnes into Arizona before midnight, or I'll take you on a man at a time and we'll shoot it out between us."

He stopped, looking at them straight.

"You know me, don't you? Well, now blow! I'll take care of this yellow dog here!"

They went hastily—Gessler wiping blood from his cheek. Sheriff Walters lay on the floor at the feet of his master, inert.

JUDD SQUIRES, undersheriff of Kearney County, had been right in saying that he stood alone against the gang and that the latter had and kept the advantage. He knew that conspiracy, grafting, manipulation were going on all about him, but up to the time of his arrest of George Sebright in the warehouse at Doon's Corral he had had no tangible evidence on which to move. Radcliff blocked him there—Sebright had been right in saying that Squires would have difficulty in convicting a man in Kearney County if the powers wanted that man free. The case against Sebright was still pending, but it was doomed to die on the calendar. Nothing had been gained by the arrest except that Squires knew one thing definitely—and perhaps the Federal agents who were coming would be able to use that one thing effectively—that Radcliff was king of the bootlegging operations of Pico as well as king of its other illicit and illegal and nefarious activities.

His assignment to go to Martingale, in a remote part of the county, to arrest a murderer and his discovery on the way that the murderer had been dead several days and that Sheriff Walters knew he had, had been more than suspicious. But homeward bound to investigate, his thoughts had been diverted into a new channel by the discovery of the body of the murdered man at the mesquite forks. To him, unacquainted with any of the facts of the Radcliff deal with McCune, the case was a blind cañon. But when an hour after he reached Pico he found that Radcliff's bad men were drifting in from their several dubious places of employment near the town, and that they were all eying him, he began to believe that the murder might be more than a coincidence, with all this stir and his own fool's errand to Martingale. The tin mine tag promised a link there—he speculated on what sort and to what it would lead.

Sheriff Walters had blown the game in a measure. His conscience was sore—he winced when it was jabbed. But no reliance could be placed on him. Squires knew that anything that was done would have to be done by himself, still playing alone against experts with their cards all marked. His arrest of Ralph Gossard had been luck. A four-hour session with the boy had elicited only the name of the murderer and his temporary hiding place. Squires had secreted the boy with Henry Hudson, the garage man, for a time and gone on a still

(Continued on Page 89)

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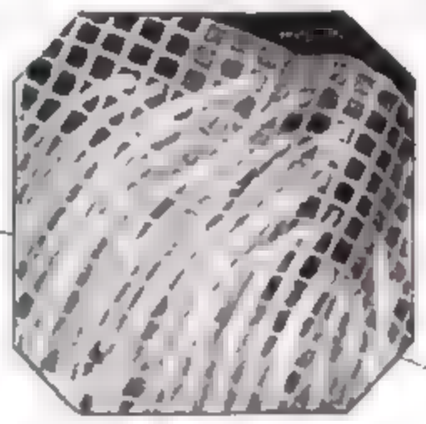

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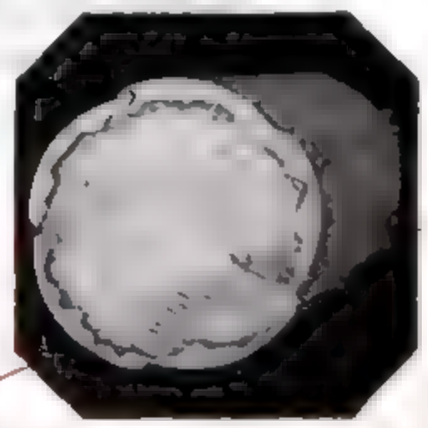

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(16)

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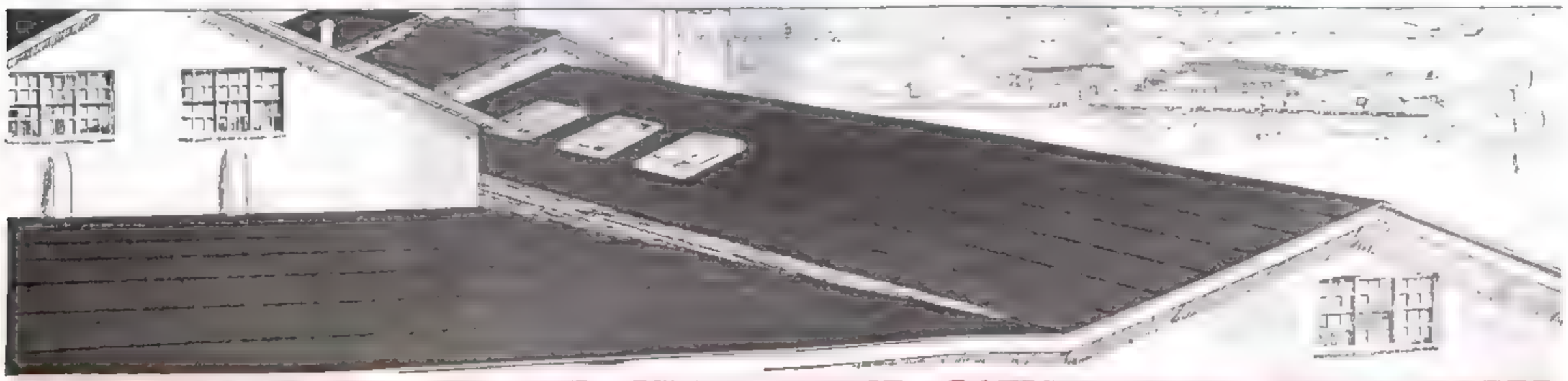

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(Continued from Page 66)

hunt for Barnes, finding and overpowering him as the little convict lay asleep and having him manacled before Barnes could raise the guns he kept clutched in his hands, even in his bed. Barnes, to cover his tracks, had admitted that he had come into Pico to move a load of whisky for a friend. In order to have a charge against him that would stand scrutiny for the time being the undersheriff had taken the young driver out with him to Doon's and the boy had assisted Lee Kim, the Chinese, in loading the consignment. With this as his pretext, Squires had then placed Barnes in a cell, hiding one key and carrying the only other one with him. He was taking no chances with Sheriff Walters, who had shown an almost fraternal interest in the prisoner.

It was only after seeing that the Radcliff crowd was determined to bail out his man that Judd Squires found himself compelled to get a foundation for the graver charge of murder so that he could hold him without bail, defying even Judge Yarrow of the county courts. Here Ralph Gossard, the pitiful, trembling, frightened boy driver of the death car, again furnished the vital clew. He referred to the arrested man as Barnes and mentioned Mr. Snyder. Squires had found Snyder's papers on Barnes—Barnes' letter in the dead man's pockets. The prisoner was truculent and silent when questioned. Then Sheriff Walters, bungling everything he touched that day, went to Barnes' cell and in the colloquy that followed, and part of which Squires overheard, brought out the fact that Snyder had been his traveling companion and had been killed for personal reasons.

"None of your business!" Squires had heard him say to the sheriff. "So you can get that off your chest."

And he had added with obscene emphasis his suspicions that the Radcliff gang was double-crossing him.

There was then something apart from the murder that concerned the conspirators of Pico, Squires concluded. The tin mine tag might furnish that clew. Barnes might have known where the Pecos bandit, McCune, had cached his fortune—he might have been sent there by McCune. And Radcliff might well have got wind of his mission.

It was almost six o'clock when Tim Doon, calling softly, summoned Judd Squires to the door of the bull pen where he was confined and whispered to him that he thought he knew the voice that had been raised so querulously and profanely from the upper cell. When he declared he thought the new prisoner was McCune himself Squires openly scoffed. But to humor the old man he led him up to the cage in the second tier.

The identification was instant—complete. Not only did Doon know the prisoner, but the prisoner knew Doon. He drew back and crouched on his bed, glaring at them and showing his teeth through his dry lips like a snarling dog.

"I'd know him any place," Tim Doon said positively when they had gone down again. "It's that beard and his way of stooping makes him look different. But that's the man stopped at the corral for a month in the winter of 1906. That's Trigger McCune."

Squires knew how fruitless would be any hasty attempt to employ third-degree methods of inquisition on a man like McCune. He must work out his case in another way. Ralph Gossard was dumb as regards any connection between his employer and the men in Pico. Not only was the boy terrified of McCune, but he had had one look at Gessler, the lawyer, and he could not bring himself to speak of the mysteries of that fearful night before. In time he would come clean, but in time would not do when moving against the organized machine of Radcliff. What Squires faced was the certainty of a fight for the person of his prisoner—that stood out plainly marked on every hand. He went into the sheriff's office and poured himself a generous drink of whisky. This steadied and revived him. He decided to send Tim Doon for help from Stull Stow, the cattleman—the logical ally of one who was threatening the established order under the Radcliff régime. Doon was willing to go, even anxious. On a scratch pad Squires wrote:

"I've got Trigger McCune here—the Pecos stick-up. H. R.'s milling round and it looks like a run-in here at the jail tonight. They may come too fast for me. But if you ride in be ready to hit the ground shooting. SQUIRES."

"How'll I go?" Doon inquired, slipping the message into the pocket of his flannel shirt.

"Get a machine if you can. Wait a minute—here's Henry Hudson now."

Naughton, the jailer, had gone home; the night man did not come on until eight. Walters had left on the heels of Lee Kim, the Chinese, and hurrying; there was no one else about. Squires crossed to meet the garage owner.

"What's the matter with your phone, Judd?" Hudson demanded. "I tried to get you. You told me not to let that old Fairfax out of the place. You know—that man Barnes' car?"

"What about it?"

"George Sebright has a court order for it."

"His order is no good, Hen."

"I wasn't sure—but I played your game. He went away saying he'd be back. What'll I do about it?"

"That car is held for evidence in a murder case, Hen. No court in the country can touch it. Go over and get it now and run it into the jail yard. And here! Have you got a machine you can send out to the Cross-S ranch with Mr. Doon?"

"Sure! Want the big car?"

"I want a fast one. And the big one might help—coming back. When can you start?"

"I've started," Hudson snapped, and ran.

Three minutes later, while a garage mechanic drove Ralph Gossard's battered old love into the inclosure beside the jail, Tim Doon clambered in with Hudson himself in a six-cylinder seven-passenger—the pride of Southern Nevada.

"Let's go!" Hudson called, and eased his clutch in. The gears were slipped into mesh—stepped up—the automobile shot eastward, Doon giving directions.

Squires followed the McCune car into the jail yard and locked the big barred gates.

"Can you help me carry this stuff inside, Bly?" he asked.

The mechanic nodded.

"Sure! Nothin' doin' at the garage."

When the brandies and whisky had been removed to a place of safety:

"That's funny," Bly volunteered, squinting.

"What?"

"Got the load out, but look at them springs!"

Squires looked. The rear of the body of the car sagged almost to the axles.

"No booze on earth that heavy," Bly remarked sagely. "She must be ballasted with Babbitt metal or somethin'."

He stepped to the running board, shifted the rear seat cushion, then straightened.

"What the dicken's that stuff?" he cried.

Judd, looking in beside him, chuckled.

"It's about fifty thousand dollars' worth of ninety-six per cent gold bullion, I guess," he said quietly. "Think you can help me in with it and not slip a bar or so into your pocket by mistake, Bly?"

"Sure!" the boy grinned. "But fifty thousand! Gee whillikens!"

For Squires here was an amazing new development. That Radcliff and his crew had been concerned over the arrest of the prisoner as Barnes, their agent in transporting illicitly held whisky, had not been surprising. Their perturbation over the murder of the mysterious Snyder might have been explainable if Snyder were found to be some man Radcliff feared or hated—or even disliked. But if Radcliff knew who McCune was ——

Squires stood for a moment looking at the bullion when it was safely placed and Bly gone. This was what men sacrificed their souls for—this stuff! Such characters as Radcliff and Gessler and Walters would go farther for it. The undersheriff began to see that he was facing the culmination, in one crisis, of all the clash in Kearney County between rampant crime, grafting, illegal business, illicit traffic, gambling and worse things on the one hand, and on the other the sentiment represented by Stull Stow and men of his type, whose impatience with the existing régime had been only smothered, not killed. Undoubtedly McCune had been discovered—perhaps by Sheriff Walters himself—in the act of removing his treasure and had been told to stand and deliver. Squires was convinced now that he had obeyed. If the fact could be proved—and McCune might be handled so that it could be—the downfall of Henry Radcliff was imminent. But it was all in the hands of one man. If the undersheriff bungled now he himself would probably never see the light of morning, and Radcliff and his crew would be laughing exultantly, more securely intrenched in the county than ever before, and arrogant in their triumph. It was a full-sized man's job he had.

Unsteady footsteps sounded outside and a quavering voice called his name. Judd ran out to find Tim Doon weaving toward him. He was soiled, disheveled, bruised.

"Somebody ditched the car just out of town," he whimpered as Squires ran to brace him. "I think it was Jim Feather and Templeton. Hudson was hurt bad—they thought I was dead. But I managed to get to the corral."

Squires' mouth tightened.

"Well, it's just hard luck, Tim," he said. "You did your best. Looks like a regular blind cañon I'm in, doesn't it?"

"Maybe it ain't so blind, Judd," the old man said. "'Riss took the message."

"'Riss? To Stow?"

"Yep. Bob Terwilliger picked her up. She got away safe."

Judd Squires gulped.

"That's fine of her," he said quietly. But he had to turn away for a minute. Dragging her into it—'Riss Doon—into this mess!

He gave Doon a drink and put him to bed in the sheriff's office. Stafford, the night jailer, came in presently, and with him the two negroes who brought the prisoners their evening meals. Squires went the round with the pair while they distributed the food. Trigger McCune deliberately threw his to the floor, cursing it and the waiters and especially the undersheriff. Ralph Gossard, white-faced, trembling, searched Squires' face—seemed relieved when Judd smiled at him encouragingly and gave him a pleasant word.

"Don't worry, son," he said. "We're coming through fine."

But the undersheriff himself felt some doubts of his own optimism. He went down to sound out Neem Stafford, but one shrewd look at the man's face dissuaded him. Stafford was a short, stocky, taciturn man, appointed for services rendered to Radcliff and for nothing else. It was impossible to tell whether or not he had knowledge of Radcliff's immediate enterprise, but Squires hastily decided to go on the assumption that he did. So he had an enemy to reckon with inside the jail if anything happened.

Something did happen. It fell swiftly and unexpectedly. Squires had gone the rounds of the jail after the prisoners' dishes had been taken away; had found everything in order and had returned with the keys to the jailer's office. Stafford was lounging in a big chair reading a Salt Lake newspaper. Squires hung up the keys, went outside and was about to enter his own office when two men came hurrying in. They had on mackinaw coats with the collars turned high—he did not recognize them until they were within a few feet of him.

Then he said: "Hello, Templeton! Hello, Lopez! What's the rush?"

"Sheriff Walters sent us to get you," Templeton said smoothly. "The Continental has been stuck up. Walters is down there."

"You'll have to go without me, boys," Squires said. "I'm busy."

"You say you are?" Templeton retorted. "But we've got orders! Just come along!"

He closed in on one side of the undersheriff; Lopez, known as The Cholo, crowded in on the other. Each had a gun presented—they had been concealing them in their heavy sleeves. Squires stood quietly, looking from one to the other of them.

"I don't get the play," he said. "But if that's how bad you want me ——"

He turned as though to enter his office, the two gunmen moving with him.

"I'll get my hat," he said quietly—"when I need it!"

The added phrase was lost on his visitors, for in opening his heavy office door he had jerked it back so that it struck The Cholo full in the face, sending him reeling. At the same time he had swung his right hand round and caught Tip Templeton's gun from his grasp, wrenching it free—his forefinger slipping through the trigger guard. Templeton with a savage oath plucked out a second revolver, but it was useless to him, for his first one Squires had spun on his finger and now held, upside down but steadily and with his thumb on the hammer, against his adversary's side.

"Cheaters never prosper, Tip," he said. "Hand over."

In that second The Cholo, as Lopez was best known, recovered his balance on the floor and fired from there, but from a prone position he shot high—plaster and bits of wood fell from the wall beside the door frame. Squires whirled about, but Lopez—hidden then behind the door—ran for the rear of the building—disappeared. At the jail gate stood Neem Stafford, hesitant and pale-faced. Squires jabbed Templeton viciously with the revolver muzzle.

"Mosey!" he said. "Open that door of yours, Stafford—and don't get ambitious. This is my fight."

In another half minute the first brush was over—The Cholo gone, Stafford cowed, Radcliff's star gunman sulking in a cell—disarmed, out of it.

Judd Squires looked at the jailer a litte wearily.

"I guess I can manage somehow without you to-night, Neem," he said finally. "When things are happening fast I like to know who's behind me. Get your coat and take a night off."

Stafford protested; demanded to know what the undersheriff meant.

"Go ask Henry Radcliff!" Squires snapped. "I'm wasting time talking to you."

Stafford left, muttering and moving with reluctant feet. But once outside he quickened his steps—disappeared down Main Street at a rapid gait. Squires, smiling slightly, turned back into the building.

He was not yet sure what the Radcliff element meant to do, but they would do something. The jail was a cheaply built modern edifice, having two stories in front in which were the offices and one upstairs row of steel cells, and behind this elevation a high one-story frame containing the bull pen and large tank and a stairway leading to a balcony corridor on which were cages. Windows were few and placed well above the ground—there was no danger of attack by way of those. It was, in fact, an excellent place for defense against any but the most desperate onslaught. But in this case desperation might be expected, especially in view of the fact that Squires was now known to be alone. He closed and barred all the three entrances, including that from the courthouse passageway; returned to the jail proper and ascended to where Ralph Gossard lay in his cell—listening, tense, sleepless.

"It would be rough for you maybe if McCune got away—I mean Barnes," Squires said.

"Got away?" the boy cried, starting up.

"They may try to take him from me to-night."

"They'd have to go good!" the boy cried admiringly. "If you can trust me—get me some kind of a gun or other ——"

"That's what I was thinking of," Squires said, and threw the steel door back. "Come on."

Downstairs again, Squires singled out two of the six men there—a stupid cowboy named Breanahan, who was waiting trial for cattle rustling, and Sill Neighbors, a worthless idler who had been in the jail before, as he was now, for petty thievery. They volunteered enthusiastically—anything to relieve the monotony. With his three feeble allies at his heels, the undersheriff passed out into the corridor and led the way to the sheriff's private office.

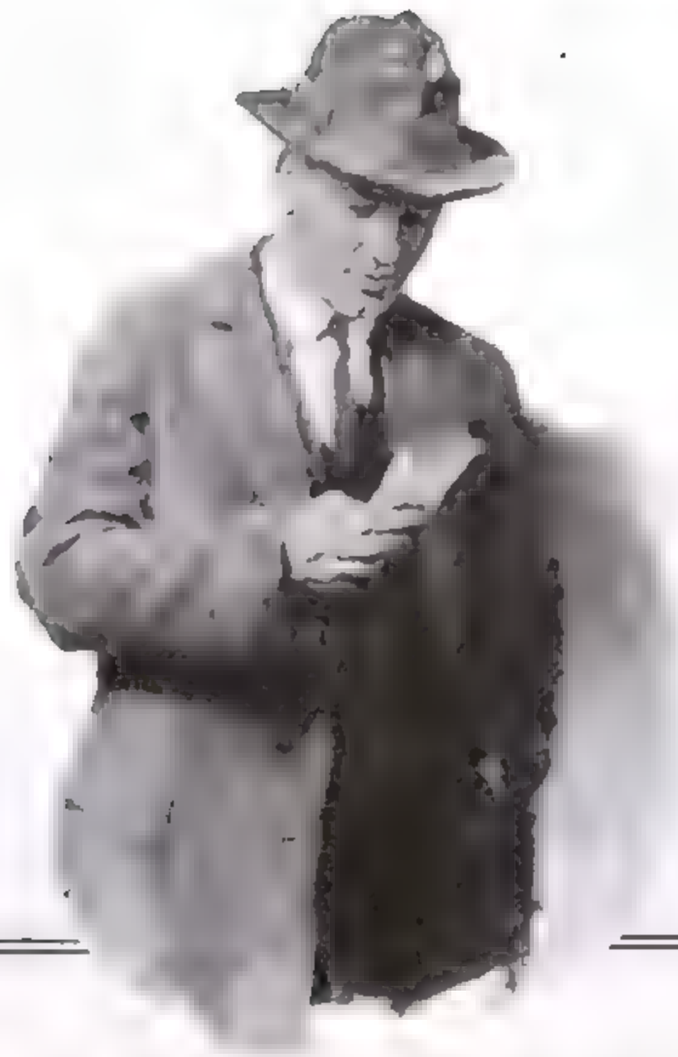
Squires switched on a light, turned the combination of the vault and started in for the emergency arms always kept there loaded and ready.

Then he stood back, dumfounded.

On the floor were heaped eleven bars of bullion identical with those he and Bly had taken from the death car. From two or three depended tin tags on twisted wire—tags stamped with the name of the Pecos Mining Company and scratched with the assayer's figures showing their weight and the date of pouring.

Here lay the last links in the chain—enough to compel McCune or the weak-kneed and frightened sheriff to turn state's evidence—round out the case. And that case was one that would regenerate Kearney County. The end of all the corruption, rottenness, lawlessness, crime, graft, looting that had made the county a byword in the Southwest was at hand. Judd Squires knew that if he could hold the fort until help came—if he could withstand Radcliff's gang and hive—he would overthrow the king and his kingdom in one disastrous smash—everything gone and Kearney County free! And it seemed to him as he stood there as though some mysterious power of good were at work. So much of all this revelation, these disclosures, had befallen by chance

Ralph Gossard—his boy's ears pricked up—had gone softly toward the front door. Now he ran back.



# 43% Goes for Food

Statistics say that the average laboring man spends 43 per cent of his income for food.

And still millions go underfed.

Yet the average family needs 10,000 calories per day. And 10,000 calories in Quaker Oats cost only 55 cents.

## Some Foods $7.00 Daily

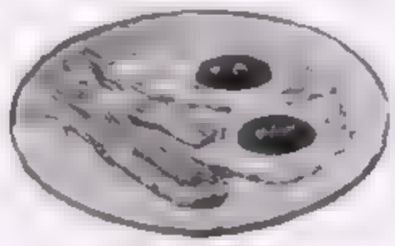
In other foods 10,000 calories cost up to ten times Quaker Oats. It would cost about $7 daily to feed a family on chops or eggs.

Here is the cost of 10,000 calories—the average family's daily food need—in some prime foods, based on prices at this writing:

### Cost of 10,000 Calories

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| In Quaker Oats . | $0.55 | In Hen's Eggs . . . | $ 7.00 |
| In Average Meats | 4.50 | In Young Chicken . | 16.60 |
| In Average Fish . | 5.00 | In Vegetables | $1.10 to 7.50 |

1c per Dish for Quaker Oats



15c for This

## Cost of Servings

The cost of average servings is about as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dish Quaker Oats. . . | 1c | Two Eggs . . . . . | 10c |
| 4 Ounces Meat . . . . | 8c | White Fish . . . . . | 8c |
| One Chop . . . . . | 12c | Cup of Custard . . . | 4c |

The points to consider are these:

Meats, eggs and fish, for the same calory value, average ten times Quaker Oats in cost.

An average serving costs from 8 to 12 times a dish of Quaker Oats.

Yet Quaker Oats yields 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890, and eggs 635.

The oat is the supreme food—the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. It is the vim-food, the food for growth, which everybody needs.

Think what it adds to a breakfast, and what it saves for costlier foods at dinner.

# Quaker Oats

***With That Exquisite Flavor***

This premier brand is flaked from queen grains only — just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. It multiplies oat food delights without any extra cost.

***15c and 35c per Package***

***Except in the Far West and South***

***Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover*** (3142)


"Somebody coming, Mr. Squires," he said, his body tense as a spring. "A lot of men—looks like. Some of 'em 're on the steps."

Squires went into the corridor, switched off the lights therein and walked to the door. "What's wanted?" he asked in even tones.

"Is that you, Squires?" came the answer. "You're getting too gay! The citizens of Pico are onto you!"

"I'm glad they are waking up," Squires remarked. "What seems to be the trouble to-night?"

"You've defied the county courts, Judge Yarrow says!" a voice declared.

"That's correct, judge," the undersheriff chuckled. "But I'll be here to-morrow—you can serve contempt papers on me then." Another man broke in savagely.

"You better surrender to the committee, Squires! We're going to get you, anyway, and you can save yourself ——"

"No, thanks, Gessler," Judd interrupted. "I'm comfortable here. You boys sit down on the steps and make yourselves at home."

In the distance an automobile siren was heard, screaming nearer and nearer.

Through the narrow aperture—hardly a window—at one side of the door Judd could make out the group of visitors silhouetted against the light from the machine, and he saw that they were muffled as to their faces in coats drawn close or by masks. They, too, were turning to look toward the motor car. It was driven at high speed recklessly. When it was almost across the way the brakes were smashed home and the car swayed and skidded as it came to a stop. Men spilled from it, their guns gleaming in the street light.

Without warning, having slipped the bolts noiselessly, Judd Squires threw open his front door and stepped out into the faces of Troy, the leader, Gessler and the rest, a revolver in each hand.

"Put your arms up!" he said, suddenly elated. "Everybody at once—and high!"

The new arrivals were running, spreading out and making a net. A stout, burly man, in blue-flannel shirt and armed with a carbine, was in the van. Judd Squires raised his voice.

"Don't crowd 'em, Mr. Stow!" he shouted. "They're milling now and if they stampede somebody'll get killed in the rush!"

The Radcliff crew, completely outplayed, stood helplessly—let the undersheriff have his way with them. There was not a shot, not a protest. Squires saw that something had happened—something mysterious—that had taken out all the zest of the game for them. Presently they were inside, unmasked, disarmed; were grouped disconsolate in the big bull pen, avoiding one another's eyes, sick, broke!

"I suppose I really ought to give you a cell by yourself, Gessler," Squires said as the lawyer passed in.

"Don't bother, Squires," Gessler said formally. "One place in a jail is as good as another for me."

"I'm sorry we've missed Walters."

"The sheriff is hurt. He met with an accident."

"Too bad," the undersheriff observed. "He won't get far then."

"Not likely."

Judd Squires came out presently, and Stull Stow, the hardened old cattle baron, threw an arm round him and hugged him with the embrace of a bear.

"I don't get this fracas straight in my head yet, son," he said. "But there's plenty of time. Does it bust Radcliff?"

"It busts Radcliff—wide open."

"I wasn't taking any chances—I sent Arch Berry and the Phelan boys to the old spider's office."

A prisoner—George Sebright, one of the tools who had suffered much at the hands of Radcliff—broke into an ugly laugh.

"They got there too late then, Mr. Stow," he volunteered. "I thought you folks knew—that Squires knew. I thought that was why he was so damn nervy!"

"Thought we knew?" Stow repeated. "Knew what, Sebright?"

"Why we lost our punch here to-night. Radcliff was down! A woman of his killed him an hour ago—got away with all his diamonds. That took the tuck out of our crowd."

Judd Squires had crossed to his office for his coat and hat, because Stull Stow insisted that he come out for food and drink and rest. Inside someone sat at the undersheriff's desk. He walked in quietly and up behind the chair. Under the single light above the desk shone the black hair of a woman—of 'Riss Doon. Squires leaned over softly. She had been writing, but had fallen asleep. What she had written jumped to meet the man's eyes.

"You just won't say that you love me, will you, Judd? Well, after to-night, when I've found you won't even try to take care of yourself, I've got to tell you that I love you—enough for both."

He trembled, leaning against the desk. The girl opened her eyes. She caught the notepaper to her, crumpling it.

"Oh, I was going to leave it here!" she cried. "I didn't want you to see—to-night."

"See what?" Judd inquired, touching her shoulder with trembling hand. "I only came in to ask you if you think you could love me. Because if you can't I can love you—enough for both!"

### VII

IN THAT faded, ramshackle neighborhood off the water front in San Francisco where is found the sailors' roost called The Bells of Shandon, a tall, dark, very thin man was slowly dying of a wasting disease, but forgetful now of that. He was waiting his reward for many years of patience—a reward in gold.

While serving a term in an Illinois penitentiary and while one of two patients in the infirmary he had listened when his fellow in sickness raved in delirium of a cache of gold bullion in a Nevada desert.

Infinite patience had been required to get the details, but the tall, dark, thin man was patient, as has been suggested. He had learned everything except the location of the spot where the loot was buried.

Inquiry, after his term of service was completed, had led him into communication with a certain influential man in the nearest Nevada desert town; negotiations had been entered into through the agency of a lawyer named Gessler—a cold and unfeeling man who had insisted on certain specific terms of agreement. The informer was to be rewarded, if his information proved correct and the other prisoner was successfully dealt with, by receiving one of the bars of gold. But he was to remain outside Nevada—was to keep hands off—until the Nevada men had procured the booty—and thereafter, Gessler had said coldly. The informer had complained that he had no assurance that he would be justly treated.

"As I remember it," Gessler had replied with one of his straight, hard glances, "you were sent up for blackmail in Illinois. You can take care of yourself."

The agreement had been entered upon. Thereafter the tall, thin, dark man had made it his business to keep with desperate tenacity on the trail of the convict who had buried the gold in the desert. He had suffered hunger, hardships, desperate poverty, but he had succeeded in shadowing the man called Barnes without once losing the scent. Slightly disguised, he had ended by taking a room in the same house with Barnes in San Francisco; had there seen Gessler, who did not recognize him; and had heard the conclusion of the negotiations between those two by listening at a moldy door. Thereafter Barnes had gone to Livermore across the bay, had bought a machine and had started south. Detectives for Gessler were following him thenceforth, as the informer knew. He was satisfied. He went back to wait—with patience.

Now the time was up. The second of the month, Barnes had said. This was the sixth. He would telegraph to-night—he had money enough for that. Nothing could happen—Gessler would pay up. To-day or to-morrow ——

Febrile with disease and with this hope of his, the man wandered aimlessly about the streets along the front until he was cold with the raw damp wind that blew from the Sausalito Heads. Seeing the sign of a Salvation Army rescue home, he turned in. At least it would be warm there. He sat down at a table, thumbed over a greasy newspaper, leaned back to gloat. His eyes fell on a large text that hung from the wall

THERE IS NO KING SAVED
BY THE MULTITUDE OF THE
HOST

He stared at it for some time idly. Then he shrugged.

"Now, what in hell does that mean?" he asked himself curiously, and found no immediate answer.

# *Shirts that give Summer comfort with distinction!*

HAVE you acquired some of these Wilson Bro's *summer-weight* Shirts which our dealers are window-featuring? Then you've solved the man's problem of appearing cool and comfortable as well as in good form at warm-weather occasions.

Their style and fit, ample tailoring and rich new patterns often make the coat seem unnecessary—their luxurious coolness and color accord with the gala spirit—their practical wearing quality appeals to men.

Having made Men's "Shirts That Fit" for 57 years, we're mighty critical of the fabric and craftsmanship that go into these garments. You'll find all seams double-stitched—every button "knotted on"—collar bands always of exact measure. When investing in shirts nowadays it's more than pleasant to know your interests have been guarded in even these details.

The painting shows one of our white mercerized pongees. You can have them also in charming new stripes and other color effects—imported madras, fiber silks and other long-wearing fabrics. Let your furnisher show you—patterns you're looking for, at prices you'll welcome.

*Roomy comfort characterizes Wilson Bro's original "Athletic" Union Suits for Men—in a dozen cool, durable summer weaves. You'll like this fine, hard-woven madras with satin stripe—at leading men's-wear shops everywhere. Have plenty of them now—treat yourself to the self-respect, comfort and health of morning and evening "changes."*

MEN'S Wilson Bro's FURNISHINGS

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Wilson Bro's

CHICAGO • AMERICA'S COMPLETE FURNISHERS OF MEN • NEW YORK

# ELIZABETH ANNE

(Continued from Page 17)

Once more I rose to my feet, and approached the lady with outstretched hand.

"How do you do?"

At this she favored me with what I presumed to be an arch glance.

"Fancy my being asleep," she said, "on such a day! Truth is I must have dropped off. But what must you think, that's where it is!"

"In these hot climates ——" I began, and was astonished to be interrupted immediately by Mrs. Rendall.

"What do you mean by it?" Her voice was high pitched and querulous, her eyes fixed on her daughter. "A rude saucebox. Standing there! Guests in the house too—and never so much as saying a word! I've a good mind ——" But what she had a good mind to do I never learned, for once again she addressed herself to me. "She's no manners—none whatever! These girls! Cheeky elfs would be a better name. Letting me sleep!"

I reëmbarked upon my observations regarding hot climates, with poor hope of success. This time the interruption came from Elizabeth Anne.

"Come on, mother. Here's your dinner."

"And done to a cinder, I expect."

"Done to a turn," I politely amended as we took our places.

I cannot pretend to say the meal was a happy one, though the food was of simple but excellent quality. Mrs. Rendall prejudiced any chances of success by constant echoes of reproval on her daughter's want of manners. Some of these were directed to and others at the unhappy victim, who bore them all with a fortitude and indifference which compelled my admiration. Many and shrewd were the criticisms for alleged inattention to my needs.

"Look at Mr. Dempsey's glass! Don't do anything Just look at it!" was one of the happiest flights.

Since the jug of ale was at my elbow the responsibility for plenishing my tankard obviously rested with myself, as I hastened to assure my hostess. She herself drank only water, and that sparingly. I was surprised at this, since I had been guilty of entertaining unworthy speculations as to the possible cause of her mood.

She may have observed the surprise in my eyes, for apropos of nothing she said, "I never touch a drop of anything. Give me a glass of water and I'm happy—happy."

"It is a great asset," I remarked, "to be able to turn on one's happiness from a company's main."

I imagined it was my flight of humor which caused Elizabeth Anne to choke, but Mrs. Rendall, however, thought differently.

"Can't you feed yourself without coughing and spluttering?" she demanded with asperity, and Elizabeth Anne's blue-green eyes rested on her mother for a steady instant by way of answer.

Mrs. Rendall appeared to wilt before the gaze and turned the subject.

"Now a cigarette," she said, "I am fond of. After a meal give me a cigarette, I say." Then, with sudden cordiality which alarmed me exceedingly: "You and I will have one together while she's washing up."

I mumbled something appropriate and cut a slice of bread to cover my confusion, adding: "My old friend is not expected back until to-morrow?"

Mrs. Rendall delayed her answer until Elizabeth Anne had retreated to the kitchen to fetch the sweet, then she further startled me by saying: "No, he's not. So we'll spend a pleasant evening, for once in a way."

I was relieved of the embarrassment of replying by the reappearance of Elizabeth Anne behind an apple tart. Fortified by her presence I delivered a short homily on my misogamistic tastes.

"I am afraid you will both find me very poor company," I began. "My life has been devoted almost entirely to my work, and as a result I have no parlor tricks; nor, I fear, any capacity for conversation on other than technical matters."

I contrived not to hear Mrs. Rendall's sly "I know all about you bachelors' 'almosts'" and continued, "My days have been spent amongst men, and my ignorance of women and their interests is almost classic."

"Almost, almost, almost," repeated Mrs. Rendall waggishly.

"Does that mean," said Elizabeth Anne, speaking for the first time—"does that mean that you hate women?"

"I do not understand them," I countered.

"So you don't try."

"I recognize my limitations and do not place a greater strain on them than they are able to withstand. As an engineer I regard myself as an engineering proposition. You have seen the notices 'This bridge will not carry a load in excess of five tons.' That legend applies to myself rather aptly."

"I believe," said Elizabeth Anne—"I believe that's—rot!"

At this Mrs. Rendall screeched—there is no other word—and struck the table with her spoon.

"Saucy elf!" she cried.

But Elizabeth Anne went on: "The silly old bridge would stand up to any weight if it was strengthened a bit—and not allowed to rust and get rickety."

"The bridge might—but how about the man?" I demanded.

"Just the same—if he was bucked up and brushed down and had his buttons sewed on and his socks darned and—oh, I don't know—heaps of things, more important than those."

Now there was a button missing from my coat and it is true I would have been reluctant to remove my boots in public lest the squeamish should rebel at the spectacle of sundry oases of white flesh in the regions of the toe and heel. But since these small matters could have no possible bearing on the case I ridiculed her statement by a short but patronizing laugh.

"Some people never learn," said Elizabeth Anne coldly, and rose to collect and carry off the plates.

"Let's drorr up a couple of chairs on the veranda and have our smoke," said Mrs. Rendall.

With all the gallantry I could muster I squared two basket chairs and we took our places after I had offered the lady a cigarette. Some hard object beneath the cushion caused me to rise again and removing the cushion I revealed a bottle half full of cherry brandy.

Mrs. Rendall appeared to be quite breathless by my discovery.

"How ever," she said—"how ever could a thing like that have got here?"

Having no opinion I expressed none.

"Well, if that isn't a funny thing!" She held the bottle to the light. "Must have been put there for a joke," she pondered deeply. "The only thing to do is to hide it." She rose and disappeared into the house, to emerge again a moment later with the inquiry couched in a stage whisper: "Would you? Just a drop? Say if you would?" I glanced at the bottle, the contents of which appeared miraculously to have diminished during the moment of its disappearance, and shook my head.

"All right," she said. "Better not perhaps." And she vanished.

A few minutes passed before she returned and seated herself.

"Spirits," she remarked with the solemnity of a lecturer on psychic phenomena, "are strange things. You can't be too careful with them."

I agreed with her principles if not perhaps with her method of putting them into practice.

"There," she exclaimed, "if my cigarette isn't gone out!"

I began to feel for a match, but she insisted on relighting it from mine.

"A Swedish kiss," she remarked sweetly as she stooped to carry out her resolve.

I may say then any doubt I may have had regarding the disappearance of the cherry brandy was settled once and for all during the moment that followed. It was clear beyond question that Mrs. Rendall belonged to the depraved sisterhood of secret drinkers.

I should hesitate to degrade my classic style by a written repetition of our subsequent dialogue. It would, however, be no injustice to state that in her desire to appear hospitable Mrs. Rendall was guilty of confiding her feelings to me more intimately than prudence would seem to dictate. The turn of her sentences, coupled with the glances accompanying them might reasonably have persuaded a less modest man that he was achieving an unwarrantable success. She playfully assured me that her heart was still young young enough for anything—and she was capable of "gallivanting with the best." "But what is the use," she concluded, "when one's married to a man who oughter wear his collar hindside before." How far this conversation would have led I tremble to speculate, but to my rescue there came a further attack of somnolence, and the good lady dropped off practically in the middle of a sentence.

With as little noise as possible I rose and entered the house. I had intended going to my room to arrange my papers, but an impulse possessed me to find out what had become of Elizabeth Anne. She was in the scullery, her back toward me, drying the dishes of our recent repast. Though I entered noiselessly she spun round and confronted me almost as if she expected to be attacked.

"Oh, it's you," she said.

"It's me, Elizabeth Anne," I replied ungrammatically.

"I told you not to call me that. What do you want?"

"Just wondered what had become of you."

"You know now." She turned once more to her dishes.

"Your mother is enjoying another little snooze," I observed, to keep the conversation going.

"Oh, you are a beast!" exclaimed Elizabeth Anne, and to my utter astonishment tilted her head against the plate rack and began to sob.

"I say, for goodness' sake don't do that!" I cried, and in spite of myself put an arm round her heaving little shoulders.

"Yes—you—are," with the staggering quality begotten of tears. "It's—it's a joke to you—but I have to live it—live it!" She twisted out of my arm hold and crossed to the window.

"I'm nineteen—and this—this is all I've had. A mother who—oh, you can see for yourself—and a father who's weak—weak—all through; who encourages her because he's too big a coward to face a shindy—and then soaks himself in prayer reading to square his conscience. Oh, I did want something good out of life—something better than this—this—this!" The last "this" sounded like a piece of buckram ripped in two.

"Ah, come!" I said feebly. "There's any amount of time ahead, you know."

"Always ahead—ahead. But I want something now."

She flung herself back to the sink and started to dry a plate feverishly.

"When I heard you were coming," she went on more quietly, "I thought you might bring me something different."

"But I didn't know of your existence," I stammered. "If I had I would have brought ——"

"Idiot! Think it's toys and ribbons I want?"

I made no attempt to answer.

"I hoped—hoped your coming would be splendid. That you'd have—ideas."

"But I ——"

"No, you haven't! Your only idea is to get away from here as soon as you can. You're too high and mighty to spend your precious time with a pack of women. Think I can't see that?"

I tried not to blush, and failed.

"You've no opinion of what a woman can do—that doesn't count. I've met your sort before. 'Heaven preserve me from the sex!' they say, and think it's something to their credit. Yours is the only sort I have met except—beasts."

She stopped and a color surged over her cheeks. "You make me feel very uncomfortable," I complained.

"Jolly glad!" she fired back; then, repentant: "No, I'm not glad. I'm sorry—but I'm only sorry because you're like that."

"What am I like?"

"Like an old tree standing by itself in the middle of a plain pretending it's a forest."

I shook my head in mystification.

"Well, you do think you're all right on your own, don't you?"

"I've always been on my own—and—er—I've managed to get along. You're taking me out of my depth, you know. I really can't understand why I'm such a disappointment to you"

"If you'd spent your life doing things for people who never gave twopence worth of thanks for what you'd done, and you'd always looked forward to doing things for someone who'd be pleased—then perhaps you would understand."

"But I'm most sensible to what ——"

"You're not. All you're thinking of is how quickly you can get to the hotel. Well, I'd go at once if I were you."

And at that I formed a most unworthy determination deliberately to affront my little tormentor.

"Perhaps you're in a hurry to get rid of me in order to escape the discomfort of sleeping on the couch," said I.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh! And for a whole week, day and night, I've looked forward to giving up my room to you, and cleaned it and prepared it -and ——"

"If that is the case I cannot see ——"

"Have you never done anything on chance?"

"Nothing so self-sacrificing. But what exactly was the chance?"

"Finding a real friend, that's all."

"Then," said I, speaking with great wisdom, "you should give the friend as great a chance of developing as the friendship."

And that, I believe, was the only time I got the better of her in argument; with a generosity which I should be proud to possess she held out her damp little hand.

"I'm—I'm sorry," she said.

"Then I needn't go to the hotel?"

"Not if you don't want to."

"And you won't let me sleep on the couch instead?"

"No."

"Not even if I gave you some socks to darn and some buttons to sew on?"

I thought this was rather an adroit piece of leverage, but I was wrong. She turned her eyes on me with calm and steady analysis.

"You silly, stupid old thing!" she said. "Do you think a woman enjoys sewing buttons and darning socks?"

I suppose I looked rather crestfallen and she went on: "She doesn't know she's doing it, even. Why, don't you see that and all that kind of thing is only just a part of partnership?"

"Is it?" I said, but vaguely comprehending.

"Of course," she answered, as though all the world knew that.

"H'm!" said I. "Well, I must get on with my work now, I suppose."

As I passed out of the scullery I had a strange conviction that I was leaving some hall of illumination wherein the blind were made to see.

Intermittently during the following four hours spent at my table a series of profitless speculations ran through my mind.

"If an engine is no good without coal and water—and a coach without freight or passengers—what good is a man without ——" Then I would beat my forehead with a closed fist and try to concentrate on the subject which should have engaged my attention.

I had an appointment with some of the directors at six o'clock, which kept me occupied until seven-thirty. When I returned I found the dining room was empty, and on the sideboard a cherry-brandy bottle in like condition. I was ruminating upon its spiritual past and future when my hostess made a buoyant appearance.

In the evening light she appeared more blond than ever, and had freshened up her appearance by a change of dress and—I borrow her own phrase—"a brush-up and a lick o' powder."

In regard to the lick o' powder, a man might reasonably have been excused for the surmise that the lady was in the bakery business or had been engaged in an inspection of a plaster-of-Paris factory.

"I'm never my best till this time of day," she confided, which set me thinking how frequently at fault is one's estimate of oneself.

She dropped into a chair at the head of the table and struck the flower bowl a sharp blow with her spoon.

"Come on!" she shrilled. "Don't keep us waiting all night."

I hastily apologized and took my place with all possible expedition.

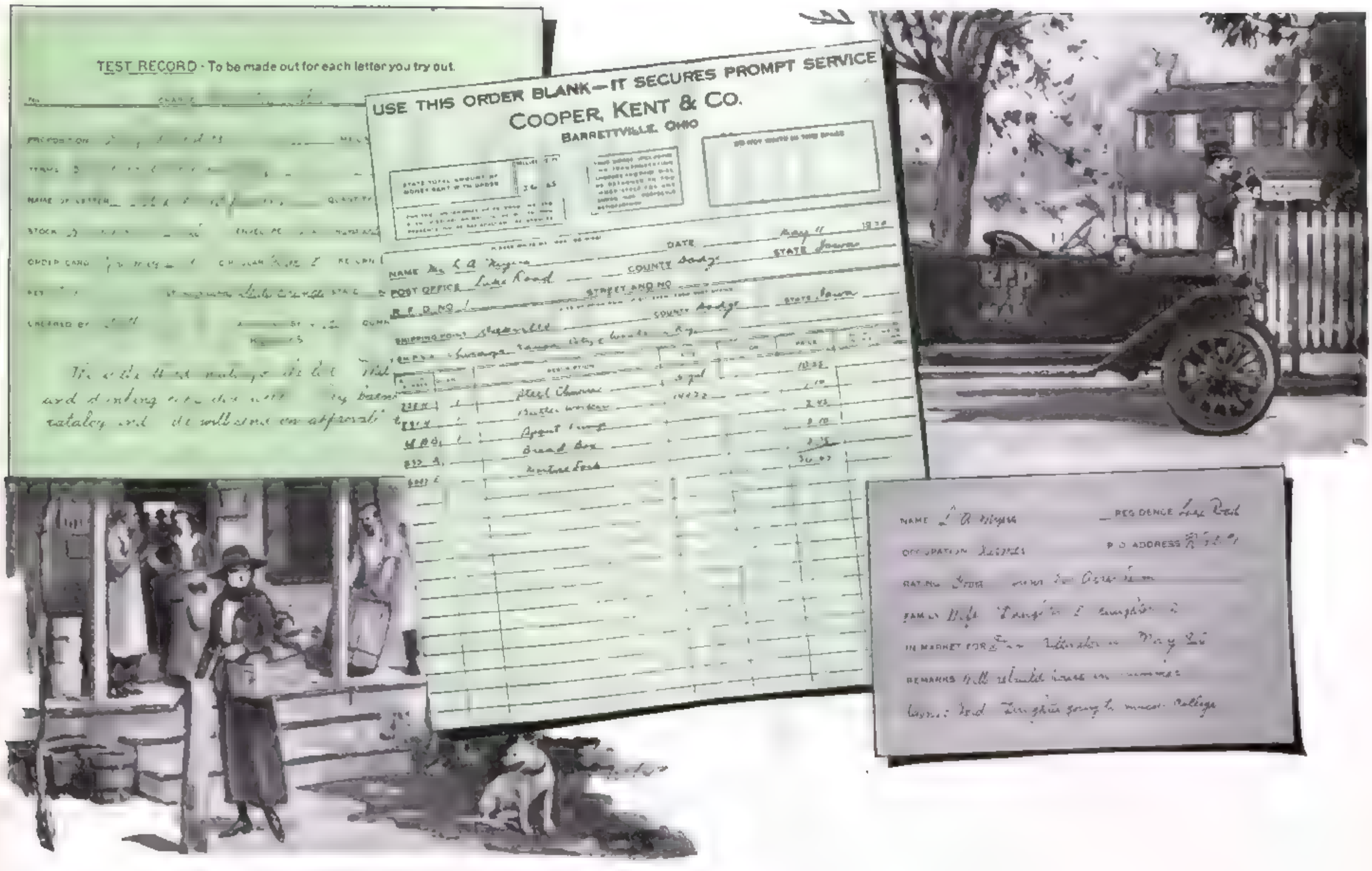
"Not you," she explained. "That girl!"

"Your daughter," I said severely, "strikes me as a very fine little character."

"She's a kill-joy," said Mrs. Rendall; "neither more nor less"; and added: "She'll be the death of me."

At which I tried to look sympathetic and succeeded in looking hopeful.

(Continued on Page 97)

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Another merchant, in a Minnesota town of 5,000, is close to the million-dollar mark in annual turnover.

Each of these storekeepers reaches far out into the surrounding country for patronage. Each has built up a great business by the intelligent use of two modern institutions—the R. F. D. and the Parcel Post.

If you are a retail merchant, desirous of increasing your business as these men have done, you must continually expand your mailing list; you must send out letters that will interest people in your goods.

Then you must do one thing more—and do it well. You must send with each letter or circular an Order Blank that is simple, understandable, easy to fill out correctly.

Just that kind of an Order Blank is illustrated here—together with two others, a Test Record for circular letters, and a Mailing List Slip, used for filing data regarding prospective customers.

If you are interested, write us, and we will gladly send you samples of these forms, together with others for store and office use, printed on Hammermill Bond. These forms will show you the quality and distinction of Hammermill Bond, its cleanness and strength.

Hammermill Bond is made in twelve colors besides white, giving you the important advantage of color classification and identification for your various forms.

Just say to your printer, "Use Hammermill Bond." He will welcome your suggestion, because he will be confident of giving you complete satisfaction at an economical price.

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# HAMMERMILL BOND

*"The Utility Business Paper"*

# New England Craftsmen who build for the eyes of

When America was still young in years and achievement, New England craftsmen were old in the art of building.

A chair or a church, a silver urn or a steeple clock, a ship or a "wonderful one-hoss shay"—these builders

*"—wrought with greatest care*
*Each minute and unseen part;*
*For the gods see everywhere."*

And this is the tradition that has been handed down through the generations to the craftsmen of modern New England.

The hurry and worry of standardized quantity production, which has for the past dozen years characterized such a great part of America's manufacturing effort, has passed around this group of workmen as a storm passes around a mountain.

They have realized the necessity for, and the benefits issuing from, this great industrial movement; but they have had their own traditions to follow and their own methods to use.

Watch them as they file and grind and polish—their eyes and hands rivaling the micrometer in accuracy. No machine is so nearly automatic as not to require their

Stevens
Moto

—

# e gods

constant attention; no machine-cut part is so nearly exact that their final hand-finishing cannot make it more so.

•

These modern descendants of old Colonial builders are making the most modern of products—a motor car.

True craftsmen they are—creative workers in fine materials, uncompromising, proud, inspired. Many have spent the larger part of their lives in the Stevens-Duryea plant. Others have come to join them from armory and gun-factory.

In all America probably there is no other group of such artisans numerous enough to manufacture a car like the Stevens-Duryea in quantities sufficient to satisfy a nation-wide demand.

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A car so built, whatever its first cost, is no extravagance. It is an investment which will maintain its value over the long years of the car's life and will be convertible always at a high percentage of the original outlay.

For the owner of a Stevens-Duryea possesses in his car many fine and rare qualities, of which infinitely accurate mechanical adjustment, excellent materials and enduring beauty of workmanship are only a few.

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# Duryea Cars

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(Established 1856)

GRINNELL, IOWA, U. S. A.

200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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(Continued from Page 92)

I will not dwell in detail on the first evening spent in the house of the Rendalls. It consisted for the most part of lightning changes of manner on the part of my hostess—the most overpowering affability with me, and the very reverse in all dealings with her daughter. I myself was checked on one or two occasions when endeavoring to find a place for Elizabeth Anne in the conversation. It was clearly Mrs. Rendall's ambition to keep Elizabeth Anne in her place, and tireless were her efforts to do so. Ever and anon, on one or another unlikely pretext she disappeared into the house, to return a few moments later with an air of guilty satisfaction. About ten o'clock after one of these excursions she failed to reappear. Elizabeth and I sat in a kind of enforced silence for some while, and then by tacit consent entered the house together. Mrs. Rendall was stretched upon the sofa deep in the land of dreams.

"Won't wake up for hours; you better go to bed, I think."

I nodded gravely, pressed the small hand extended to me, and retired with a whispered good night.

I suppose I had been in bed the best part of an hour when I sat up and struck one hand against the other.

"What a thoughtless swine!" I exclaimed.

I lit a candle, tumbled into a pair of breeches and a coat, and made my way back to the sitting room. Elizabeth Anne was sitting on a hard chair with her elbows resting on the table and her chin in her hands. Upon the sofa lay the form of her mother.

The girl looked up as I entered the room.

"What do you want?" her lips said soundlessly.

I nodded to her to follow me to the veranda. After a moment she rose with a slow tired air and came to my side.

"Well?"

"You've nowhere to sleep."

"That's all right—don't bother—go back to bed."

"Give me a blanket; I'll pack up out here."

"No."

"When I give an order it has to be obeyed."

"No," she repeated, but her lower lip quivered and I could see how tired she was.

"Very well," said I; "I'll go straight to the hotel now."

Her little fingers closed upon my sleeve.

"But I—I wanted you to have my room!"

It never occurred to me she might have had her mother's room, and if it had I shouldn't have suggested it.

"Give me a blanket and turn in," was my only reply.

"Please!"

But I folded my arms and shook my head.

For a moment our two resolutions clashed, then very slowly her chin dropped and she turned and crossed the room to the hall, I following in the rear.

From a cupboard she drew a dark blanket and handed it to me.

"You might have let me," she said, and opened her bedroom door.

"Good night," I said.

She stopped and turned.

"Good night, what?" said she.

"Good night, Elizabeth Anne."

"Good night, what?" she repeated.

I took a grip on myself.

"Good night—dearest," I muttered.

There was such a wonderful smile on her lips, and her eyes shone like stars as the door closed.

And all night long I was bitten most damnably by mosquitoes, but oddly enough I didn't care.

Work is an admirable tonic for sobering the mind of a tendency to disport itself in unusual fashions, and of work I had my fill during the three weeks which followed the night upon the veranda.

In passing, I should say that my old schoolfellow returned on the following day, and left almost immediately afterward. Of the two happenings, his coming and going, I am free to confess that I derived more satisfaction from the latter. I think I am justified in calling myself a God-fearing man, but the scant devotions to which I give expression I habitually conduct without ostentation. This was not the case with James Gosport Rendall. He lived with the name of his Maker ever upon his lips, invoking divine blessings upon even the most trivial affairs of everyday life. His fashion of address frankly nauseated me and of all others proved the greatest incentive to excuse myself from a continued acceptance of his hospitality. Had his actions been in any sort of accord with his phrases I might have respected him, but it was not so.

I heard him one day urge his wife to implore heavenly assistance in subduing her taste for strong waters, and five minutes later, during which she brought to bear upon him the full batteries of her unbridled tongue, I saw him placate her with a bottle of raw spirits.

With no intention had I witnessed the scene—my position was such that I could hardly avoid doing so; but having been embroiled I so far forgot the duty of a guest as to express my thorough contempt for such weakness.

Rendall heard me out with a most sanctimonious air. It was a chance remark of mine that woke a flash of latent breeding in him.

"Since when," he asked, "has the fashion risen for a guest to haul his host over the coals?"

Then before I could reply he ceded the ground won by rounding off the phrase with a vague query as to what the Lord would think of such conduct as mine. This so incensed me that I laid my tongue round him to some effect.

"Rendall," I cried, "though I break every law of hospitality I put it to you that you're a coward and a shirker!"

"Among the flock," he replied, "there are the weak as well as the strong."

"A coward and shirker!" I continued. "Before heaven, man, take a grip on the situation! What sort of life do you imaging your daughter leads at the hands of such a father and mother?"

"She is in the hands of One greater than we."

I would have none of it.

"The child of a drifter and a drunkard—what chance has she?" I exploded.

But he only shook his head and raised his hand, after the manner of a high dignitary of the church.

"See here!" said I. "If anything happens to that girl you will be to blame. If you're too utterly weak to manage your own affairs take her out of this atmosphere—send her away—let her breathe clean air."

"You speak as though I had no affection for my daughter."

"If you have—show it."

He rubbed his chin and said slowly: "Someone must look after Angela, and I can't."

That was the type of man to which my old lighthearted schoolfellow had degenerated.

I threw up my head and walked away. Further argument was useless. As I went I heard him remark inconsequently, "'Wine is a mocker—strong drink is raging.' Yes—yes—yes."

The following day he left on an errand which would keep him occupied for three weeks.

My own duties were such that I had little or no time to better my acquaintance with Elizabeth Anne. Frequently I was away for several days on end. On my return I would always find fresh flowers in my room and evidences of a thousand and one little attentions to prove that I had not been forgotten. The improvement in the state of my wardrobe was very marked, a circumstance to which it took me quite a while to accustom myself. When one has for long been used to attach two leads of one's braces to a single button on nearly every pair of one's pants it is disconcerting to find all the buttons in place. My table, too, was always most beautifully arranged. The papers were never shuffled, but they were squared up each morning in a way that I am bound to confess greatly gratified my orderly eye. Hitherto I had entertained the view that an office table should never be touched, but I altered that opinion before very long and even looked forward to the spectacle of clean ash trays, tidy papers and an inkpot with fresh ink filled to the correct level.

"You know, Elizabeth Anne," I said, for I had not the courage to continue with the mode of address adopted on that particular night, "you have a marvelous sense of understanding what people like."

To which she replied unexpectedly: "How do you know?"

"Well, by what you do for me."

"Pooh! That's not anything." There was a slightly disappointed tone in her voice.

"I cannot agree," said I.

"Glad you're pleased, then." She turned away, then whisked round and looked at me. "You are easily pleased, though."

"On the contrary, I'm a most exacting person."

She continued to look at me seriously.

"You look very good," she said; "awfully good."

I bowed awkwardly and she echoed the action with a nod.

"I'm glad you're good—but it would have been so ——" She stopped, then proceeded from a different angle: "You wouldn't think it fun to make love to anyone unless you really loved them."

"No," I replied emphatically, "I should not."

She hesitated. "Don't suppose I should—really. It's only that —— Oh, well! Have you never, never been in love?"

"I can truthfully say that I'm afraid I'm too practical for anything so—nebulous."

"I don't know what it means," said Elizabeth Anne, "but I wonder which is best."

There was a tavern near our workings at which I would sometimes take a glass of ale when the sun was at its noonday heat, and in that tavern I was responsible for assault and battery. I would modestly state that this was the first and only occasion on which I took part in a pothouse brawl, and though the performance did not end entirely in my favor I wish to record the fact that I have no regrets or apologies to offer.

It all happened inside a minute. There was a beefy, rather objectionable-looking youth disporting himself at the bar in conversation with an equally offensive companion. From my seat in the shadows I recognized the former as the son of one of the directors of the new company.

"That girl of old Rendall's," said his friend, "is a plum. Very nice piece indeed."

If the table before me had not been screwed to the floor boards I might have arrived at the bar two seconds earlier. As it was I had time to hear in reply: "Very sweet, old lad; but that sprig Dempsey has got there first."

He was right; I did get there first, but in my eagerness I missed the point by a couple of inches and took his left counter full in the eye. After that there was a mix-up. Tactically I was at fault in not stating my case before entering the battle, for as a result I found myself the object of a concerted attack. I think the odds were about five to one against, and I took the knock inside a minute and finished up inverted on the slag heap before the parlor window.

I fancy someone must have kicked me in the stomach, for I felt queer and sick when at last I struggled to my feet and, to avoid meeting anyone, took a cut across the bush toward Rendall's house. The distance was a mile or more and I was obliged to rest a few times on the journey. Curiously enough I did not resent the scars and pains of my recent conflict; and despite the discomfiture they caused me I was possessed of an unusual sense of exaltation—a kind of elemental delight of which past experience provided no parallel. I had broken a lance to shield a lady's fair name. I had never done so before, but after this I felt very confident that I would gladly do so again under similar provocation.

As I proceeded on my lame way it came over me that often before I must have listened impassively to innuendoes quite as offensive, and the thought made me blush furiously. "It is all very well," I reflected, "for a man to esteem woman as an unsatisfactory sex, and to conduct a campaign for the preservation of bachelorhood; but that offers no excuse for dealing lightly with her name in public—or, for that matter, in private circles." I registered a vow that in the future I would take a very firm line when conversations of this character came under my notice.

Poor, hard-working, little Elizabeth Anne! What a shame it all was. Why hadn't I done for that loose-tongued oaf, instead of messing up my assault in such a stupid manner?

Some of the blows which had registered upon different parts of my head and body had possibly produced in me an abnormal condition. I became vaguely aware of a shape before me, which seemed to dissolve into the picture of young Liston Terrell lolling across the bar. Vividly I remember falling into a boxer's attitude—springing lightly forward—in—out—parrying—then dashing out a right and left where his jaw seemed to be. The knuckles of both hands scored themselves against the bark of a blue-gum tree, and an agony of pain shot up my arms for an instant, clearing my brain of its fancies.

Confronting me, a yard only beyond the tree, stood Elizabeth Anne, her beautiful eyes wide open in horror. I rocked a little on my heels and tried to smile; the effort was painful and the result sickly.

"You—you, too!" she said. And there was a world of disgust and disappointment in her.

Though I tried to say something sensible all I could muster was a senseless paraphrase of her words and looks.

"*Et tu, Brute!*" I driveled.

She turned on her heel and ran for the house, which miraculously had appeared in the landscape.

"Dearest—dearest!" I called, but she took no notice and was gone.

After that I believe I fell and lay on the ground for quite a while. It was Mrs. Rendall who helped me to rise.

"Naughty, naughty," she said. "At this time of day, too!"

I became mistily aware that the face which looked into mine was alight with satisfaction and sympathy.

"There, there!" she went on. "I don't mind. Be a bit human, I say. But you're not so goody-goody, after all."

I extricated myself from her supporting arm and stumbled unaided up the veranda steps, and threw myself at length upon my bed.

In the light of after events I fancy I was fairly severely punished. I must have slept for sixteen hours—my watch had stopped when I looked at it—and I woke with a buzzing head and a tongue that felt like a stick of wood. I tried to get up, but the effort was painful and I sank back on the pillow again. Presently I heard the crackle of fresh-caught sticks and guessed Elizabeth Anne was lighting the kitchen fire. I waited, then I heard her steps coming down the passage. They paused for a moment outside my door, and proceeded again.

"Elizabeth Anne," I croaked.

I could almost feel the indecision which took possession of her, for a long while elapsed before she opened the door just a little and peered into the room with sad, serious eyes. She said nothing, but just looked at my disheveled form, booted and sprawling upon the bed.

"My throat's dry—I want some water."

Still she said nothing, but retired, to return a moment later with a jug of water and a glass, which she put beside me. She was turning away again when I spoke:

"You haven't said anything. Aren't you going to?"

With her back toward me she answered: "Nothing to say."

I couldn't understand—I only knew that I felt horribly wounded. I had fought for her, and afterward had dreamed foolishly of her cool hand giving me a knot of ribbon to wear upon my breast.

While these thoughts ran through my head she turned quickly, crying out with a sob on her voice: "Oh, why did you do it?"

"Any man would," I blurted out.

"You give that for a reason!"

Her eyes fairly blazed at me. Then the door shut with a bang.

I was alone, and for the first time in my life I felt alone—bitterly and hopelessly. I felt that some great influence of companionship and good had been divided from me by the sound of that closing door. I think I sat up in bed and laughed. So this was what woman's sympathy was worth—a fair-weather friendship! Had I been victorious the tale might have been different; but I was worsted, and as such might dress my own wounds and carry my own shame of defeat. I looked across at my writing table and saw that it was still disordered. She had not thought it worth while to minister to the loser. Let him fend for himself, poor weakling.

I really must have been fairly ill or I should never have indulged in such ridiculous speculations; nor, I flatter myself, should I have shed tears over my unhappy case. That, I confess it without shame, is what I did. I looked at my writing table and howled dismally and noisily, and in the midst of my weeping Elizabeth Anne returned and stood in the doorway. She waited for me to stop before speaking.

"Yes? What is it?" she asked.

"My table—you haven't done it."

"I'm busy," she said.

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"You used to do it every day."

"Perhaps." Her tone was very cold.

"Dearest ——" I began.

"Don't call me that."

"You asked me to."

"I've changed my mind."

"Yes—I see. Elizabeth Anne, aren't I to have any more of your little attentions?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, I suppose I'll do the things," said she.

"Yes, but in the old way—like you did before. I could never get on without them now."

She seemed to catch her breath.

"Very well. But—but you'll be like the rest—the rest of the people I do things for without caring—but just because they're helpless and—weak."

She pulled off my boots and helped me with my coat and waistcoat. Then she washed my face and hands, putting a clean handkerchief round my bruised and battered knuckles. Her actions were as those of a disinterested and unsympathetic nurse.

"I suppose you don't want any breakfast?" she questioned; and I shook my head. "Better go to sleep again."

With a few deft movements she tidied my table, half lowered the blind and marched out of the room, leaving me laboring under an extraordinary sense of injustice and illumination. The injustice was obvious, but the illumination may be explained. I clearly observed the tremendous distinction existing between impulse and duty and how the latter is as copper to gold compared with the value of the former.

In a condition of somewhat delirious melancholy I fell asleep and the afternoon had well advanced before I reopened my eyes. As I slowly regained consciousness I became aware of the figure of James Gosport Rendall surveying me from the bed end.

"Dempsey," said he, the light of the revivalist shining from his eyes. "Oh, you poor, weak vessel! Repent, repent, for the wrath awaiteth the man of intemperance and violence."

Raising myself on my elbow I took breath and had at him.

"Rendall," I cried, "you're a sanctimonious prig! What the devil do you mean by shoveling that kind of trash at me when you ought to be searching the town with a horsewhip for the man who slandered your daughter?"

"Eh?" said he. I could see my words perplexed him. "I was given to understand that you had partaken deeply of that which steals away the brain."

"You thought I was drunk?"

He nodded, and I began to see daylight.

"Who told you?"

"Angela; and though my daughter would say nothing it was ——"

"All right," I interrupted. "I can fill in the rest for myself. Just you listen."

And as briefly as possible I told him what had occurred in the bar. Once he colored deeply and I thought his better feelings had been roused, but at the end of my recital I was disgusted by his exhibition of cowardly meanness.

"The Terrells are influential; it is a pity you should have fought with one of them."

"But, good heavens ——" I began.

"Please!" He ruminated for a moment, then: "Perhaps I have been at fault in leaving you so much alone. It is unfair upon the child."

If he had been a younger man I verily believe I should have throttled him. As it was I could only gape in speechless astonishment.

He continued: "Maybe it would be better, since my work takes me abroad so much—it would be better if you were to stay elsewhere."

I felt the color boiling in my cheeks, but still said nothing.

"No reflection is cast upon you, Dempsey, but let us not forget the words 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

"You can spare me the rest," said I. "I'll pack my things at once."

Suiting the action to the word I swung my feet to the ground and started to dress forthwith.

"To-morrow will be soon enough, for I myself shall be here to-night."

"Thanks," said I. "If anything would speed my departure that would be it."

He made no reply, but walked from the room shaking his head.

I was tightening the straps of my trunk when the door burst open and Elizabeth Anne plunged into the room.

"Oh, oh!" she cried. "You did it for me and I thought ——"

I don't know how it happened, but somehow she found her way into my arms and sobbed with her head against my shoulder.

"That's all right," I said. "It was a perfectly natural mistake."

"You fought for me and—b-because of that I'm going to lose you for ever—ever—ever!"

"Hush—dearest. Hush!"

In that moment it seemed so easy to call her dearest—impossible to think of her by any other name.

"Stop," she pleaded. "Please, please stay here!"

I shook my head.

"I shall be near by—quite near. If you want me you need but send and I shall come at once."

"But you, you won't want me," she moaned.

"I shall always want you. Yes, and I shall miss the thousand treasured helps and kindnesses you gave me. I'll never be the same without them."

She clung to me tighter.

"But I didn't trust you; I was a beast!"

"No," said I; "you were a dear."

"You'll forget; in a week—a month you'll have forgotten; then you'll go back to England, and that'll be the end."

"The end of what?" I questioned.

But she did not answer directly.

"Kiss me, good-by," she said.

"Good-by," I whispered and, stooping, kissed the wet and glistening lashes of those wonderful blue-green eyes.

My lips were moist with her tears when I dragged my box down the veranda steps to where the buggy with a small lad in attendance stood ready and waiting. And of all the draughts I have ever drunk there was none to compare with the pure living spirit contained in those tiny drops of warm salt tears. Like a raging alcohol their essence pervaded my brain and body—stimulating, relaxing, inflaming. A line from a verse of Richard Lovelace went racketing through my head. "I'll drink the tear out of thine eye." I had read it a decade or more ago, when it had seemed a mere necessity of rime and meter. But now I saw how great a wonder was herein revealed, and how he who once had sipped this purest distillation of love and grief could not choose thereafter but be slave and worshiper to this God-given wine press of human sweetness.

"Take the box to the hotel, boy; I'll walk."

And that was the manner in which my visit to the Rendalls came to a close.

I had hardly adjusted my own mind to the fact that I was in love with Elizabeth Anne when I became aware that the men with whom I came into contact had arrived at the same understanding.

News of battle travels quickly, and such is the curiosity of the human race that they are not content with details without being informed as to the cause. Since in this particular affair of mine enlightenment was only to be had through the medium of surmise—surmise looked into the crystal and tumbled to the truth.

I scarce had finished my first miserable meal at the hotel when a broad-shouldered, open-countenanced man came forward and without introduction fell into conversation.

"Young Terrell's bad," said he. "Stopped some pretty heavy stuff from you."

I could not restrain a look of satisfaction, especially when he added: "A dirty little tike." He became reminiscent. "Remember once a chap saying something 'bout a girl o' mine. Lord!"

The exclamation was expressive and I felt almost sorry for the remembered chap.

I went to bed that night repeating to myself the phrase "girl o' mine." Sweet music it sounded in that bare and spiritless apartment. I blew out the candle earlier than my custom, because I could not endure to look at a mantelpiece that offered no standing room for a Teddy bear garbed in crimson bathing drawers.

"It's all very well," I said to myself, "but you're a great fool all the same. You're over thirty and she's —— You're a fool, Dempsey—a fool!"

"Girl o' mine." I say! This sort of thing wouldn't do. It wasn't fair to Elizabeth Anne that people should conclude she and I —— Damn it! I mustn't see the child if that were the idea that had got about Yet —— Oh, rot, this lonely darkness! "Marriage is a failure, my dear fellar—there's nothing in it." Besides, a kid like that. A drunken mother and a father

(Concluded on Page 100)

*Painted in colors for Eagle Shirts by Edward B. Edwards*

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# EAGLE SHIRTS

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EAGLE SHIRT

(Concluded from Page 98)

who —— I suppose I fell asleep hereabouts with all the staccato thoughts of wakefulness switched over to the mad uncertainty of dreams.

Arranging my writing table next morning was one of the most hateful occupations I had ever undertaken. In sheer desperation I humped paper and pens and ink in a disordered pile, and leaving them made off for the working to spend the first day of the wretchedest week I can bring to mind.

Were it not for the fact that my powers of work were more or less impaired and automatic, I think it probable the directors would have called a meeting to discuss the urgency of my dismissal. As it was, one of them taxed me with disinterestedness and preoccupation. I mustn't go to her—I mustn't, mustn't! But Lord, how I prayed she would come to me or accident would give us a meeting! On the sixth day came the first and only incident which lifted up my heart from the deeps into which it had fallen.

My room at the hotel was on the veranda, approachable and visible from the road. I entered it in the late evening, weary and lifeless, and beheld that which made my spirits leap.

The disordered heaps of my clothing had been tidied and arranged. And my table—only she could have tended the table in that manner—the bright ash trays, orderly heaps of correspondence and clean blotting paper. If I had needed other proof than my senses, there it was written on the blotting pad in almost a child's scrawl. "You're a dear to miss me so." The sentence was signed with a "D."

Then I sat down on the bed and soaked myself in the good of her secret visit.

"All my life," said I to myself, "I've been a blind, practical fool, but at last I realize what is worth while. This may be all or only a beginning, but either way it's sacred."

So I rang the bell and after a while a chambermaid appeared.

"Will you ask the host if he could spare me a moment?" I inquired.

Presently the host, a fat, genial person, came in and asked my pleasure.

"How much do you want for that table?" I demanded.

"'Tisn't worth buying," he returned.

But I had my own views on the subject, and eventually it became mine for a matter of a few shillings. When the transaction was completed I asked him to send me in a carpenter, and also for the loan of a pot of glue. I fancy he thought me mad, but he sent in the glue and informed me the carpenter would arrive in about an hour.

It is needless, I presume, to explain how I occupied myself during the hour that followed, but for the benefit of the unfortunate few who have never been in love a word of explanation may be justified. Without moving a single thing from the places where Elizabeth Anne had set them and irrespective of value or importance I glued them down to the plain deal surface of the table. I had just about finished when the carpenter arrived.

"Now," said I, "cut the legs off that table and fit sides and a cover to the top." I saw his grip tighten round the shaft of a hammer. "It's all right," I went on. "I may be a lunatic, but I'm not dangerous."

So he set about it and by ten that night the table top was surrounded, incased, and the lid safely padlocked and the key in my pocket.

"For all time, that's that," said I.

Next morning there was an unfortunate sequel. I was asked for a return of measurements and quantities, and was obliged to explain that it was not forthcoming.

"Yes, but you had the thing day before yesterday."

"I'll do another."

"There's a week's work in it. Surely——"

I lost my temper.

"You'll have to wait a week," I retorted.

"But to lose a thing like that!"

"I haven't lost it."

"Then why the devil ——"

And so forth—vitriolic enough while it lasted—but I held my ground and he went away rumbling and detonating like a volcano that can't make up its mind whether or not to erupt.

He certainly had reason for complaint, and to placate the man I returned there and then to start the work afresh. It was about two in the afternoon when I cleared the washstand for action and got down to the job. I hadn't been working ten minutes when the queerest uneasiness came over me. It's hard to explain, but I had a horrible thrill of impending danger and disaster. I tried to shake myself clear of the impression, but without success. Rapidly it grew, every second taking more actual form in my mind. Then I seemed to hear my name, sharp and clear—a call, urgent, imperative; and the voice was Elizabeth Anne's, strained and pointed with fear and supplication.

There was a horse tethered to the railing of the veranda, and I didn't stop to inquire to whom it belonged. Somebody lifted a yell as I flashed past the open taproom door and there was a general scuffle of feet, but I was a hundred yards distant before the thirsty ones had shuffled out to the roadway. I took the field path, tucked in my heels and went at it all out. One thing is certain, that little gee seemed as keen on the job as I was, and landed me in the garden before Rendall's house in less than seven minutes.

I slung the reins over his head and jumped for the veranda steps, turned sharp to the right and stopped before the living-room window.

From within came the sound of someone singing in a quavering voice that seemed hardly to belong to this world. The notes were punctuated by unexpected cachinnations of breath. Dazzled by the sunlight, it was a full half minute before my eyes pierced the gloom of the room and grasped the scene before me. Leaning against the table was Mrs. Rendall, and, save the mark, but her libations must have been deep indeed. An empty rum bottle lay upon the table; plates, knives and glasses strewed the floor. Ever and anon the woman raised her arm and something that glittered brightly shone in her hand. I recognized it as the revolver which Rendall had kept loaded in his writing-table drawer. Then I turned my eyes in the direction the pistol pointed. Pressed into the corner of the room stood Elizabeth Anne, and her eyes were wide open and unflickering. There was a gash in the wall paper above her head and a broken dish lay at her feet.

Then two things happened very quickly together. The pistol went off with a crash, and I leaped forward and threw my arms round the woman who had fired.

The air was filled with smoke and a choking white dust.

"If you've killed her ——" I cried.

Out of the smother came Elizabeth Anne's voice:

"All right."

On the wall beside where her head had rested was a deep seam in the plaster. I threw aside the pistol, gathered up the kicking and protesting Mrs. Rendall, and carried her, fighting lustily, to Rendall's study. There was no window that could have allowed of her exit. I locked the door and gave an outward breath.

In the passage stood Elizabeth Anne, and there was pluck enough in her to meet me with a smile. But I could only think of what might have happened, and cover my eyes and groan.

"You felt me call . . . knew I needed you. How?"

Then I opened my eyes and held out my arms.

"Because I love you—utterly—awfully."

She gave a sort of half laugh that was wholly happiness, threw back her head, and I crumpled her to me.

How long we should have stayed so I cannot say—the sweetness of it was so great that for my own part I would have held her thus for all time, and asked no better. It was a voice behind that made me turn and release the warm, pulsing little body that clung to mine, and turning I beheld James Gosport Rendall with a very different look in his eyes from any I had seen for the last twenty years.

"You hog!" he said; and knowing him to be a religious man, not given to violences of speech, my soul rejoiced at the sound of the word.

"A dirty thief who steals in the night. I warned you. Strip!" And so saying he peeled off his coat and threw it aside. And the spirit of sanctity and cant fell from him with the action. Before me stood a sportsman and a man, and as such I answered him in language he would understand, nor picked my words too nicely in the speaking.

"Before I break every bone in your face and body, follow me and see what your drift and shirking might have spelt."

And seizing his arm I dragged him into the dining room and pointed to the litter of broken crockery and the bullet seam which had ripped the plaster above Elizabeth Anne's head.

"Look at that, and this," I cried. "You miserable swine who hasn't the pluck to master ——"

But he did not let me finish.

"She did that—she?"

I saw the muscles of his arm tighten and knot.

"Where is she now?"

He barely waited for an answer, but strode toward the door. There he turned and looked at me.

"Thank you," he said. His lips tightened. "There'll be an understanding in this house."

"You may or may not succeed," said I, "but the chances of success are not strong enough for me. Elizabeth Anne has slept her last under this roof."

"What do you mean?"

"She comes with me, right now."

"With you? Why with you? What have you to do with it?"

Before the direct fire of that question my determination wavered.

"Well, what right have you to interfere?"

And while I stood trying vainly to express myself came Elizabeth Anne to the rescue.

"We're going to be married—at once."

"Is that so?"

"If she says so," I stammered.

In silence he weighed us up. Presently he nodded.

"Then take her," said he. "I'm going to put my house in order."

The door closed with a snap.

It felt very strange to be alone in a room with a woman who had declared her intention to be my wife. For some reason I felt all gone at the knees.

"You can't really want to marry me," I managed to say.

"Yes I do," she answered simply. "Don't you want me to?"

"Of course—but am I not too old?"

"You're only a baby; I doubt if you're old enough, really. I'm going to pack now. Will you fetch the trap from the stable?"

"Yes, please—no, I don't mean that, but, oh Elizabeth Anne—dearest, I feel as though I were blinded by a strong light."

"That's what makes you blink," said she, "but you can kiss me just as well when you're blinking, you know."

A statement which I am proud to record I found to be entirely and absolutely irrefutable.

# TUNIS HOOPSTETTER, EARLY BLOOMER

(Continued from Page 32)

"Your pop kin git it!" cried Mrs. Hoopstetter. "And, Tunie, preacher is praying ower you still! I ast it off him till the meeting was out and he says, 'I will right aways lift the boy to the throne of grace, sister!'"

Some two hours later Mrs. Hoopstetter, reduced to the verge of nervous tears by her son's warnings and imprecations, found herself once more shunted forth.

"I don't feel fur goin' so far forth with him a-layin'," she settled herself heavily into the top buggy, "but I could see it at him that I dassent to do it to argy with him. It might make such a fever or give him a heart. Make now with the whip! That horse should otherwise know he shouldn't make fools with us to-day."

The haste of the parents was as nothing to the haste of their son. The hoof beats of the ancient steed had not died away before he had incased himself in the inmost layer of his Sunday clothing. Followed a shirt with blue stripes, a blue necktie, a suit of bright blue serge, a straw hat with a blue band. Mrs. Hoopstetter was possessed of a passion for having things match. Tunis surveyed this habiliment with more dissatisfaction than usual.

"It makes nothing sporty," he grumbled.

Even with the lateness of the hour and his long journey pressing upon him he jerked off the chaste tie and knotted about his neck a proscribed one of scarlet, his own purchase. That he was not entirely immune from his mother's obsession, however, was shown by the fact that he halted long enough in his flight through the front yard to thrust a geranium of the same violent hue through his buttonhole. In this patriotic color scheme he set off at a gallant pace toward his rendezvous.

Fortunately the heat had moderated since his excursion of the previous week. The sun was shining, but its heat was diffused lazily through a grayish-blue mist. In its Sabbath inactivity under the heavy air the little valley lay still, as though in an attitude of expectant waiting.

One of its inhabitants also displayed the same attitude as she sat rocking on her porch, her black eyes claiming toll of each passer-by. When she espied Tunis she leaped to her feet and sped to the front gate.

Tunis observed her actions as he approached, and his knees smote together. He was in the delicate position of discarding the old flame for the new. Many a one has been singed in the process. He had formerly gloried in her sharp tongue, now he shrank before the venom of which he knew it was capable. As her bright eyes leaped over his holiday array her tongue was unbelievably subdued.

"Why, hel-lo, Tunie." She pushed open the gate coyly with her toe. "You look like you was out wisitin' maybe." And smiling she dropped her head to one side as Tunis paused, open-mouthed, hitching at a trouser leg. "I was all alone settin'. Mom and pop has gone to Flathead over on a funeral."

Time was pressing. Finesse was not one of Tunis' accomplishments. He took the bull by both horns.

"I ain't a-goin' to set with youse. I ain't stuck on youse!"

Minna's head straightened with a jerk. For a second she seemed to hold her breath. Then her fists clenched, her small red tongue shot out adderwise.

"Who ast you to?" she hissed after him. "I'd sick the dogs onto you if you come otherwise the yard inside yet! And I'm goin' to tell on youse! You softie! I seen where you dropped that note still! I'm a-goin' to tell teacher on you to-morrow! And I'll tell preacher that swear where you spoke it last week! Youse needn't to think I'm stuck after you! I wouldn't ——"

But Tunis, somewhat unnerved by this torrent of invective, had taken to his heels.

He paused as he entered the covered bridge which abutted the Van Maanen holdings, and surveyed his person ruefully. The blue serge was subdued to a somber tone by the tawny dust. His shoes, on the other hand, owing to a thick coat of stove polish hastily applied the instant before setting out, were heightened to a mottled tan. He took off his hat to fan his streaming face and was stifled by the cloud which flew from it. However, the tie and the geranium were still undaunted; and after a hasty renovation he emerged from the farther end of the bridge.

With eyes riveted upon the gray horizon he nonchalantly strolled past the Van Maanen house. A family orchard and a melon patch intervened between it and the pasture, and it was under cover of these fruit trees that Tunis deftly scaled the barbed-wire fence, supposedly boy-proof. The pawpaw patch was in the farther corner of the pasture. With hat thrust sidewise, hands in pockets, and whistling carelessly, he approached the small grove crowned with its tufts of palmate leaves.

It was some seconds before the tune whimpered to a dying note of surprise as he comprehended that he was alone in the grove. The carefully devised explanation of his tardiness trembled on the tip of his tongue, but no shy figure rose up to hear it. He circled round and round in the dappled light, and finally sat down heavily in a position commanding the sweep of the pasture.

Had she grown tired of waiting for him? Her trusting eyes and his male egotism negatived such a surmise. Had she mistaken the time? Both the written and the spoken word had been explicit on that point. Had she, perhaps, not even tried to meet him? "Your cow!" Of course she wanted to meet him! She would still come.

(Continued on Page 104)

# FLORENCE
## OIL COOK STOVES

### More Heat—Less Care

FOR kitchen service, comfort and satisfaction in cooking, baking and roasting, use the Florence Oil Cook Stove. Ready for duty day or night.

The Florence burner is the most practical burner made. Just raise the chimney and touch a lighted match to the asbestos kindler—in a few minutes you get an intense, clean, hot, blue flame right under the cooking. Heat is automatically controlled by lever handles. The heat goes into the cooking and not into the kitchen. This means a cool kitchen.

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Your dealer will show how easy the Florence Oil Cook Stove is to use and to keep clean, and why it means more heat and less care. Write for a free copy of illustrated booklet.

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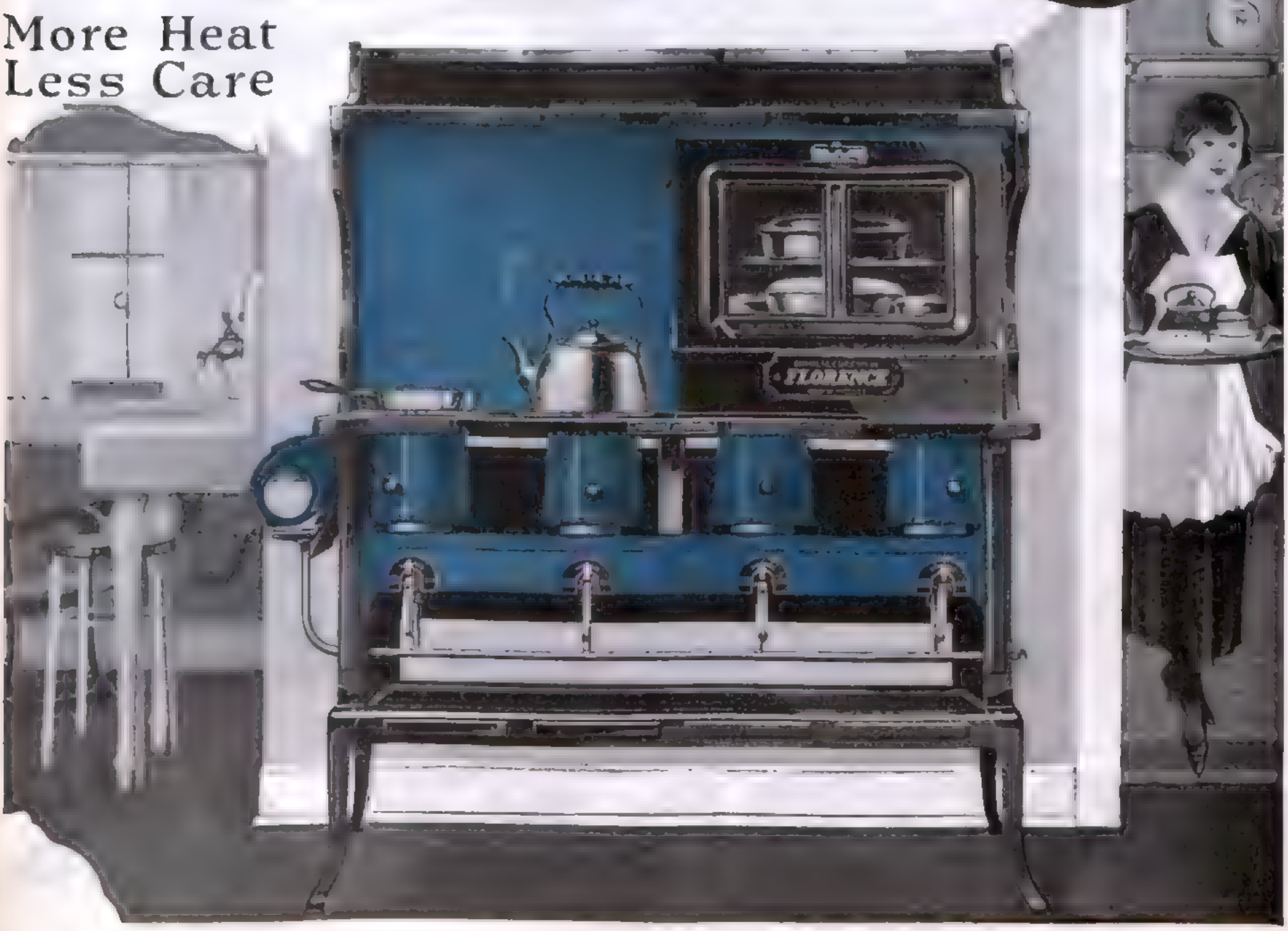
*Makers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves (1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 burners), Florence Tank Water Heaters, Florence Portable Baking Ovens, Florence Oil Heaters*

Made and sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada



*Un-retouched photographs showing Goodyear Cord Tires engaged in hauling work in the Sierra Mountains for San Joaquin Light & Power Corporation, Fresno, California*

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GOODYEAR

# Rugged Quickness! -Pneumatics

*"We use pneumatic-tired trucks to haul construction materials, tools and food to 2,000 men building the $10,000,000 Kirckhoff dam near Auberry, forty miles from here. The pneumatics enable twice the hauling, and dependable service impossible to secure on solid tires. The toughness of the big Goodyear Cord Tires is pronounced, so that we expect to specify them in the future."—J. W. Helwick, Supt. of Transportation, San Joaquin Light & Power Corporation, Fresno, Cal.*

THE sum of such evidence, as that presented above, already measures a very great advance in diversified motor transportation effected with Goodyear Cord Tires on trucks.

Serving hundreds of lines of trade and industry and ranging countless routes, urban and rural, difficult and smooth, these powerful pneumatics quicken and stabilize hauling.

In light and rapid or heavy and gruelling duty, Goodyear Cord Tires replace the jarring, uncertain action of solid tires with strategic sureness and smoothness.

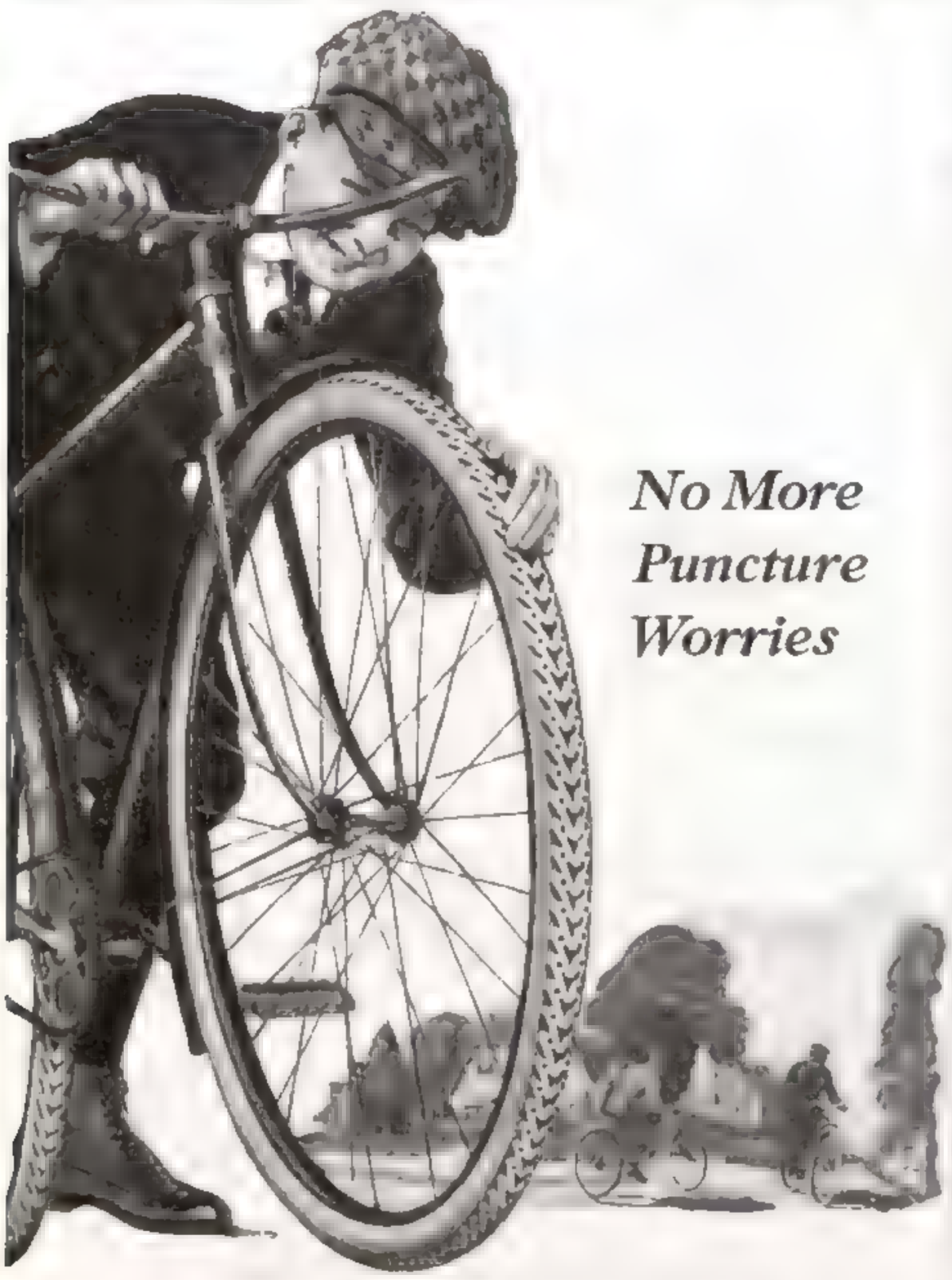
Out of a pioneering work, a work invested with vision and resourcefulness, have their virtues of traction, cushioning and spryness been made practical by the ruggedness of Goodyear Cord construction.

Businesses today credit multiple savings of men, trucks, time, fuel, oil, loads and roads to pneumatic efficiency, a product of that unceasing endeavor which protects our good name.

Actual operating and cost records, detailing the advantages of Goodyear Cord Tires on trucks and fleets, can be obtained by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

# CORD TIRES

# VITALIC
## Bicycle Tires



*No More Puncture Worries*

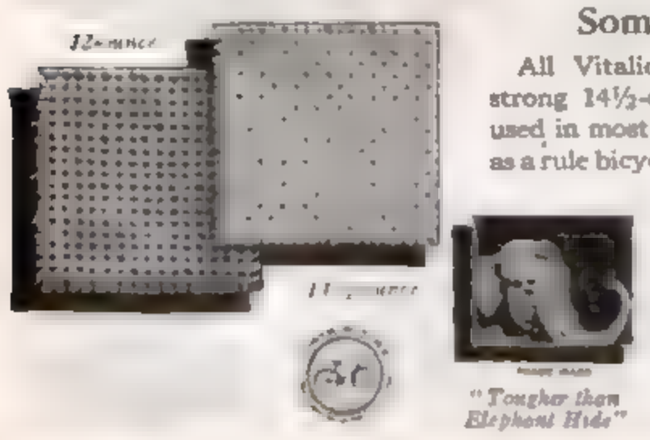
THE day you put Vitalic Tires on your bicycle will be the day you'll start to enjoy bicycle riding as never before.

The strong, pure rubber and the tough, thick, closely-woven fabric of which Vitalic Tires are constructed, combine to produce a tire that is as near puncture proof as a pneumatic bicycle tire can be made.

That's why policemen, letter carriers and professional riders use Vitalics. That's why, too, Vitalics are regular equipment on the better-grade wheels of such makes as Columbia, Dayton, Emblem, Excelsior, Harley-Davidson, Indian, Iver Johnson, Miami, Pierce, and Yale.

And when you figure the cost of Vitalic Tires, based on the mileage obtained with them, you'll find them to be the least expensive of all tires. They last, and last, and last.

Ask the dealer to show you Vitalic Tires. Then try them.




"Tougher than Elephant Hide"

### Some Inside Information

All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra-strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in most other bicycle tires is 12-ounce—and as a rule bicycle tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric.

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
Erie, Pa.


(Continued from Page 100)

But as ten minutes, twenty, a half hour passed and the stillness remained unbroken, a suspicion of the entire sex began to poison his mind. How changeable they were anyway! Minna dePrenger had demonstrated with what alarming celerity their emotions could shift from one form to its opposite. Perhaps they were all the same. Being the same sex, of course they were all the same!

Regardless of the effect upon his painfully cleansed hands, Tunis scraped up a handful of pebbles and shied them forcefully at the hard, green, melon-shaped fruits above his head. Some of them broke from their brittle stems and came hurtling down. How he would like thus to down the whole fickle sex with his own strong fists!

A heat, not resulting from the humid air or from his exertions, prickled through him. "She won't make no fools of me!" he exclaimed aloud.

But at the instant in which he stooped wrathfully for his hat he glimpsed a flutter of blue among the fruit trees. He stepped back hastily and peeped between the branches. It was she! With one hand thrusting upward the lowest strand of wire her slim body wriggled beneath the fence, and she ran lightly toward him.

In much the same manner as when she had accosted him in the road that fateful night a week before, she stood before him, twisting her hands and gazing up at him with imploring earnestness.

"I come here early yet," she explained in breathless gasps. "Right away till the dinner dishes was through all. I come, and I set and I set. But mom come callin' fer me and I had to run back still. And och! It spites me so! It was Minna dePrenger where was astin' in the tellyfome fur me to fetch 'em some yeast raisin' still.

The woman scorned again! So it was she who had nearly put a fatal crimp in the path of true love. Tunis frowned mightily.

"Oh, don't have cross to me!" Katie implored, her lips quivering. "I couldn't to do it, to help it! She was sayin' how their yeast raisin' was all and her mom was astin' it off of me to fetch a start over. I says to mom they was heathens still to think bread or whatever on a Sunday, and mom give me right, but she says she already passed 'em the promise still, and I had to do it, to brang it over. I shoved it into their butt'ry windah and belled on the door and run as fast back as I otherwise could. I knowed oncet it was gettin' late on me, but och! Don't think hard on me!"

All the chivalry in Tunis' bosom rose to word and action as he gazed down into the appealing eyes.

"Set down oncet!" he said thickly. "It makes me no difference. I would be waitin' still till midnight or whatever. But I got to speak to you somepun. That dePrenger girl has got yealous feelin's ower you. She is stuck after me!"

Strange the complexities of the female heart, even the most gentle! At this revelation of misery in another's bosom, of which she herself was the cause moreover, Katie Van Maanen's lips trembled into a smile and her eyes fluttered upward with shy happiness.

"Is she now?" she said softly. "But you, ain't you stuck on her?"

"Am I goin' on comp'ny with her?" demanded Tunis, humping himself closer. "You could anyways bet I ain't! She kreistles me!"

Katie chastely sidled away.

"But listen on what she done me! She come hollerin' after me fur to wisit with her, and when I wouldn't do it, to go back, she stuck out awful with her tongue, and she hollered she would sooner die as set with a feller where spoke such swears. Ain't it awful funny? What do you conceit now? She couldn't to talk so ower you!"

"She is crazier as a bedbug," averred Tunis hastily. "But, anyways, us now, we could fergit her, all. Black eyes don't cut no ice fer me. It is blue eyes what makes so with me!"

Even as Katie blushed over this fervent avowal an anxious expression once more straightened her lips.

"Maybe you won't like me so bad when I tell it off to you how I—I—lied to-day!" She stammered bravely, and hurried on, as though fearful that her resolution to bare her infamy should fail. "I sayed to mom I was goin' out fur to hunt hazel nuts this after. It was a lie! And on a Sunday! Do you conceit I could get fergiven still? You're conwerted. Youse could tell it maybe. Ain't?"

"I'll pray ower youse," Tunis condescended gravely. "I guess I could hist youse to the throne of grace, sister."

"It wonders me now how youse kin be so good that way," marveled Katie.

Tunis piously humped closer. This time Katie affected not to notice, but broke the terrifying silence by inquiring hastily: "What fur could we talk about now?"

Tunis considered the matter in all its broad possibilities.

"Let's talk about arit'metic," he proposed.

It proved a fascinating subject. Fractions, proper and improper, were discussed with abandon. The world and the lust thereof, the pride of life and the wrath of parents were forgotten during a thrilling quarter of an hour.

It was not until a heavy bass voice broke upon their communings that they came back to a sense of their surroundings.

The sight upon which they gazed with distended eyes through the slim trunks of the pawpaw bushes was one which clamped them rigidly to their seats. Mr. Van Maanen, with hoarse shouts accompanied by thrusts of an iron goad, had prodded into the pasture his prize possession, an enormous Holstein. The animal, released but an hour earlier from the box car in which he had been conveyed in stately pilgrimage to and from the county fair, immediately evinced his delight in familiar surroundings by uttering in crescendo a series of guttural challenges.

In the pregnant silence which ensued upon the final blare Tunis, without withdrawing his eyes from the animal, whispered: "We could maybe crawl back furder"; and cautiously moved one foot the fraction of an inch.

"Set still!" issued a commanding hiss at his side. "He is fierce—in both ends yet! He kin both hook and he kin both kick!"

"I ain't a-scared," Tunis managed to enunciate between stiff white lips. "I would as soon chase him off."

At this impious boasting the soft voice again reached his ear: "He boosted our hired man clean over the fence oncet and broke his ankle fur him."

"Shut up!" breathed Tunis ungallantly.

Indeed the attitude of the animal, planted motionless in the middle of the field, with head cannily atilt, seemed to indicate that he was listening attentively.

However, the next words were wrung from Tunis himself as the beast suddenly whirled and dashed madly off toward the farther end of the field.

"Lay down on your belly oncet!" he commanded, suiting the action to the word.

"Ach! I got to see!" quavered his companion.

Tunis prayed.

The murderous hoofs tore across the end of the pasture, then thundered straight toward the pawpaw grove. The waving tail crashed against an outstanding branch. For a paralyzing second the huge body seemed to pause in indecision, then it swerved again on its mad course. A final spray of clods rattled threateningly through the little copse.

Tunis had barely strength to lift his agonized visage from the soil into which it had burrowed. The girl was leaning back, propped tautly upon her arms, her fingers clenched in the ground. The animal had resumed his eerie statuesque pose in the center of the field.

"Right away till he runs hisself hot, he goes and lays on the shade, still," Katie shudderingly warned.

Tunis had barely time to reflect upon the fact that the pawpaw trees afforded the only shade in the field when the whirling hoofs paralyzed him again. Once more the brandished tail, the lowered head, the murderous, circling charge. This time Tunis lay with head uptilted, lizardwise, his very eyelids too stiff with horror to shield him from the sight of his impending doom. The small red eyes seemed to glare straight into his own as the fury charged at them, past them.

Saved again! But by how narrow a margin!

Tunis gave a dying rattle as something pounced upon his shoulder.

"Git up and git!" shrieked in his ear.

His companion was scrambling to her feet. The animal had halted at the extreme end of the field, and, with head over the fence, was uttering a mighty challenge to the entire universe.

(Concluded on Page 107)

# Velie Six

## Maytime - and the Authoritative Style

**To Owners of the New Velie Model 48:**

As Spring calls all the world a-motoring to the parks, the woods, the lakes and seashore, yours is the *added* enjoyment of driving the Car of Authoritative Style—the car distinguished among a thousand for its beautiful combination of harmonious mirror-like planes.

And you have the thrill of silent, velvety performance underneath that style. Power for speed on the smooth highway, power for the long climb or any emergency—the 1920 achievement in the Velie's amazing new motor. You have an internally heated vaporizer perfectly burning low-grade fuel—larger valves, more thorough combustion, and a solidity and balance effected by its large crankshaft held firmly in four bearings.

And you rest in the comfort of its deep-tilted seats with soft, genuine leather upholstery, its extra room—with large storage space and new conveniences on every hand.

If you have friends who are not Velie owners show them your car, or tell them to see the nearest Velie dealer. Velie models include Touring Cars, Sedan, Coupé, Roadster, and Speedster, in standard colors of burgundy or blue.

In addition to the Velie 48 there is a smaller Velie Six at a lower price. Deliveries now being made. Catalogs of models for the asking.

**Velie Motors Corporation**

Moline, Illinois

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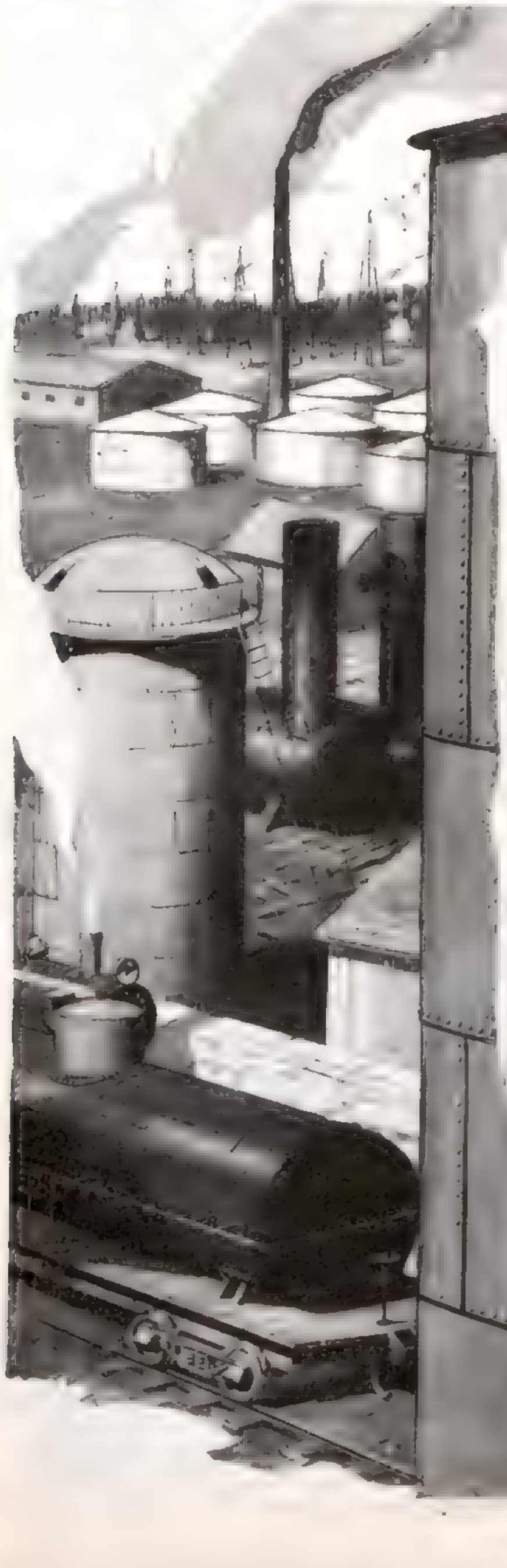
## Brand of American Ingot Iron



## For Long-Service Oil, Gas, and Water Tanks

OIL, gas, water, and underground storage tanks, welded barrels, and other heavy-gauge metal products made of Armco Brand of American Ingot Iron save modern industry thousands of dollars.

When the big plates are made at the Armco Plant each one is of standard purity that resists rust. The smooth even texture takes a coat of paint and holds it. Even when the elements eat away the paint, the iron beneath will fight rust indefinitely.

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The trade-mark ARMCO carries the assurance that products bearing that mark are manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence, and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for them. The trade-mark ARMCO is registered in the U. S. Patent Office.

ARMCO

(Concluded from Page 104)

Tunis seemed to be launched upon this wave of sound beyond the slim shelter of the grove, out upon the pitiless pasture. He was dimly aware that a streak of blue was flitting, now in front of him, now by his side, now behind. Miles ahead of him stretched the barbed-wire fence. Behind him ——

A pounding sounded in his ears. The quivering earth rose and smote each flying foot. Red haze burned his eyeballs.

Jagged parallel streaks suddenly confronted him. He leaped at them, achieving, unknowing, the world's record for the highest standing broad jump. At the same instant a sharp pain pierced his rear.

The beast had him!

Tunis fell heavily, but in an instant was on his feet again. Breathlessly, blindly, he clawed the air as he once more pitched forward into a gallop.

He collided with a bulky object, grabbed madly upward, wound his fingers into a mat of coarse hair and clung to it with preternatural strength.

A sudden roar in his ears demoralized him completely. His fingers relaxed. His knees sagged.

A terrific force jerked him to his feet, dangled him in the air. That the beast was emitting human speech did not amaze him. It was not until he dizzily beheld an outraged black beard slashing the air viciously within an inch of his nose that he comprehended the object with which he had been grappling.

Tunis fell back as far as he could, considering the rigid hold upon his collar. Strangely, it was still the palpitating beard and not the voice above it which centered his attention, though in all conscience the words were impressive enough.

"T'ief! Robbers! You t'ink you steal my melons, heh? You t'ink you kill me, heh? You little de'il! I learn you how to kill somepun! I make now a murder myself! You—huh! and what's this now?"

Tunis vaguely comprehended by the relaxed hold upon his collar that the anathema had shifted from himself. A blue object which had been rolling over and over upon the ground had righted itself beside them and was clutching at the vigorous arm.

"Leave loose, pop!" it pleaded breathlessly. "The bull—the bull—was gittin' us!"

Tunis' quaking gaze followed the beard as it spaded toward the pasture. The animal was standing where he had last beheld it, staring knowingly up and down the road!

"Yes, I guess! The bull!" scornfully ejaculated Mr. Van Maanen. "You could see it at him, how he was chasin' boys still! But—youse!" Hesuddenly pounced toward her. "What fur kind of words is them? Why fur do you make talk over this here rascal, heh?"

The girl clasped her hands tightly. Her cheeks paled, but her eyes were heroic as they rested upon Tunis.

"He was settin' up with me. He's my—my—beau!"

The last word, though uttered in a whisper, was echoed in a roar.

"Beau! Beau, still! Who give you the dare to go on comp'ny? Beau! I'll learn both you and both him to beau! You can see already yet how your beau will pay fur that melon where he busted out of my hands!"

Indeed the incriminating fragments of a large melon were scattered at their feet.

"He'll pay! He'll pay plenty enough! Bulls after him! Bulls! Plenty enough! Git on now! Git on!"

With a forceful gesture he consigned them to a forward position in a dreary procession which now started toward the house. Once, as out of the corner of his disconsolate eye Tunis observed his captor darting down to cut another melon from its vine, his brain prompted an attempt at escape, but his forlorn muscles refused. By holding his eyes very wide and by gulping very hard he managed to refrain from unmanly tears over his desperate plight. The girl sobbed quietly as she toiled along by his side.

Mr. Van Maanen did not usher them immediately into the condemned cell. His suspicious nature prompted him to take no chance of losing his prey, so he shoved them through the small side porch into the dining room while he carried the melon into the kitchen. The door into the parlor adjoining was partly open, and through this aperture floated to Tunis' astounded ears a familiar voice.

"He shouldn't to have went to that bother, to git a melon fer us. It is wonderful clever at him, and, of course, if he don't go fur to cut it, we could anyway fetch it along so. But I tell you the truth, Tunie is a-layin' with somepun at his stummick, and we got to do it to make hurry. If Roeckel's pigs hadn't 'a' got the thumps and died fer 'em, we couldn't have otherwise made the time to stop ower. But Tunie conceited you'd be anyhow killin' ——"

Perhaps this last ominous word—heard, alas! in recent threat of his own cherished life—perhaps a forward step in the kitchen, inspired Tunis to action at this juncture. At any rate, with a speed equal to that by which he had cleft the air in his flight from the pasture, he now flung himself through the door into the midst of the genteel circle in the parlor and precipitated himself, burying his tormented head in the maternal alpaca.

Mrs. Hoopstetter was no believer in spirits, but from her paling visage and the abrupt manner in which she attempted to rid herself of the incubus upon her person one might have deduced a latent superstition in that direction. It may have been the desperate clutch at her solid flesh, it may have been the shriek which split the air as the sore-beset Tunis felt the incipient movement of desertion, it may have been the roar of astonishment belched from the midriff of Mr. Van Maanen, which caused Mrs. Hoopstetter to sag back, half swooning, in her chair.

"He was beauin' my girl in the pasture!" Mr. Van Maanen was rumbling over and over. "He was beauin' my girl in the pasture still!"

This impassioned chant reached Mr. Hoopstetter over the staccato female chorus. Moreover, he caught sight of a small shrinking figure with veiled eyes in the doorway.

He himself had been an early bloomer. He recognized the signs.

"Och!" moaned Mrs. Hoopstetter, rocking to and fro and clutching weakly toward her son. "He is off his head! He has got off from his bed and run still after his mom and his pop, and he don't know nothing! His head is away from him!"

Mr. Hoopstetter chuckled cruelly. He swung Tunis about and shamelessly presented that portion of his person which had first riveted his amazed attention when his son had burrowed into his mother's lap.

"His pants is away from him, too!"

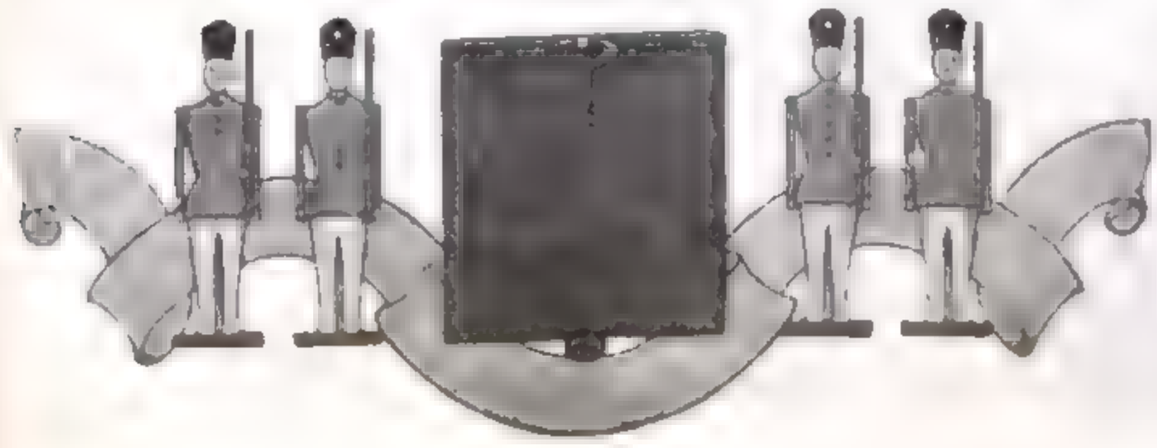
Tunis' fingers sought his rear, trembled over fragmentary portions of bright blue serge. He hastily whirled and backed against his father.

"Let's go home! Let's go home!" he entreated.

"Yes, I would guess anyhow!" sobbed his mother, rising heavily. "You could easy see it at him how sick he is. Och, well, there is always trouble, no matter what!"

"I would bet anyway he has got it at his heart," Mr. Hoopstetter winked wickedly in the direction of his host. "I guess his grampop inherited it to him maybe."

"I guess anyhow!" grinned Mr. Van Maanen, spading toward his blushing daughter.



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# A RUSH TO COVER

(Continued from Page 14)

stage—permanent. It's for the kids mainly. And everything is finished except the wiring and the lights."

"Permanent?" echoed Phil.

"Yes," said Daisy.

"Got your blue print?" asked Phil.

Daisy produced it.

"I have everything," she said.

"Permit?" queried Tony a bit hopefully.

"Plans, permit, materials, paraphernalia," returned the girl—"everything but men. I had four of those here yesterday for half an hour. Then they walked out on strike."

Phil Rising looked over the blue print carefully—he showed it to Tony.

"A fancy job," said Phil—"complicated. Belasco stuff."

"Two-day job for a crew of four," repeated Anable.

"When it is finished," mused Daisy wistfully, "it will be the talk of the town."

"Finished!" echoed Phil. "About when do you figure on getting this job through?"

"I don't figure at all," smiled Daisy. "It's got to be done by five o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

"Suppose it isn't?" queried Phil.

"It's got to be!" said Daisy Anable. She said it with an air of finality, but her voice was filled with tears. "Even," she added, "if I have to do it all myself."

"You'd make a swell job of it," grunted Anable. "I tell you it's a two-day job for a crew of four."

"Tony," cried Phil, fumbling in his pocket for his keys, "it's a matter of my overalls and tools. Mr. Anable will drive you to the Gouverneur. Union overalls—khaki—floor of my big closet. Emergency kit—little long black bag. All there together. Then get yours and come right back."

"Never," said Tony, "can I find anything! It is much better that you come along." In his voice was a wail of despair.

"You get right back, Tony," said Phil sharply. "I'll be waiting for you here."

"Sure you two can swing it?" queried Anable.

"It's a promise," nodded Phil.

"All right then," said Anable as he turned toward the door. "Then, Daisy, I understand I've done my part—that right?"

"You're absolved," said Daisy. "You can trot along."

"Thank God!" cried her father fervently. "Come on, Tony." And he dragged him off.

Once they had gone, Phil and the girl glanced shyly at each other—too shyly in fact.

"Good to see you after all these years," said Phil.

"You really working at the Ericsson?" asked Daisy.

Phil nodded dolefully.

"Far cry from the other thing," he said.

"How come?" asked the girl. It made talk—she felt she must make talk.

"You remember when they closed the stock exchange five years ago or so," said Phil—"six months? Knocked the little chaps. I was one of 'em. Should have hung on. Didn't—thought I couldn't. Might have cleaned up when I got back from France. What's the use? Always doing the right thing at the wrong time. Stick in the mud. Don't believe I've met you for six or seven years."

"Let me see," mused Daisy Anable with the air of one making an elaborate mental calculation.

"Seven years," went on Phil—"haven't moved—haven't grown. Just stood still. That's me. These cigarettes of mine," he added, drawing them forth, "are Episcopalians."

"Go as far as you like," said Daisy.

Phil drew a long breath. The color crept into his face.

"Daisy," he went on suddenly, "funny thing happened to me to-day. I kissed a girl downtown."

The air became a trifle frigid.

"Oh, well," said Daisy Anable, "go on! It's talk."

Phil rubbed his face. He grinned reminiscently.

"She slapped me there, that girl. Gosh, I can feel it yet!"

"Immensely entertaining," said Miss Anable with an air of detachment.

"It was," said Phil. "It sort of woke me up."

"Pretty girl, of course," commented Daisy.

Phil thought about it.

"I don't know," he said at length. "I really don't. I don't believe I could pick her out of a crowd. All I know is she had a fur coat and a heavy hand. It—it wasn't the girl," he went on. "It was the kiss."

He thought about it some more—in silence. Daisy Anable stirred uneasily.

"Oh, I suppose," she said a bit petulantly, "that I've got to hear about it. Go on!"

Still Phil was silent.

"Oh, you don't have to tell me," continued Daisy.

That made it compulsory, but Phil would have dribbled along in his own way anyhow. And he did.

"It was just the kiss," he repeated. "It knocked me cold. It got to me somehow. Just in the mood perhaps."

"Sounds wonderful," interposed the girl.

"You go along!" said Phil, his color mounting. "I tell you, it got to me. Set me to thinking—first time in years."

"How many?" queried Daisy.

"You listen!" said Phil. "I'm just one of a million or so chaps spread out all over the country. Chaps getting older every day. Chaps that ought to have ——"

Not knowing how to put it, he stopped.

"Kisses?" said Daisy, helping him out.

"That's the idea," said Phil, relieved. "They ought to have kisses, those chaps—well, whenever they want 'em. That's what we're here for, isn't it?"

"How curious!" said Daisy.

Phil got down to cases.

"Making just enough money to keep us always beaten—always just behind the nags that show."

"The nags that show?" echoed Daisy.

"Technical Episcopalian term," said Phil. "Look it up. That's the curse on us," he went on. "Back in the good old days seven years ago ——"

"Six," corrected Daisy.

"Have it your own way," nodded Phil. "Back in those days I just trailed along behind the field, earning enough money to stay gracefully single. Money—that's all. Some money—not enough. Always looked the part—all front and no back. Couldn't put myself on a permanent kissing basis."

"On what kind of a basis?" queried Daisy Anable.

"A permanent kissing basis, as they say in the books."

"What books?" asked Daisy.

"Prayer books," explained Phil, handing her one. "Look at this—it's trained. It opens at the page."

"I decline to look," said Daisy.

"That's what I had to do myself," said Phil. "So from the sentimental standpoint I just dropped out of sight."

"Oh!" cried Daisy Anable hastily. "So that was why ——"

And then she stopped. Phil blinked and went on.

"You see," he explained, "I come of a marrying family. Ancestors all married and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Delightful!" agreed Daisy.

"This here kiss ——" said Phil.

"Are we back again at that?"

"This kiss," went on Phil stubbornly, "reminded me of what I might have had. Made up my mind I've been a monumental ass. Instead of sulking all these years just because I couldn't get something that I wanted I should have made a business of taking something I could get. Something—well, within my means."

"Bargain counter?" suggested Daisy. She sniggered just a bit, and overdid it.

"Something like that," said Phil. "But I lost my chance."

"Who was—the bargain-counter lady?" asked Miss Anable a bit furtively.

"Bless you," returned Phil, "there wasn't any. There were a whole lot of 'em, in other words. But now it's quite too late. We'll take your bargain-counter lady—take this girl I kissed to-day."

"You take her," said Daisy, "I don't want her."

"Regard that girl," said Phil. "She works at the Ericsson. She's got a fur coat and a capable hand. Just suppose that I figured out that kiss to be the beginning of a romance. Would I stand a chance with her—me, only the foreman of a room at Ericsson's? A pretty girl like her with a fur coat?"

"Oh," cried Daisy, "you have some vague remembrance. You could pick her out of a crowd after all."

"You go along!" said Phil. "I know a dozen like her. Swell, pretty working girls. I've tried 'em out."

"Just—how?" asked Daisy.

"Questionnaired 'em," nodded Phil.

Daisy looked startled.

"With a view to ——" she demanded.

"The words are yours," went on Phil, "but, yes, I'll say it. With a view. But bless you, I didn't get very far. No thoroughfare. Those darlings know Heppelwhite and how to spell it. They've seen it in the movies and they like it. And all the married women on the screen have two servants and a car or two. And if good looks and fur coats aren't going to get your bargain-counter ladies something, what's the use of good looks and fur coats? I'll wager that that girl I kissed on the street to-day would tell me that she'd want fifty dollars a week to spend on her table—just on her bill of fare. And there you are."

"The net result?" suggested Daisy.

Phil shrugged his shoulders.

"It's all in a lifetime," he said gloomily enough. "You can't get the girl you want, and you can't even get the girl you don't want. So there you are."

"There you are—and here I am!" retorted Daisy crisply. "But where is your little French Canadian assistant who went to get your togs?"

"He have arrive'?" said Phil. "I hear your father's car."

A man swung in through the leather doors. They met him halfway. He was the Anable chauffeur. He was alone. He carried with him a pair of union overalls, a black bag—and a note. Phil grabbed the note and read it. Then he handed it to Daisy. It was brief and to the point:

"*Dear Fren:* Broadway she sen a cablegram. It is very, very urgent that I go. It is of life and death. Honor even is at stake. Ain it miserable? TONY."

Daisy Anable stared helplessly at Phil; he returned the compliment.

"Phil," she pleaded, "you've got to go and get another man."

Phil shook his head.

"Can't get another man," he said. "Besides that, I'm afraid to go and try."

"Afraid?"

Phil nodded.

"Tony's reason. Tony's gorge rises at the sight of work. It's a disease. I've got it. Everybody's got it. It's been an epidemic at the Ericsson. Infectious, contagious—can't be helped." He waved his hand toward the mass of porcelain and insulated wire that was scattered on the floor. "Got myself to a point now where I want to do it. If I leave you now—spell broken—don't you see?"

"But what's the answer?" cried Daisy, mentally wringing her hands.

"You!" nodded Phil briskly. "You got a working uniform?"

The girl nodded.

"I've been cleaning up," she said. "Took off my overalls when you came in."

"Good! Put 'em on," said Phil.

Daisy stared at him some more.

"A two-day job for a four-man crew," she said. "A four-day job for a two-man crew—and I'm not a man."

"You get into them there overalls," said Phil grimly. "This job is going to be completed by five o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

They set to work in silence—a silence broken only by Phil's brief instructions as they went along. They worked. At five minutes after eight next morning they switched off the last set of lights—tested their finished product for the last time.

"This job," said Phil, "is done."

From a far corner of the room came a grunt of relief. From that corner emerged John Anable, blear-eyed with lack of sleep, wabbly from smoking black cigars. He made the rounds of the parish house and drew up shades. The early morning sun shot in through the windows. Daisy Anable stood roseate and happy in the path of a stained-glass sunbeam.

"I could almost sing a hymn," she laughed.

"Gosh," cried Phil Rising in wondering tones, "I haven't worked like that for over seven years!"

John Anable, who had his own ideas of etiquette—he had never yet met man or woman who didn't like to get money anywhere at any time—thrust his hand in his trousers pocket and drew forth a roll of bills. He peeled off one. Without the slightest trace of embarrassment he handed it to Phil.

"Piecework, time and overtime," said John Anable—"an eight-man job."

Phil took the bill and stared at it. It was a hundred-dollar bill.

"Gosh," he kept repeating, "something's happened to me! I haven't worked like that since long before the war. I've never seen work crystallize so swiftly into money in my life. A chemical change is going on inside me. Listen, folks, the hour has struck! I'm fond of work again!"

III

JOHN ANABLE lived in the old Anable homestead in the silk-stocking district on the hill. Two nights later Phil Rising, eager and a bit breathless in the bargain, presented himself at the portal of this home.

"I've got an ax to grind," he said to Daisy Anable. She was the only person anywhere about.

"How romantic!" returned Daisy.

Phil felt like a twenty-year-old fool, if in fact there be any such animal.

"My real and underlying reason for coming here to-night," he explained elaborately, "was to bring back this hundred-dollar bill."

"Oh, indeed!" said Daisy. "We take hundred-dollar bills in at the tradesmen's entrance—follow the gravel path round to the rear."

"I've only just begun," went on Phil, quite undisturbed. "My real reason for taking this hundred-dollar bill the other day was so I could get the chance to come up here and give it back."

"How you've improved!" said Daisy Anable.

"As a matter of fact," said Phil, "this hundred-dollar bill is not the hundred-dollar bill that the old—that your father handed me. I've had that one framed. It hangs upon my wall. It's an event in my young life. I salute it every morning and kotow to it each night. Later I shall be giving parties to it. I know how to work again. Father in?" he asked abruptly.

"There you go again!" said Daisy.

"I'll get at it in another way," said Phil "Is your father going out?"

"No place to go," said Daisy.

"He can wait," said Phil. "I can see him later on."

"When things begin to drag—more than they do now," acquiesced Miss Anable.

"The other day," said Phil, "before your father came and cast the evil eye upon us I did more than my share of the talking, I'm afraid."

"They all do that," returned the girl. "Only, as I recall, you're the man that kissed—and told."

"I didn't tell anybody but you," pleaded Phil. "But that's neither here nor there. I've framed up something. Got a questionnaire for you."

"Oh," said Daisy, "I'm one of those who really never tell."

"Going to ask a question," went on Phil. "You can answer it or not, just as you choose. Needn't cause you one moment's embarrassment."

"Ain' that miserable?" said Daisy dolefully.

"Saw you work the other day," continued Phil. "Sometimes with bare hands—and fingers. Saw your hands then—I'm looking at them now. There's a situation here that I can't analyze. You're a pretty girl, you know."

"With a fur coat," said Daisy.

"What's the matter with you?" queried Phil

"Conversation," returned Daisy, "is intellectual in the degree that the generalities exceed the personalities. Guarding myself against your intellect. Afraid you might indulge in glittering generalities and ask me for a kiss."

"I haven't come to that part yet," smiled Phil soothingly.

"Thanks," said Daisy. "I'm strong for preliminaries. Anything to gain time."

"Ding it," said Phil stubbornly, "got something to say and I'm going to say it! A pretty girl like you ought to have been ——"

"Kissed?" said Daisy.

"A million times," nodded Phil, "with all that that implies. Now why?"

(Continued on Page 113)

# "Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, if alive to-day, would own a motor car.

It would be, not a haughty, turned-up-nose kind of car, but a solid, honest, democratic car, with a stout heart and a friendly response.

We have built the Peerless Two-power-range Eight with a feeling that Old Ben would approve it. We believe we have infused into it the spirit of resolution he expressed:

*"Resolve to perform what you ought;*
*perform without fail what you resolve."*

"Let all things have their places," he said, "waste nothing, lose no time—cut off all unnecessary actions; use no hurtful deceit, avoid extremes."

Sterling virtues these—Order, Frugality, Industry, Sincerity, Moderation.

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Gainaday

Washer Wringer

(Continued from Page 109)

"Why not, you mean," said Daisy.

"Why not?" corrected Phil. "I—I really want to know."

Daisy Anable was silent for a long long time. Then she tossed her head a bit and indulged in a reckless little laugh. Her manner changed—softened. She looked Phil in the eye.

"I'm going to tell you honest truth," she said. "I've never had a man propose to me in all my life."

"It's a gosh-dinged lie!" cried Phil. "I don't believe it."

"Phil," said the girl, "I've known hundreds of unmarried eligible men. Fifty or more of 'em are my friends right now. I'm meeting new ones every day. I'm John Anable's daughter. I dress just as well and sometimes better than the girls in Ericsson's. And by candlelight, with just a touch of rouge ——"

"What's the answer?" demanded Phil.

"Hear me out, Phil," continued Daisy. "I've got thirty old-maid friends—my age and less. Better looking than a line of first row chorus ladies. Galaxy of beauty. What's happened to us? Long, long ago we gave up struggling to get the men we wanted."

"Have the men picked?" queried Phil interestedly.

"Some of us did, I'm told," said Daisy cannily. "And for years we've been—well, ready for almost anything that came along. They've got nothing on us, Phil. We're unobjectionable. Without one of us no breakfast table is complete. In fact they like us. But no takers, Phil. It's a blight—an epidemic."

"Seven years' plague," said Phil.

Daisy shrugged her shoulders resignedly.

"I've lost interest in the whole thing," she said. "With me the problem is purely academic. If people can't get married, if they don't want to get married, if they won't get married—it's all one to me. I'm through."

"Yes," said Phil, "you look it."

Daisy nodded.

"As a matter of fact," she went on, "I'm still a human being. And I'm out for a very human triumph—pyramid of bones. Vengeance! So far no man has proposed to me. Satisfactory to me. But I'm not through. Some night I'll flood this room with candlelight—I'll rouge. I'll get some eligible male to come up here. I'll get him passionately in love with me. Hypnotize him—he'll propose. And then I'll turn him down cold."

Phil thought about it hard.

"Which I hope it won't happen to me," he said, blinking.

"Which part of it?" asked Daisy.

Phil Rising didn't answer—he didn't have a chance. The stairs of the Anable homestead were creaking stairs. They creaked now—John Anable was coming down them. An instant later he entered the arena of events. His eye brightened when he saw Phil Rising.

"The very man I want to see," he said.

"Got an ax to grind myself," said Phil.

Daisy's father grunted.

"Daisy sidetracks all the well-dressed touts," he complained. "Business can wait—her motto. What's she been doing to you?"

"Hanged if I know," returned Phil. He drew forth a hundred-dollar bill. "Mr. Anable," he said, "I took that money from you for one reason—only one. Just so I could show it to my friends. It's served its purpose, so I've brought it back."

John Anable was not disturbed in the least.

"Too friendly to keep it," he nodded—"false modesty—all that sort of thing."

"Cheap and obvious emotion," said Phil; "but it can't be helped."

John Anable took the bill without ado and thrust it into his trousers pocket.

"Business can wait," said Daisy.

"What are you talking about?" said her father. "I can't argue with him, can I? He's got gentlemanly instincts—and so have I. Besides that, I've got some interest to meet to-morrow morning. Rising," he said abruptly, "sit down. Want to talk to you—straight from the shoulder. Know what I'm making now?"

"Tools—machinery," said Phil.

"Rising," said the manufacturer, "I'm making electric clothes-washing machines; clothes-washing machines for private families. They're all doing it. Help question has got 'em going—you know that. Millions of families."

"Phil's not domesticated yet," said Daisy.

"Clothes-washing machines by the hundred—by the thousand," went on Anable—"gotta contract. Fished for it—got it. Fat, juicy, dripping contract. Net me a profit—thousand dollars a week. Get me—thousand a week. Now my hands tied, feet hobbled. All in—completely floored."

"Strike," nodded Phil.

The manufacturer of electric clothes-washing machines shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"Strike's an incident," he returned. "Sam Breen don't worry me. But the proletariat that worked for me—ye gods!"

"How many hands?" asked Phil.

"Easy!" snorted Anable. "My working force consisted of a fraction of a man. Figure it out for yourself. I had thirty hands in all—of course they've walked out now. Thirty hands composed of the following up-to-date material: Two agitators, twenty-seven agitatees and half a man. Thank God, they've gone! But think what that bunch did to the profit on my washing machines! Hands tied now. Millions of people all over the country holding out their hands for washing machines. My competitors jumping into the breach. Never mind them. There's enough for all—and to spare. Listen, Rising; if I can swing this right I can make fifteen hundred dollars a week from now to kingdom come. And that's where you come in."

"How do I come in?" asked Phil.

"Easy!" returned Anable. "You're one man in Tory Corner that knows how to work. You're one man. Out of five thousand that have just walked out there must be more like you."

Phil caught his drift.

"You need thirty picked men," he nodded.

"Thirty nothing!" said John Anable. "Five picked men can do more than the thirty that I had. I don't need thirty. I want fifteen men—you and fourteen others. Are you wise?"

"Sam Breen!" protested Phil.

"What's that tad got to do with it?" cried Anable.

"Everybody's out on strike—I'm out on strike myself. And being out on strike means—being out on strike. Matter of principle—fair play. Ought to stay out, oughtn't we? Matter of honor."

"Matter of honor!" echoed John Anable. "Good Lord, matter of honor! Say, is this the first time you've been out on strike?"

Phil nodded.

"And so you see ——" he began.

"You a member of the union?" queried Anable.

"Of course," said Phil.

"Sign the roll, pay your dues?"

"Of course," said Phil.

"Ever read the constitution and the by-laws?" asked Anable.

"No," said Phil.

"Thought so," said Anable. "Ever attend any inside meetings?"

"No, never have," said Phil.

"All right," spluttered the manufacturer—"and you talk of honor! Don't talk to me of honor! I know what it is. This is honor—I'm fed up with it. Here's honor for you—all you want of it. Thirty hands in my place on River Street. Thirty hands, always getting the highest pay and the shortest hours they asked for. Safest plant in town, not excepting Ericsson's. Thirty hands. Two of 'em agitators doing no work a day at full pay a day. Twenty-seven agitatees doing one hour's work in a nine-hour day. And half a man doing four hours' work in a nine-hour day. That's honor. That's the kind of honor Sam Breen hands out. That's the kind you signed up for. Give me ten unscrupulous men who don't give a tinker's dam for honor—I can move the world. I'll pay 'em all they ask for. I'll do more. I'll pay 'em double time for single time, and double-double time for overtime. Money's no object. What I want is work. Ten laboring men. Where are they? Echo answers, 'Where?'"

"You want me," nodded Phil.

"I want you," said Anable, "because I've seen you work. And Ericsson's tells me that you've made a fair record as a foreman—they're not crazy about you. But you'll do. You're halfway qualified to handle men. You and fourteen others—on your own terms. What about it, eh?"

"Tony Lasalle," said Phil—"he's two. All that Tony needs is the elbow touch—lightning when he once gets going. Besides there are over three thousand hands at Ericsson's and Tony knows 'em all. Between Tony and myself we can pick the men you want."

"Elbow touch—right!" said Anable. "Sound apples in a barrel. If they're all good they stay good. One rotten one—they're gone." He rose and made his way toward the door. "Rising," he said, "you come—see me twelve o'clock to-morrow—my factory. I'll have it all doped out just what I'll do."

"And Mr. Rising," smiled Daisy sweetly, "can have it all doped out just what he'll do, too."

"Humph!" grunted John Anable, halting on the doorsill. "Rising, your last chance to get back this hundred-dollar bill in case you've changed your mind. Then very well, good night."

Next morning Phil rose early and walked downtown to the strike headquarters in the Beasley Building. He wanted to see Sam Breen before he saw John Anable. He wasn't sure just where he stood. Sam Breen started up as soon as Phil entered the committee room. He handed Phil a white rosebud.

"Flag of truce—flower in your buttonhole," said Sam Breen energetically. "We start any minute now."

"Start for where?" asked Phil.

"Wasn't you here yesterday?" queried Sam.

"No," returned Phil.

"Hell," said Sam, "then you don't know that old Ericsson's caved in!"

"Caved in—how?" asked Phil.

"Held out for three whole days," said Sam; "caved in last night. I knew he'd have to. Sent for a committee to come see him—nine o'clock this morning. I put you on it. Old fox wants a representative committee—pay-roll men. You and a few others I put on. But you want to get me right. You're just for show. Just to get the old man buffaloed. You take your cue from me. I'll do the mixing up with Ericsson. Sam Breen will show this Ericsson party where he gets off. You ready? Everybody ready? Look out the window. Wagons at the door?"

"All set!" said a man at the window.

"Now, boys," went on Sam Breen to his committee, "every man jack of you, no gabble—no talky-talk. You're going to sit at the peace table, but your minds will go along with mine. I dictate the terms. I'll see to it personally that the old man swallows the whole bill of fare. Start something if you want to know who's boss."

Phil Rising rode in the first car with Sam Breen. En route he asked questions—tried to acquire information. He asked for bread, Sam Breen gave him a stone.

"Now, now!" said Sam soothingly. "We're flashing you guys because you register intelligence. But don't strain yourselves—you won't be called upon to use any. It's enough that I've nailed this old buzzard to the cross."

Inside of ten minutes they reached the plant.

"Stop at the office building," said Sam Breen. "We go up the brownstone steps where the old geezer keeps his liquor and cigars."

He alighted, his companions followed suit. They waited until the other limousines had rolled up and discharged their passengers. They gathered round Sam Breen.

"Now, boys," said Sam, "don't forget! You take your time from me."

He placed himself at their head and marched up the brownstone steps and laid his hand upon the knob of the door. No thoroughfare. The door declined to yield.

"Too early," nodded Sam Breen, looking at his wrist watch. "Hello," he added quickly, "here's a sign!"

He was quite right. There was a piece of cardboard, done in very clear black-ink characters, nailed in a conspicuous position on the outside of the door. It was unsigned. And this is what it said.

OWING TO THE INCLEMENCY OF OUR NORTHERN WINTERS THE OFFICIALS OF THIS COMPANY HAVE GONE SOUTH

THEY CAN BE FOUND AT MIAMI OR JACKSONVILLE OR THEREABOUTS—PERHAPS

THEY WILL RETURN LATER—OR MAYBE AFTER THAT

Phil Rising laughed. Sam Breen descended on him like a thousand of brick.

"What are you laughing at?" he croaked.

"Just thinking," said Phil, "of the old geezer down there—or thereabouts—breakfasting in bed—or somewhere else—swallowing the whole bill of fare."

Sam Breen raged.

"I'll show him where he lives!" he cried.

"He's telling you, isn't he?" smiled Phil.

Sam Breen tore down the piece of cardboard, reduced it to little pieces and flung them upon the breeze.

"Back to headquarters, boys," said Sam, "and not a word of this cheap bluff to anybody! No newspaper stuff. Mum's the word. When the old fox slaps me in the face he slaps you in the face. I'll call his bluff! I'll ram this vaudeville stunt of his down his throat. When we get back—the whole bunch of you—I want to talk to you."

Back in the committee room, behind closed doors, he talked to them.

"Now, boys," he said, his eyes flashing, his chin ugly, "don't you worry about me. I'm used to dirtier tricks than this—hide's bullet proof. This incident is closed. But I know what it means, and so do you. The old geezer is a-going to fight. And if he isn't we are. But I know the signs. He's going to fight. He can afford to fight—I tell you plainly what we're up against. He'll give us a run for his money—make no mistake. Now I've got to tell the world something. Somebody open that side door and tell the reporters that I want 'em to come in."

The newspaper men filed in. Sam Breen explained in brief. He did it so cleverly that he completely killed the news of the old man's childish trick. The next day the real facts wouldn't be worth printing, and Sam Breen would save his face.

"Now, gents," he went on, "this goes! And I want this printed—this that I'm going to say. If I don't print it Ericsson will. We're in for a long hard fight, boys, and we're in for a long hard winter. Make no mistake. This is a strike first, last and all the time, and nothing but a strike. It's the off season for Sunday-school picnics. They tell me Tory Corner hasn't struck before; she doesn't know what the word 'strike' means. But I'm telling you. First off, we're going to win this strike—and we're going to win it by the adoption of the very latest methods and the best. This is the year 1920 and this is a 1920 strike. I'm handing you that strong for just one reason. When I tell you it's to be a long hard strike one hundred and one per cent of you focuses on the strike fund and begins to calculate your share. Not on your merry! There's no strike fund big enough to support thousands of idle hands. Figure it up and you'll see why. We've got a 1920 strike fund to run a 1920 strike. This is the fanciest time for legitimate expenses that ever came down the pike. I know. And when we're through, if our deficit don't run over ten thousand dollars we're a bunch of lucky stiffs. No hand-outs—not one bum nickel! Get me?"

"How do you expect me to live?" queried Phil. Everybody else seemed stunned.

"Live?" echoed Sam Breen, grinning in his friendly way at the reporters. "Go out and get a job—get it anywhere you can. Nobody knows better than you that there's work for everybody, everywhere, all the time. I'm telling you that public opinion in Tory Corner and in this section of the state has got to stand by us, and I'm going to see to it that it stands by us; and it ain't going to back us up if five or six thousand of you are getting dispossessed and in the gutter and turning crooked—making faces, whining like hell. There's only one way we can call this old geezer's bluff. Get to work—support your families—leave your address with me; I'll tell you when I want you. No paupers. Then, by gosh, we can stick out till old Ericsson freezes over down at Jacksonville."

"Boys," he said to the reporters, "will you print this as I'm telling it?"

"Got it," they answered, "word for word."

"Good!" grinned Sam Breen. "Saves me the trouble and expense of putting paid ads in your valuable mediums. I want everybody to get it—get it hard. I want the old geezer to read it in Miami. Striking isn't a kid's game any more. It's a man's game. It's part of the business of your life. I'm asking every striker in the city to play this game according to my rules—or I'll know the reason why. Don't hang round headquarters. Sam Breen is telling you to go to work."

When he had finished Sam Breen drew Phil Rising to one side.

"You know Tory Corner pretty well," he said to Phil. "What do you think these hounds will do?"

"After what you've said," Phil nodded, "I think they'll go to work."

(Continued on Page 116)

# Hudson Fineness Equals

*Hudson Super-Six* *Four Door Sedan*

# Its Matchless Performance

## *Aside From the Supremacy of the Exclusive Super-Six Motor, Its Beauty Gives Distinction in Any Field of Fine Cars*

HUDSON has unremittingly kept the issue of performance to the fore. Not simply because its mastery is indisputable.

Rather because this question is vital above all. It must always be so. It must always be the measure of any car's title to worth.

Hence we have never unduly emphasized Hudson's four years' leadership in fine car sales. Largest sales are not infallibly proof of greatest merit. Hudson has no need to offer them as such.

Yet their importance cannot be overlooked. Here is the massed opinion of far the greatest number of owners of any fine car in the world. Some are driving the earliest Super-Sixes built—now more than four years old. Some acquired Hudsons but recently. But how unanimously they hold no car can rival it.

### *What 90,000 Owners Know First Hand*

THOSE who have had their Hudsons longest are perhaps its most emphatic champions. They know it best. They have seen it pitted with triumph against every situation that can confront an automobile. Today their Super-Sixes are giving service, such as is literally beyond the performance capacity of many new cars that cost more.

Certainly no fine car is so highly regarded by such a large following.

Were its position less deserved, could Hudson hold the loyalty of all these? Were its supremacy less decisive, surely five years must have discovered the rightful successor.

But time only brings fresh evidence of Hudson leadership.

### *See What It Has Done*

ITS world records in speed—in power—in acceleration—in hill-climbing, have never been matched. They are official and its 7,000-mile run both ways across the continent in ten days and twenty-one hours is regarded the supreme endurance feat of motordom. No car ever equalled its time in either direction. Few have even endured to finish. None except Hudson ever completed the two-way trip against time.

A Hudson stock chassis holds the world's official stock car speed record of 1 mile in 35 seconds. Special cars embodying the Super-Six principle won more points in a single year of speedway contests than any cars that ever raced.

Now is added the confirming judgment of more than 90,000 owners who daily see these qualities expressed in the smooth, uninterrupted service of their cars.

### *Doesn't It Prove Hudson A Life Car?*

AND note how accurately Hudson sales reflect its supremacy in performance. Every month and year since the Super-Six invention gave the key to all-dominant performance Hudson has led the fine car field in sales.

Thousands admittedly chose Hudson because of its acknowledged prestige as leader and authority in coach design. Hudsons are famous for their beauty and luxurious appointment, not only in America but in Europe, the Orient and South America.

But its chief appeal is in performance. Is it not natural that Hudson is the choice of those who want fine performance?

What name does any discussion of motor speed instantly evoke? What car is the focus of interest when men speak of great feats of power, endurance and hill-climbing?

### *And Its Unmatched Motor Is Exclusive*

AND do not forget that all Hudson has done was possible only because of the Super-Six motor. It gave Hudson 72% more power and 80% added efficiency. The most abusive tests to which a car was ever subjected have failed to find its endurance limit. Could other types adopt it, they might share Hudson's unmatched ability. But Hudson controls it. By right of invention Hudson alone can use it.

All do not want such speed and power as Hudson's. But they do want its ability. It meets all but the most extraordinary tasks without taxing half of its capacity. And that means freedom from strain. It means years of extra service. It means that Hudsons retain their new car vigor and flexibility when they have become old in point of years and use.

It will not be possible to supply all who want Hudsons. So even though you may not want your car for several months, now is not too early to place your order.

## HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(30S4)

(Continued from Page 113)

"Not in ten thousand years!" grunted Sam Breen. "I know 'em! Work, hell! There's no such thing as work!"

IV

AT TWELVE o'clock that day Phil Rising went to see John Anable. John Anable was waiting for him. He took Phil through his plant and showed him things. Much of it was new; the place was replete with the cleverest machines that cash could buy—up-to-the-minute devices, labor-saving contrivances of latest design. And safety first was in the air; it permeated everything.

"Where every prospect pleases," said John Anable proudly, "and only man is vile."

He led Phil Rising back to his desk. Phil told him the news.

"Sam Breen has sent us all to work," he said.

"Of course," nodded Anable. "Already that's old stuff. Dig ditches at four dollars a day if necessary. Anything to make a living. Washes his hands of you. Bright lad, Sam Breen. Get down to cases. Can you get me any men?"

"There you are!" said Phil. "Sam Breen again! Your place is under strike."

"I'm asking you a question," said John Anable. "Can you get me any men?"

"Suppose I do," returned Phil. "Sam Breen ——"

"Now never mind Sam Breen!" said Anable. "I'll take my chances on Sam Breen. Sam Breen's got his hands full, and I know just what he's going to do. He's going to concentrate on Ericsson's and let us small fry go. Sam Breen's forgotten by this time that I'm alive. You don't need to worry about Sam Breen. If he interferes with me I'll handle him. What I want is men. I'll play 'em fair. I'll meet their terms. One dollar twelve and a half an hour. A nine-dollar day. An eight-hour day. That's what they want—that's what they'll get. Barrel of money in it for me, Phil."

On John Anable's desk right under Phil's nose there lay a small square envelope addressed to Phil. Phil had been staring at it. Now he picked it up.

"For me, I see," he said.

The other man nodded impatiently.

"Daisy," he returned—"very important, according to her lights. String round my finger and all that."

"Ladies and your children first," said Phil. "If you don't mind I'll take a look."

He tore it open—the envelope was sealed. The note was brief and to the point:

"Please don't close any deal with father until I've seen you first. D. A."

Phil thrust the note into his pocket.

"What specifically," he asked, "can you do for me?"

"Foreman of the plant," said Anable. "And I'll pay you just as much as I pay the other hands. Straight-wage basis. You're an overtime man, Rising. You can make good money here."

Phil started off.

"Where to?" demanded Anable.

Phil nodded.

"I'm going," he returned, "to round up fifteen men."

"Good!" cried John Anable. "When do I hear from you again?"

"To-night," said Phil, "at eight o'clock—your house."

When Phil left the plant he found to his surprise Daisy Anable's smart roadster drawn up at the curb with Daisy at the wheel.

"Wanted to help," said Daisy. "I can't keep still. Father was going to send the big car with you to take you round town. I volunteered instead. Did you get my note?" she queried anxiously. "Good! I had to seal it. Father is very, very fine, but he's father and I know him."

"I obeyed you to the letter," nodded Phil.

"Where do we go from here?" asked Daisy.

"Tony Lasalle's my starting point," said Phil. "Anywhere downtown. We'll round him up."

The little roadster glided off, with Daisy still curious.

"What is my father going to do for you?" she asked.

Phil told her.

"I can hold the job," he said, "and the job's a corker. It means at times that I can pull down nearly a hundred a week. That's going some."

Daisy stared at Phil.

"Go on," she said.

"That's all," said Phil. "What more do you want?"

"What is he paying you for the work you do to-day?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't work to-day," said Phil.

"Thought you were going to round up a gang of men."

"Oh, that!" said Phil.

"Oh, that!" echoed Daisy. "Oh, that is something that John Anable can't do for himself. If he could he'd have done it long ago. Your work to-day is going to make it possible for John Anable to make a profit of a thousand dollars a week. He admits it himself. And maybe more. You're getting him the one thing that he needs and hasn't got. Now where do you get off?"

"Gosh," cried Phil, "I never thought of that!"

Downtown they caught sight of Tony as that ubiquitous and all-pervasive gentleman was jay-walking with his wide swagger across a perilous thoroughfare. They rounded him up and dragged him off to lunch.

"I am now qualified," Tony confided to Miss Anable, "to perform the highly expert work your parish house requires. I have made exhaustive study of the lighting systems on Broadway."

"Tuition came high?" suggested Daisy.

"I have spare' no expense," said Tony. "I am Broadway specialist, in fact."

"Broke?" smiled Phil.

"Do I not tell you I am Broadway specialist?" grinned Tony.

"Flea in your ear, Tony," said Phil. "Barrel of money. You listen and I'll talk."

He talked for half an hour. Once they had finished lunch Tony departed, wide-eyed and white-teethed, in a taxicab. Phil went to a lawyer's office. Daisy went home. That night Phil kept his appointment with John Anable—saw him at his house behind closed doors.

"Progress?" queried Anable.

"Oh," returned Phil carelessly, "I can get the men all right—the right men—if that's what you mean."

John Anable's eyes danced.

"Sure of it?" he queried.

"Positive," said Phil.

"Good boy!" nodded Anable. "Why, then the trick is done!"

"It's not done yet," said Phil. "But it will be done—on terms."

"What do you mean, terms?" asked the manufacturer.

"These terms," returned Phil. He drew forth a typewritten instrument a page and a half long and tossed it across the desk. "You sign," he nodded, "on the dotted line."

John Anable read and reread the proposed agreement. His eyes bulged.

"Dog-gone it, man," he said to Phil. "Why, this is highway robbery!"

"Is it?" smiled Phil.

"Is it?" echoed Anable. "Self-evident proposition. Rawest con game that I ever heard about."

"Explain," said Phil.

"Dog-gone it," returned Anable, "you want me to pay you—*you*—three dollars a day for every man you get me. Three dollars a day! I'll be paying you break-neck wages as the foreman of my plant. In addition to that you want three dollars a day for every hand I get."

"Exactly!" smiled Phil genially. "According to the present plan I'm to get you fifteen men, Tony Lasalle and self included. Each of those fifteen men you pay nine dollars a day. Add three dollars to that—the three dollars comes to me."

"Twelve dollars a day per man," groaned Anable.

"Three of it to me," repeated Phil.

"Fifteen men three dollars a day. Forty-five dollars a day."

"To me, in addition to my wage," said Phil.

"To you!" gasped John Anable. "That's nearly two hundred and fifty a week to you. It's the most damnable outrage that ever came down the pike. Why should I pay any such sum of money as that to you, I'd like to know?"

"Take a piece of paper and a pencil," commanded Phil; "figure up. You had a pay roll of thirty hands before. You know what you paid 'em. Figure it up. You're going to have a pay roll of fifteen hands from now on. Figure up their pay. Got it? Add my forty-five a day. Got it? Now how much profit did you make over and above what you paid your thirty men? guess at it. Got that? Now, Q. E. D."

"Not on your life!" returned John Anable.

"Oh, yes," said Phil, "that goes! Listen! You told me here the other night—I put your words down in this little book—you told me that you could pay double time for single time and double-double time for overtime and make a thousand dollars profit every week—if you had good men. You're going to have good men, and only half the crew you had before. This crew will work ten hours a day—two hours overtime a day. You know what your pay roll used to be. This new bunch of honest labor, all told, isn't going to cost you what you used to pay. And unless I miss my guess you'll make twelve hundred on this bunch instead of ten. Now that's why you're going to pay me three dollars for every man per day."

"I won't do it!" said John Anable. "That's flat!"

"Good!" nodded Phil, gathering up the contract and thrusting it into his pocket. "I met a tool man that I know this afternoon that's got a small plant on the Alley. I tried him out on this—showed him what was what. His name is Lehman. You can call him up. He stands ready to take my batch of fifteen men."

"And he'll sign that contract?" queried John Anable.

"You call him up," said Phil.

"Give me that contract again," demanded Anable. He read it over for the third or fourth time. "Perpetual motion," he grunted. "I keep on paying you this rake-off from now to doomsday, do I? That's delightful."

"Clause Four," said Phil—"you missed it. You pay me just so long as you keep my men. You can fire the whole bunch of us at any time you like and stop the leak. Under that contract it's up to you, not me."

"Suppose," said John Anable, "that we give this thing a tryout before you and I sign up."

"Satisfactory," said Phil. "Only you'll have to wait till Lehman down on the Alley gets his men. First come, first served. That's fair."

"Hell!" said John Anable.

"Just below my signature," said Phil—"the dotted line."

Daisy was waiting for him in the living room by the fire.

"Did he come across?" she asked.

"Clean," returned Phil.

"Do you mind telling me," she asked, "what you're getting for getting him the men?"

Phil figured it out in his head.

"About a dollar a day for every man I get him," he responded. "Something like eighty-two-fifty by the week."

"Is that all?" she queried.

"All just now," said Phil. "I'll get more later."

Daisy was disappointed.

"It isn't much," she said.

"As it stands," said Phil, "I'll be knocking down about three times the money that I ever have before. Fair for a starter."

"Not enough," said Daisy.

"Isn't it?" smiled Phil. "It's big enough for me. I'm afraid in fact that it's too big for me. I'm afraid I've started something I can't finish. The thing is so darned big it scares me half to death."

At eight o'clock next morning Tony Lasalle, with twenty men, knocked at Phil's door in the Gouverneur and ushered his men into Phil's living room. Tony was pale, wan, exhausted.

"I have work' all night," Tony said to Phil, "an' to-day the taxicab, she declare a dividen'."

Phil dragged him into his bedroom and dosed him liberally with contraband.

"Now, Tony," he commanded, "bring on your men."

He saw them in his bedroom one by one. The first man fortunately was a man he knew well.

"Tony has explained, I take it?" queried Phil. The man nodded eagerly.

"I've got it all," he said. "It goes. The wife was getting worried and this looks good to me."

"Nine dollars a day for an eight-hour day," said Phil.

"And a chance for overtime," added the man.

"Piecework or overtime—any way you choose," said Phil.

"I'm with you," said his man.

"One moment," said Phil. "Listen! Nine dollars for an eight-hour day. That's Anable. But there's something else—from me."

"From you?" faltered the other.

"From me," repeated Phil Rising. "One dollar a day straight on top of Anable's. That's ten dollars for an eight-hour day."

"But why from you?" exclaimed the man.

"You're going to earn it," returned Phil.

"Of course," nodded the other. "But how?"

"Two hours spare time a week, and maybe less," said Phil.

"What's doing?" asked the man.

"It's legitimate," said Phil. "I'll tell you later. It's too complicated to go into now. Does it go?"

"Does it?" cried the man gratefully. "On top of the highest pay and the shortest day I've ever had? Well, some, and then some more!"

Phil and Tony and their crew of thirteen men started in at the Anable shop. Anable knew his own machines and could run every one of them. He and Phil and Tony trained the new crew in. At the end of the week they took account of stock. They fired three doubtful men and took on three more. These three stuck. After the second week John Anable's profitable little plant ran itself like clockwork.

"Father's like a boy," Daisy told Phil. "He says this thing will add ten years to his life."

"He doesn't tell me that," said Phil.

"He won't tell you anything," laughed Daisy. "He's sore because he's paying you a bonus of three dollars on each man. Three dollars—so he says. You told me only one."

"He pays three," said Phil. "I get one."

"The other two?" queried the girl.

"There's Tony," nodded Phil. "Tony gets one."

"Tony gets as much as you?" cried Daisy.

"Does now," nodded Phil. "Later—well, we'll see."

Daisy Anable's real name was Rikki Tikki Tavi—she had to find out for herself.

"You've still got one dollar left," she reminded Phil.

"Rather curious about that dollar," returned Phil. "I think I'd like to demonstrate it to you. It explains itself. I'm going to take a half day off to-morrow—maybe more. And I haven't bought my car. Perhaps ——"

"I'll drive you anywhere you wish," said Daisy.

She picked Phil up at the factory at half past eleven in the morning. She drove him by direction to Lehman's tool shop in the Alley. Lehman came out bareheaded, waving a typewritten paper in his hand.

"Sounded nice when you talked it to me the other day," he said, "but this—in cold type—sounds different. I don't know just where I get off. Three dollars a day per man. You got a nerve."

"Get your overcoat and hat," said Phil. "I'm going to show you something that you've never seen—a bunch of hand-picked men."

Daisy drove them back to her father's factory. Phil led Lehman and the girl to a corner where they could see without being seen.

"Now," said Phil, "I'm going to ask you to do something that isn't done—not in this plant. You watch the clock."

They watched the clock. They watched the men. At length the clock said noon. The men worked on. The noon whistle blew. Each man worked on until it stopped blowing—then switched off his power and quit.

Lehman stared.

"You had 'em fixed for me," he said to Phil.

Phil shook his head.

"Formula," said Phil—"day after day. That kind of thing means a hundred a week extra in the pockets of John Anable. These chaps don't quit a quarter of an hour before the time."

"You telling me straight?" asked Lehman. "And you can get me men like that?"

"I'll have twenty men at your plant to-morrow morning," nodded Phil.

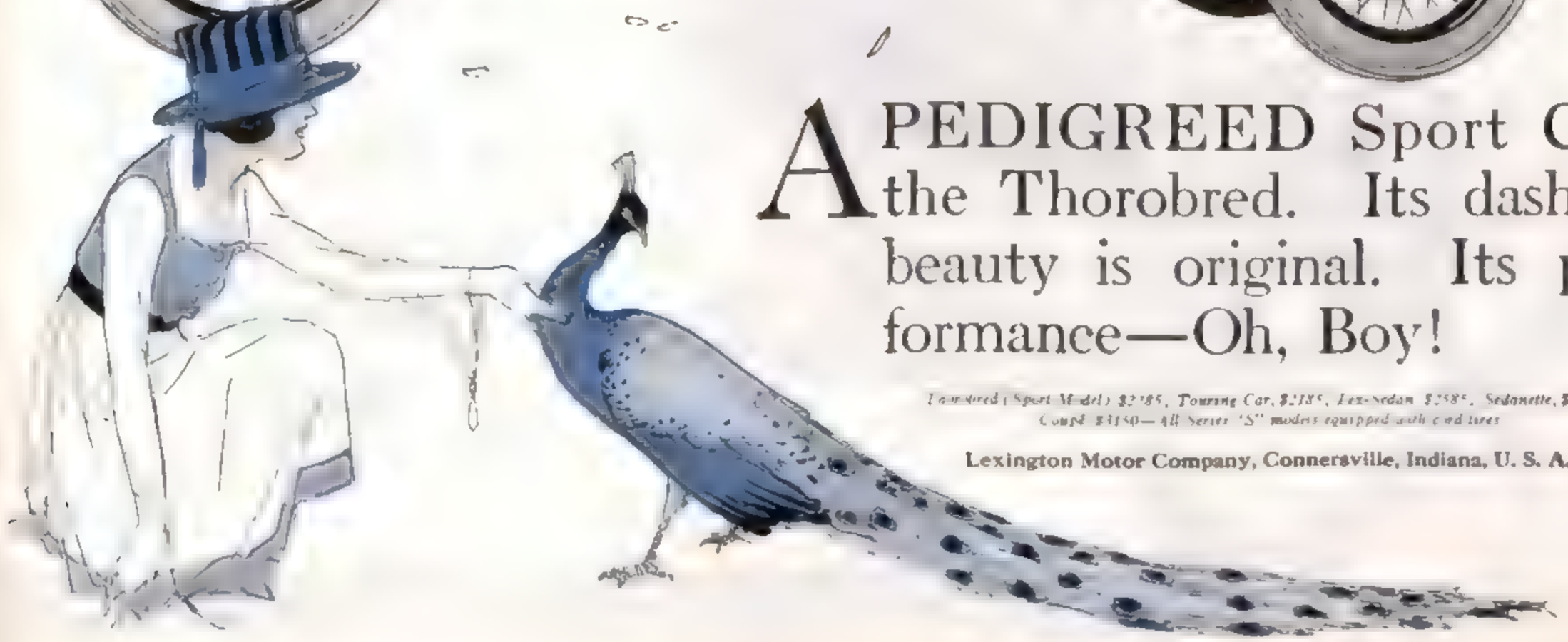
"Suppose they ain't like that?" objected Lehman.

"Fire 'em," said Phil. "You won't owe me one red cent."

"You drive me back to the Alley," nodded Lehman, "and I think it over—quick." (Continued on Page 120)

# Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX



A PEDIGREED Sport Car, the Thorobred. Its dashing beauty is original. Its performance—Oh, Boy!

*Touring (Sport Model) $2185, Touring Car, $2185, Lex-Sedan $2585, Sedanette, $3150; Coupé $3150—All Series "S" models equipped with cord tires*

**Lexington Motor Company, Connersville, Indiana, U. S. A.**

*The ideal way of washing delicate things is the way the Eden washes everything*

# The Eden

*washes heavy things as thoroughly and gently as it washes dainty things*

# Eden

## What a satisfaction to know that your things are *really* clean

When you lift your clothes out of the Eden Washer, the white things are spotlessly *white*, the colored things fresh and enlivened—a joy to look at and to wear.

*The Eden washes dirt out of clothes —not through them.*

The Eden Sediment Zone is an exclusive feature that makes Eden-washed things cleaner. As the dust and grime are flushed out of the clothes, they fall through the perforations of the sanitary zinc washing cylinder into the Sediment Zone, where they are trapped in quiet water and cannot mix again with the clothes. No dirt is churned back and forth through your clothes in the Eden—they are continually washed in clean, sanitary water.

The Eden Sediment Zone is but one of the many exclusive features that make the Eden an ideal washer for the housewife. A demonstration is offered without cost or obligation to all interested. By the easy-payment plan, the Eden virtually meets its payments out of its large cash savings.

*Send for our book,* "An Eden in the Home," illustrated in colors. *Free on request.*

**BROKAW-EDEN COMPANY**
*New York*
*Saint Louis* *Denver* *San Francisco*
FACTORIES AT LOWELL MASS. AND ALTON ILL

Armco rust-resisting iron is used in the Eden.

The depression at the bottom of the tub is the Eden Sediment Zone—quiet water which traps all dirt and makes Eden-washed things cleaner.

The Eden driving mechanism is fully and safely enclosed and is packed in grease, which does away with all messy oiling.

The Eden Automatic Clutch releases the motor if the washer or wringer is overloaded and prevents burnt out motors and blown out fuses.

The Safety Interlocking Swinging Wringer has five convenient locked positions. It cannot wring while swinging or swing when wringing —another Eden safety device.

(Continued from Page 116)

He thought it over quick. Half an hour later Phil stepped out of Lehman's office with Lehman's signature on a dotted line.

"Twenty men," said Phil to Daisy Anable—"that's what Lehman's going to take. He's got thirty now—he's firing them to-day. Twenty men—a dollar a day apiece for me. Five days and a half a week. One hundred and ten a week on this job from now on to kingdom come. Drive us to the country club for lunch. We'll call this a day."

Daisy drove on. She puckered her brow.

"Do you know any other plants in town that want good men?" she asked.

"Do you know how many plants there are in town?" he queried. "Over a hundred. They all want something that they haven't got—good men. Good men are scarce as hens' teeth. Tony has to scratch gravel for 'em, I can tell you. Still there are four or five thousand idle hands in Tory Corner, maybe more. Before we're through we'll get all the good ones in the bunch."

"If you can only get them all," said Daisy.

"Suppose we don't," nodded Phil.

"Tony can't hit the bull's-eye all the time. In the end Tony will fall down."

"He'll peter out," conceded Phil—"and so will I. Meantime ——"

They figured up the possibilities at lunch.

"Meantime," gasped Daisy, "arithmetical progression at the very least."

"Looks like it," said Phil. "That's what I'm worrying about. It's got me scared. I'll let you into a secret. Don't worry about Tony. When Tony gets to the end of his rope and when I get to the end of mine—why, then we've just begun."

"Just begun!" she echoed.

"I said I'd demonstrate," said Phil. "You drive me back to papa's little plant. I'll show you something that's something else again."

They dawdled on the way. They got back just at closing time. The whistle blew. Factories in the neighborhood were already discharging multitudes of scurrying men. Not so John Anable's. Three, four minutes passed. At five minutes after closing time the first man to leave came swinging through the gate. Phil called the man by name.

"Oh, Spalding!" sang out Phil.

Spalding made a bee line for their car.

"Not going to drive me home?" he queried hopefully.

"Sure am," smiled Daisy.

"I didn't mean it," said Spalding, quite abashed.

"I did," said Daisy.

"Get in," commanded Phil—"we're off. I want to talk to you. Pay day to-day—any kick coming?"

"Not so you can notice it," laughed Spalding.

Phil thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth an envelope.

"From me to you," he said to Spalding. Spalding took it. He was frankly puzzled.

"Goes in the kid's bank," he said—"extra money. Thanks. You've handed me several of these, Mr. Rising. To tell the truth, I don't know what they're for."

"Wasn't ready to tell you," said Phil, "but now the hour has struck. I'd like you to use your bean about ten minutes off time every day. It's really easy money, easily earned."

"Shoot!" said Spalding.

"Before I shoot," returned Phil, "I want to know whether you can pick me another man—friend of yours, maybe—that's just as good as you. Man out on strike or that doesn't like his job. Got to be good."

"I've got him picked," said Spalding—"talked to him just last night."

"Fine!" said Phil. "Give me his name and address, and tell him to report to me late night or early morning at the Gouverneur."

"I was going to tell him to see you anyhow," said Spalding.

"That's settled," said Phil.

"You was a-going to tell me," went on Spalding, fingering the envelope, "how I was to earn this pay."

"You've already earned it," nodded Phil—"or you will have earned it when your man turns up at my place to-morrow morning."

The whole thing burst upon Daisy Anable like a clap of thunder.

"Why, it's geometrical progression!" she exclaimed.

"This is my place," said Spalding, "and believe me—much obliged."

"Extra money," commented Phil as they drove away.

"In the kid's bank," said Daisy.

"Getting his decent friends to flock to me. He's just one man in my employ. I tell you again, the thing has got me scared."

V

PHIL RISING meant it when he said the thing had got him scared. At times he was frightened stiff. There must be a sticker in the thing somewhere—but where? He lay awake all night that night, going over the ground once more to make sure, step by step. A scatterbrained project, and absolutely sound. John Anable had tested it. John Anable stood to make more money than he had ever hoped to make. John Anable was one of fifty or a hundred manufacturers who had been crying to high heaven for one thing and only one thing—an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. All the time they kicked at high wages—why? Because they were paying big money for something that they didn't get and couldn't get. One hundred per cent skilled labor—it was worth its weight in gold. And Phil had fetched it to John Anable—and John Anable didn't have to pay its weight in gold for it. In the aggregate he was paying less than he had ever paid—and making more. Lehman would pay less and make more. All of them would pay less and make more. Meantime honest labor would make more. And Phil Rising would make—the perspiration stood out on his head as he thought about it. But he couldn't go wrong. How the devil could he now? The entire proposition rested upon the law of supply and demand. The whole world clamored, not for alleged labor, not for pseudo labor, but for labor. As things were now, there couldn't be enough to go round.

He made up his mind swiftly. He held no patent on this thing, and pretty soon it would cease to be a secret process. Caution was essential. The number of people he could trust to see the working of the strings was limited. He summoned Daisy Anable and Tony to an early dinner at Goulet's. He explained the situation, painted a picture, showed them what it meant.

"Close corporation," he reminded them—"fewer the higher."

Daisy Anable was a dollar-a-year war stenographer—with a record.

"Please—please," she said to Phil, "if you won't let me, then I'll go upon the stage."

"Hoping you'd say it," exclaimed Phil. "This means something more than money. You'll see it all some day. You and Tony and myself—us three. Nobody else until we have to. What say, Tony?"

Tony's eyes glistened—his white teeth flashed.

"Ain' it miserable?" he said.

Phil resigned his job at Anable's. Tony took his place until Spalding could work along into his shoes. Any man in John Anable's could have held a foreman's job. John Anable looked worried at Phil's departure, but he wasn't.

"What you going to do?" he asked Phil. "Going to live upon your money?"

Phil nodded.

"On an infinitesimal portion of it," said Phil.

Then he got extremely busy. He opened a small office in a dingy downtown office building. He filled it with dingy furniture. He installed a brand-new typewriting machine. But he didn't put his name or any other name upon the door.

"Now," he said to Daisy, "we'll send an original typewritten letter to every manufacturer in town."

He got half a dozen replies inside of three days. Then a dozen more. Then twenty-seven more. Then personal calls. He had to hire another room so that Daisy Anable might work in peace. He spent twelve hours and more a day with his prospective clients. They listened to him, laughed at him, swore at him, called him names—but listened. They tiptoed into John Anable's little factory, into Lehman's tool works. It was too good to be true. They stormed roundly at Phil's terms. Phil only shrugged his shoulders.

"Go out and get men for yourselves," he told them.

They went out and tried. They didn't get the men. They didn't understand the principle—the barrel of perfect hand-picked apples. They ignominiously failed, and then came back to Phil.

"Now for the dirty work," said Phil to Daisy Anable. "I'm going to round up all the honest labor that there is within a radius of fifteen miles. I'm going to do it quick."

"They can't come here," said Daisy.

"Right!" said Phil. "This office is for the demand. I've got to keep the supply away from the demand until I get the latter's signature upon the dotted line." He sent for Tony, and Tony came.

"I want a place," he said to Tony, "where I can accommodate fifty or a hundred men at a time. Pick me a place."

Tony thought about it.

"Bauerle's," said Tony. "In the old days it was like home to everybody. Even now it will seem like home again."

Phil leased Bauerle's for a song. He cleaned it up. He had a roaring fire built in the historic fireplace. He opened the doors. He got ready for a rush.

"Every man we've placed," said Phil to Daisy, "is sending in to us an average of three men a week. It's not enough. Quick work from now on before anybody steals our thunder. I'm going to advertise—every newspaper in town, out of town, all round the towns."

Daisy thought about it.

"Careful!" she warned him. "You'll have all Prothero County swooping down on Bauerle's. To whom will you appeal?"

"To the honest-to-goodness skilled laborer," said Phil—"to the man who's not afraid of work."

"They're all that kind," smiled Daisy. "You've got another guess. You've got to pick your men—pick 'em in print."

"I get you," nodded Phil. He thought about it for a moment. Then he shook his head. Daisy laughed.

"Here's where I come in," she said.

"As how?" queried Phil.

"Phil," she continued, "do you remember the night that we drove Spalding home? Do you remember what he was going to do with the money that you paid him?"

"Extra money," nodded Phil; "going to put it into the kid's bank."

"Here's where I come in," said Daisy. "Spalding set me thinking. I've been thinking ever since. You know what we want, don't you? We want to pick the kind of men that John Anable has in his factory, that Lehman has in his, that Watson has in his. Men of that kind, Phil. I looked 'em up—the whole bunch—on my own account. Wanted to know. Something they've got in common, Phil—ever think of that? Something all these men have in common, Phil. And Spalding showed me on that night."

"Extra money," said Phil—"they eat it up."

"Women!" returned Daisy. "Every mother's son of 'em is married, or else he's got a girl."

"Not every one of 'em," said Phil.

"Yes," said Daisy.

"Tony here," objected Phil, "he hasn't any girl."

Tony blinked and swallowed hard.

"Hasn't he?" laughed Daisy. "He couldn't tell you, Tony couldn't. But he had to tell somebody, so he told me. He's got the girl with the fur coat that you kissed downtown that day. He—he likes the way she kisses."

Tony nodded enthusiastically.

"She is a kisser, my girl," said Tony. "She is wonderment."

"Well," Phil still objected, "I'm not married and I haven't got a ——"

"Oh, you!" returned Daisy, dismissing the subject with a shrug of her fine shoulders.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Phil, "that the only steady workmen are somehow attached?"

"Not at all," said Daisy. "But the chances run in favor of them. And the eighty or a hundred that we've placed all run true to form."

"You go ahead and make up that ad," said Phil.

Daisy made it up. They printed it. And after that the deluge.

First the local and Federal authorities, and next Sam Breen. Sam Breen investigated the whole matter, then he called on John Anable and had a confab with him in his private office.

"You're running wide open," he said to Anable.

"Cut it out, Breen," said John Anable, looking his man in the eye. "You're after Ericsson—not me."

"That ain't the point," went on Sam Breen.

"This is!" retorted John Anable. "You can't run this strike at all without public opinion at your back. So far you've got it at your back. And why? Because there are five thousand families—wives, kids, mothers, sisters, cousins, aunts—belonging to men who work with their hands. But if you interfere with me I'm going to tell 'em something. I'm going to tell 'em that the men I've taken on are working for the short hours and the long pay they struck for. I'm giving them just what they want."

"You're giving 'em more," said Sam Breen, "and there's my kick. I came here to protest against just one thing—and I'm told that it's going on in a dozen other plants besides. I didn't bother you so long as I figured you were paying union wages. Now I'm told you're paying more, and that's where I come in."

"No trouble to show goods," said Anable. He exhibited his pay sheets to Sam Breen. Sam got no comfort there.

"Won't do for me," he went on. "I've got it on good authority that every man you've got is getting a dollar a day extra above his daily wages. I want to know what for."

John Anable thought it over.

"I'm not paying it to 'em," he said finally, "and they're not getting it for any work they do for me."

"You come across," said Sam Breen with a dangerous glitter in his eye, "or I'll shut your place up overnight."

Anable saw he meant it.

"Come across?" he queried.

"Information is what I'm after," said Sam Breen. "Don't make any play on words."

"All right," nodded Anable, "if I set you straight you leave me alone—that right?"

"Right," said Sam Breen.

"You go and see Phil Rising then," said Anable. "It's his funeral, not mine."

Sam Breen saw Phil Rising—saw him at Bauerle's. Sam shouldered his way through a crowd of some five hundred men that lounged inside and without.

"You come across!" said Sam Breen to Phil. "I know you! You're a union man; you're on one of my committees. Tell me the whole thing or I'll discipline you. Get me right?"

"I don't have to get you right," said Phil.

"You're paying union laborers five dollars and a half a week apiece. I want to know for what?"

"Private matters," said Phil Rising—"an outside interest between the union laborer and me."

"What are you paying it for?" demanded Sam.

Phil was disturbed. He was a union man. In a way of speaking Sam Breen was his boss. He didn't understand Sam Breen. The fact is Phil didn't understand any game of bluff. He couldn't bandy words as did John Anable.

"I'm told," said Sam Breen, "that you're a padrone. Now you put your cards on the table face up, or I'll see to it that every son of a gun you've placed gets his head cut off to-morrow morning. See? What do these men do for this five and a half a week?"

At length Phil Rising told him.

"What do you charge 'em for getting 'em the job?" asked Sam.

"I pay 'em, I tell you," said Phil. "They don't pay me a cent."

"Where do you get the five and a half?" demanded Sam Breen.

Phil Rising himself hated to realize that he was more afraid of this blustering Sam Breen than he had been of a United States district attorney and a county prosecutor of the pleas. So he told him how he got the five dollars and a half—he told him the whole story.

"All right," said Sam Breen. "I've got you. You're sticking the employers against the law. You're an employment agency, that's what you are. And you're sticking the bosses for about one thousand times the legal fees."

This got Sam what he wanted—he wanted to get everything that Phil Rising had to show.

"Prosecutor Lem Scales has seen that contract," Phil Rising told Sam Breen; "United States District Attorney Joline has seen it. I'm an investigator, I'm a detective, I'm a business expert, I am a specialist in labor. I render a multitude of services that are difficult and extraordinary. I get paid well for that. Incidentally I get the separated legal fee for procuring workmen for my clients. No evasion of the law. No violation of the law. That contract stands the acid test."

(Concluded on Page 122)

# Sanger Bros., Mercantile Monarchs of the Southwest, Use Elliott-Fisher System

## Sixty Thousand Accounts in Their Four Stores All Closed Complete for the Month and the Statements Mailed on the First

HERE is one of the most complete tests in America of the economy, accuracy, and "on time" efficiency of Elliott-Fisher System of quantity production for mercantile accounting.

*Sanger Brothers' New Store Building in Dallas, Texas*

Sanger Brothers, Inc., are the largest distributors of dry goods and allied lines in the Southwest. They operate both wholesale and retail stores in Dallas, and retail establishments in Waco and Fort Worth, Texas.

Twenty-two Elliott-Fisher Flat-Bed Machines handle all bookkeeping details, wholesale and retail, averaging more than 39,000 statements a month. The flat writing surface of the machines permits making all records at one operation—statement, ledger, and proof sheet journal are written at the same time.

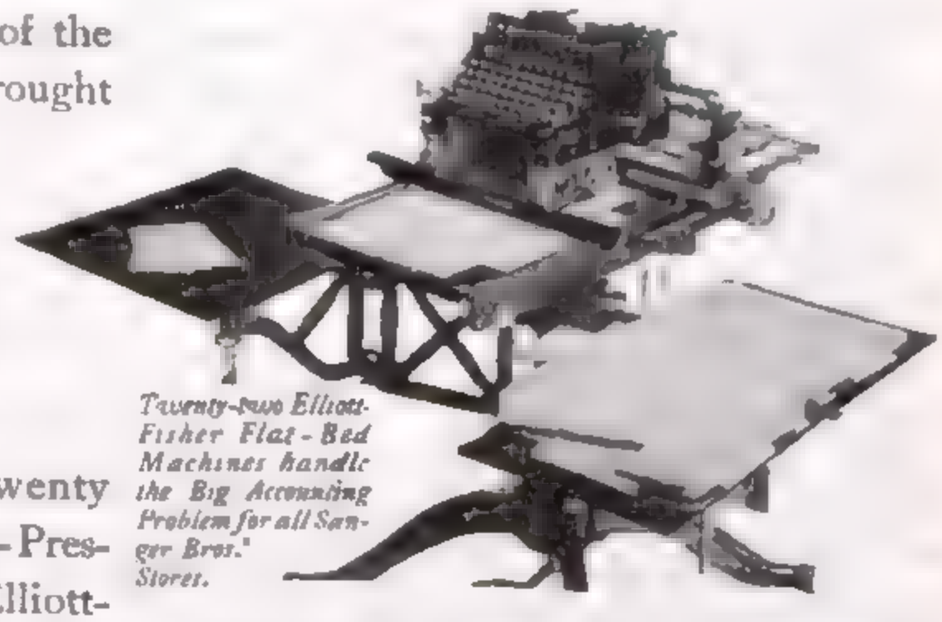
This enables Sanger Brothers to mail statements at the end of each month without the delay of checking them against the ledger accounts. There is no end-of-month congestion or night work. Daily balances and double check on postings make trial balances easy.

Ninety-seven per cent. of this firm's wholesale business is on a sixty-day basis. A credit reference card, posted the first of the month as the balances are brought forward to the new statements, gives the credit manager exact information on total debits and credits, and greatly helps collections.

Sanger Brothers have used Elliott-Fisher Machines for twenty years. Mr. Elihu Sanger, Vice-President of the firm, writes: "Elliott-Fisher equipment has worked to our entire satisfaction. We have had excellent service on the machines, in fact, everything that could be wished for."

Elliott-Fisher System gives quantity production in accounting. It fits every business, large or small. It operates equally well with cards, loose-leaf sheets, or bound volumes, writing all records at *one operation*.

Whatever your problem, no matter what variety of billing, bookkeeping, accounting, or recording it involves, there is an Elliott-Fisher Flat-Bed System that will save and simplify for you. Our booklets show how—or better, have one of our representatives call. No obligation, of course.



*Twenty-two Elliott-Fisher Flat-Bed Machines handle the Big Accounting Problem for all Sanger Bros.' Stores.*

ELLIOTT-FISHER COMPANY
Harrisburg, Pa.
*Branches in 100 Principal Cities*

# Elliott-Fisher

## Flat-Bed System of Accounting—Bookkeeping—Billing—Recording

(Concluded from Page 120)

Sam Breen didn't answer. He was reading the agreement. Phil Rising's self-possession returned to him.

"You know, Mr. Breen," he said mildly, "I'm running a legitimate business here. Any interference on your part ——"

"Huh!" returned Sam Breen.

He spent another ten minutes on the instrument.

"Huh!" said Sam Breen. "What have you been saying, eh? I was busy. Didn't hear a cussed word you said."

"What are you going to do about it?" demanded Phil.

Sam Breen blinked his eyes.

"Me?" he returned, staring long and curiously at Phil. "Me? I'm not going to do anything at all. I figure that you're right and that I'm wrong. Gosh ding it," he went on, "that's the all-firedest, dingedest thing I was ever up against, so help me!"

VI

WHEN Phil saw Daisy later in the day he told her all about it. "Oh, Phil!" she wailed. "I know," said Phil. "But he'd have found it out—if not from me, then from someone else."

"What's Sam Breen going to do?" she cried.

"Nothing, so he says."

"Looks bad," said Daisy. "Phil, there's only one thing for us now. We've got to clean up on this just as fast as ever we can. Sam Breen is an unknown quantity. We've got to beat his game."

"Don't know that he's got any," said Phil, "but I agree with you. There are too many people that know about our secret process. Let's get busy right away."

They got busier than ever—and with one inevitable, forlorn result. It takes two minutes to induce a good workman to accept a good job with big pay and extra money. It may take two months or two years to induce a boss to enter into any scheme that on its face is going to cost him money. The laborer who has nothing to lose and everything to gain swallows the bait, the hook, the sinker and part of the line—he's yours. The boss must nibble first, then play 'round in circles, then take another taste. And Phil wasn't fishing with any customary bait.

"Look here," Phil said to Daisy, "we've got a small army camping out there at Bauerle's. Fine fellows—every mother's son of them. And hundreds more are coming in on trains. Give me a month and I can place 'em all. Give me six months and I can place ten times as many men. The demand is always greater than the supply, but it doesn't move so fast. That's where I made my big mistake."

"Can't hurt us," said Daisy.

"Sure can," returned Phil. "The minute that men begin to kick by hundreds—watch out. I'm afraid that I've bit off more than I can chew. I'm afraid, too, that it's a dangerous crisis. It may knock us out. I don't know just what to do."

Light leaped into Daisy's eyes.

"Oh, Phil!" she cried. "Phil! I just heard this morning that Ericsson is home."

"You mean here in Tory Corner?" exclaimed Phil. The girl nodded.

Phil drew his hat down on his head and pulled on his overcoat and started off.

"Where you going?" queried Daisy.

"Down to see your father," nodded Phil. "He's the man to help me out."

"He won't help much," said Daisy. "He thinks I'm crazy and that you're an idiot."

"He'll help me in this instance," said Phil, "when he finds out just what I intend to do."

John Anable chuckled as Phil came in.

"Well," he said, "how many million dollars have you rolled up to-day, my boy?"

"You come with me," said Phil. "You're going to assist me in the accomplishment of a very worthy object. I'm going to appeal to your love for Tory Corner, your own home town."

"Appeal to it," said Anable.

Phil talked to him for a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time John Anable dragged Phil with him over to Ericsson's big house. They found Ericsson at home. Ericsson shook hands with both of them. He knew Anable well, and knew Phil Rising slightly.

John Anable shook his head dolefully.

"If the strike keeps on, Mr. Ericsson," he said, "Tory Corner will never, never again be the town she used to be."

"Pretty bad, is it?" queried Ericsson. "I've been away."

"Should have been settled months ago," said John Anable.

Ericsson got up and shut the door.

"Gentlemen," he said, resuming his seat, "this talk is strictly confidential. I trust you both. But I owe this explanation to you as citizens of Tory Corner. You probably do not understand that from the business standpoint only the walkout at our plant was the welcomest thing that we'd ever had out there. But such it was. When the war stopped, as you know, Mr. Anable, we had on hand a huge bunch of unfinished government contracts. The Government sold all its right, title and interest in the materials and in the contracts to the Chandler syndicate, of New York. The Chandlers made a new deal with us—gave us a blanket contract to complete the stuff; a first-class contract with a strike clause in it. We played fair, absolutely fair. The strike came to us as a complete surprise. The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold. That's God's own truth. It's also God's own truth that the strike was a life-saver. The contract would have ruined us otherwise. We'd have had to close our plant."

"That would have blasted Tory Corner," said John Anable.

"It would have blasted us," went on Ericsson. "That was the first consideration. Before long we found that we were stung—labor, of course. We were paying out big dollars, and getting back a few cents' worth of work. We were in the hands, not of the Chandlers in New York, but of three thousand people here in Tory Corner. At the rate we were going we stood to lose millions. Carried to the limit, proceeding with the contracts would have been prohibitive, ruinous. Sam Breen's walkout sent us into the seventh heaven of delight. More power to him! Just so long as our hands stay out, just so long are we protected from very heavy loss by the strike clause in our contract. But if Sam Breen caves in, good night! We don't want thirty-two hundred play children of the western world back on our hands. Not by a damned sight!

"And yet for the sake of the community we ought to open up. What can you gentlemen suggest?"

"You have the floor, son," said John Anable to Phil.

Phil held the floor for half an hour. At the end of that time Ericsson handed Phil a letter—a cagy letter, but one that was intended to impress Sam Breen that somehow or other Phil Rising, to some extent at least, had a right to speak for Ericsson.

Phil sought Sam Breen and found him—exhibited the letter, but didn't give it up. He handed Sam Breen a very friendly smile.

"Between ourselves, Mr. Breen," said Phil, "you want this strike settled and settled right away."

"That's no lie," returned Sam Breen. "And it's no secret neither."

"You want it settled on your own terms?" queried Phil.

Sam Breen stared at him.

"You don't mean to tell me that there's any chance?" he cried.

Phil looked him in the eye.

"Will you believe me if I tell you something, Mr. Breen?"

"Sure will," said Sam.

"All right," said Phil, "then let me tell you straight from the shoulder that I can settle this strike for you on your own terms this very afternoon."

"No!" cried Sam Breen.

"Yes," nodded Phil—"on one condition—only one."

"What's that?" asked Breen.

"That you won't call another strike in Tory Corner for at least two years to come."

"Huh," said Sam Breen, "the Angel Gabriel couldn't call a strike in Tory Corner in the next ten years to come!"

"Done!" nodded Phil. "You give me a letter to that effect; that just so long as Ericsson pays the strike wage for the strike hours it's going to be hands off."

Without an instant's hesitation Sam Breen wrote and handed Phil the letter.

"That means," said Sam, "that Sam Breen wins this fight."

"It sure does," said Phil.

The next day for the first time in months the gates at the Ericsson plant opened up, and more than three thousand hands walked back on their own terms. A curious thing about these three thousand hands was this: At least one-third were strangers, unknown to the rest. It made no difference to Ericsson's. They had three thousand hands once more in their employ, and three thousand hands forthwith went to work. Their work was watched. At the end of the first week more than five hundred pay checks were inclosed in blue envelopes. Five hundred employees were dropped for the grossest kind of carelessness and inattention to their work. At the end of the second week five hundred more were dropped. At the end of the third week five hundred more. Fifteen hundred hands dropped from the pay roll—and all for cause.

They went to Sam Breen—in droves they went to him. Sam Breen smoked big black cigars and shrugged his shoulders.

"I should worry," said Sam Breen to them. "I sent you back there on your own terms. If you can't make good that's your own lookout. Tell your troubles to a policeman. I'm a hero, bo. This strike is won. That's me."

He called a taxicab and drove out to Bauerle's Old-Fashioned. The place was practically deserted save for one or two stragglers who warmed their hands at the big log fire.

"The boss anywhere about?" asked Sam Breen.

The man jerked his head toward Bauerle's old room.

"Inside," whispered Sam's informant—"busy. Old Ericsson is with him—been there for half an hour."

"By gosh," said Sam Breen, "the old fox! The very man I'm looking for. I'm much obliged."

Without more ado he stalked through the swinging doors, pressed on through an outer room and strode into Phil Rising's private office. Phil saw him, but Phil was busy at the phone—held up his hand for silence.

"Why, I'll tell you, Mr. Meeker," Phil was saying into the phone, "I haven't got more than a dozen hands or so on hand. The Ericsson plant took all I had -and wants some more. But I'll be able to accommodate you shortly with some prime quality if you'll sign up right away. First come, first served, you know." He stopped talking to Meeker and hung up the receiver. "Mr. Breen," he said, annoyed, "this is a private conference that we're having with Mr. Ericsson. See you in a few minutes if you'll wait outside."

"Not necessary," said Sam Breen, taking a chair and glancing easily at Phil, at Daisy Anable, at Tony Lasalle and then at Ericsson. "The man I'm after is right here. That's Mr. Ericsson. He won't see me at his office and he won't talk to me on the phone. By the greatest bit of luck I find him here."

"Can't talk to me," said Ericsson, rising.

"Sit down," said Sam Breen. "Got an announcement to make. I've resigned my job."

"Oh," said Ericsson sarcastically, "then somebody else will be calling another strike or two in about six months or so."

"Not so you can notice it," returned Sam—"not in Tory Corner, I can tell you those."

"What are you looking for?" scowled Ericsson. "A check? You've got a monumental nerve."

"Not looking for a check," said Sam. "I'm looking for a chat."

"Not with me," said Ericsson.

"With everybody here," said Sam. "Now look-a here, Mr Ericsson," he said, "you play fair! You know what would have happened to you if I hadn't called that strike."

"Never mind that," said Ericsson hastily.

"Not going to mind it," went on Sam, "but I want you to listen to a friend of mine—want you to listen to Mr. Rising here."

"I've got nothing to say," said Phil angrily.

"You've said it already," nodded Sam easily, "and if you won't say it again I'll say it for you. Mr. Ericsson, listen! You're the biggest man in town. I'm the best labor man in town, and don't forget that I'm an organizer from the word 'go.' And this man Rising here—listen, Mr. Ericsson! You made a speech last night before the board of trade. I read it in the paper. And in that speech you said just what you've said many times before, that the one thing that the labor union doesn't do is to teach labor how to work; the organization doesn't stimulate its followers to industry. All right! You've got your answer right under your nose—right here in Tory Corner. Here's a man who does. He does what the labor union doesn't do. What's he done? Simple as A B C. Put one good workman next to another and another good one next to him. He's figured out that some men are worth twenty-five dollars a day and some of 'em ain't worth a tinker's dam. He's figured out, like the skilled laborer and union hand he is—he's figured out that honest labor is entitled to a premium. He's found out for himself what you and I have known all along, that there's not enough efficient labor to go around—and that one good man can do the work of ten. That's regular old pie. But he's done something that you and I would never think of doing. If he keeps on he's going to round up all the honest workmen on this side of the Atlantic. He's making it worth the while of every honest workman to fetch in another honest workman. He's started in operation an endless chain that never can be stopped."

"Suppose he has?" said Ericsson.

"Gentlemen," went on Sam Breen, "Tory Corner is known all over the United States. It's an entertaining, sensational little all-right burg. Lem Scales put it on the map—suppose we keep it there."

"And who is we?" asked Ericsson.

"Think of it," went on Sam Breen, "a nation-wide movement, starting off in Tory Corner, sweeping up and down the coast, taking in New York, spreading back across the country. The Tory Corner formula—the great Tory Corner movement—to round up all the good men that there are, and put 'em where their work is going to count. Gents," said Sam Breen, "that's patriotism—and what's more, it's sure to pay."

Daisy leaned forward. "I'd like to ask a question, please," she said.

"Shoot," said Mr. Breen graciously.

"How long is it going to last," asked Daisy, "and what will become of all the undesirables who are cut out by our efficient workmen? That's what I'd like to know."

"Undesirables," echoed Sam Breen. "There won't be any in the end. That's the real beauty of the movement. We're patriots. As soon as the undesirables find out where they stand, they'll wake up and rub their eyes—then there'll be a rush to cover that can be heard from here to there. But for our sake, little lady, may that day be a long, long ways from now."

"Who," persisted Ericsson, "is—we?"

Sam Breen rubbed his nose. "Nothing like a triumvirate," said Sam Breen. "Money makes the mare go—we've got money right with us. We've got right here in this room one of the best known and biggest employers of labor in this state. We've got right in this room" he continued modestly, "one of the most efficient and successful organizers that labor in this state ever saw. And we've got Phil Rising here, the greatest little schemer in the world. We know the ropes. We know the inside and the outside of the thing. And just so long as the demand for honest labor is exceeding the supply, we win."

"And when we stop winning," said Daisy, "everybody else will win."

Sam Breen eyed Ericsson eagerly—watched him as a cat watches a mouse. Ericsson looked at the floor, he looked at the ceiling, he looked at Tony Lasalle, he looked at Daisy, he looked at Phil. And then he looked once more at Sam Breen. He closed his eyes; he opened them again.

"I accept the invitation," he announced at length.

There was a long soul-satisfying silence.

"Now ain' that miserable?" gleefully said Tony.

Sam Breen drew a long breath. "Settled," he exclaimed, "and it's a good thing. For if you boys had turned me down, you know, why, bless you—I'd have gone out for this fat thing myself."

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# LUCK OF THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 25)

"What's your plan?" she inquired coolly. "Just how are you going to stop me?"

"There must be a way. You'll have to find something to occupy your mind. I have work of my own to do. There's no reason why you, too, shouldn't find a serious motive for living. I've made things too easy for you. You've had your fun, Winnie; now you've got to learn responsibility."

After a pause she picked up her book and asked: "Quite through with the lecture?"

"Winnie, is that the way you take it?"

"Go to bed," she said roughly. "That's where you belong after nine o'clock. You've spoiled my evening. Aren't you satisfied?"

"My God!" groaned Colburn, and started toward his door.

"Don't swear," she cautioned smoothly. "Your grandmother mightn't like it."

*VIII*

WHEN Colburn closed the door of his wife's bedroom he left her in a dangerous state of mind. A hot rage might have blown itself out or melted under a freshet of tears. But her heart lay as cold as a stone, a stone under which the devils of rebellion hid and smiled. If the scene at the fancy-dress ball had been humiliating to Fitz it had been doubly so to her. He had demonstrated his proprietorship, his right to take her or leave her behind like a captive Circassian girl.

"I won't stand it!" she kept telling herself as she lay stretched on the chaise longue, smoking cigarette after cigarette.

The great marriage, which had at first so dazzled the girl from Brookhaven Township, had turned out a failure so far as she was concerned. She cared nothing for the drab curios whom Fitz chose for his associates. He took orders from his grandmother! What was gold for if not for glitter? Why should silk be dyed with rose and saffron if one must pack it away and appear in leaden colors to please the dull tastes of people who have had gold so long that it has lost its meaning to them? Why should Winnie be beautiful and rich to be refined into a state which she regarded as ugly and poor? She had reached out to find life and what had she got for a husband? An old maid in trousers!

Frieda, the sloppy Swedish maid, entered to add annoyance to these reflections. The girl was fussing about the dressing table where the jewelry lay exposed.

"What are you doing?" asked Winnie impatiently.

"Should I put dees away?" drawled Frieda, holding up the string of pearls.

"Go to bed and let me alone!" snapped Winnie, and stretched herself again on the chaise longue.

Lying there she hatched a dozen childish plots for running away and never coming back. This, of course, was stupid, and as stupid, the plots were rejected. At last she got up to peer out into the small corridor leading past her husband's door. Faint snores floated toward her. Having shamed her in public and snatched away her pleasure as one would snatch a plaything from a naughty child he had gone to bed and was sleeping soundly!

She banged the door and decided since there was nothing else to do to follow his example. She went over to a window and slid it up halfway. The snow had ceased falling and the sky was lightly overcast. There was a moon somewhere behind that translucent screen, for a soft light covered the snow on Fitz's little garden. Something moved in the shadow. A cat leaped down from the wall and scurried across the whiteness.

She crossed to her bed and was settling down between the sheets when her eye was attracted by the litter of jewels upon the glass top of her dressing table. Their senseless gleam annoyed her until she got up, gathered the precious trifles between her two hands and locked them away in the little wall safe hidden behind hanging garments in a mirrored clothespress. Then she went to bed again, snuggled under the blankets and pulled the chain of the bedside lamp, plunging the room in soft darkness.

She closed her eyes and found herself sleepier than she had thought possible after such an evening. She allowed her relaxing mind to drift across the city to the noisy brilliant ballroom beyond Columbus Circle. The dance must be at its height now, she thought, the band making ridiculous sounds, the fun irrepressible. What larks had Eideline Sannis and the incoherent Santianna conspired to shock the multitude into laughter? How she wanted to dance!

But even with the desire her eyes grew heavier and heavier. She could never forgive Fitz for what he had done.

She came to her senses, not with a start but with a staring awakeness. It was as though a hand had been laid on her forehead, beseeching caution, warning her of danger. Without raising her head she turned her eyes toward the open window and felt at first no terror at what she saw.

A bulky human figure was crouching there, silhouetted against the pale night. Even in the instant when she looked it had moved forward tigerlike and let itself into the room. She heard a padded footstep on the rug; more amused than afraid, she chose not to scream; she groped for the night lamp, found the chain and in another second the room was flooded with rosy light.

"Put out that light!"

The man was standing at the foot of her bed, overcoatless, a muffler crossed at his breast, his soft hat pulled down, a silk handkerchief covering the lower part of his face. He was leveling a large-barreled instrument directly at her, but her frightened glance assured her that it was not a revolver but an electric torch. Nervously eager to obey his command she reached for the light but was interrupted by his second order:

"Never mind!"

Her hand fell and it seemed an age that he stood there, his torch still leveled but unlighted. Then he did a most unusual thing even for so unconventional a person.

"For the love of Mike!" said he as he came closer to stare her in the face.

Winnie shrank as though frozen against the head of her bed.

"Well, ain't that just like my luck!" he continued, dropping the torch to put his hands in his pockets.

Something in his casual good-natured manner reassured her. It had all occurred so naturally, like an act in the dream she had been dreaming. She was not surprised to find herself saying, "If I had a job like yours I certainly wouldn't waste time bragging about my luck."

"You always had a swift tongue in your head," he replied, and the movement of his handkerchief indicated that he was laughing. "But say, I thought everything had happened to me up to now."

Winnie Colburn was no coward; she erred on the side of boldness, if at all. And the odd behavior of her second-story man inspired in her a repartee as out of place as his own.

"If I should scream," she suggested, "something might happen that you'd remember quite a while."

"You mean you'd bring in your husband?"

He chuckled again.

"He'd be enough for you!" she boasted.

"Think it over, Goldilocks. If dear little Fitzroy tried to attack me I'd shoot him with one of your perfume bottles and ruin him forever. Say, on the level, how are you two children getting on?"

The question had an effect more disquieting than the man's presence itself. Winnie peered under the drooping brim of the hat, but the eyes were shadowed beyond recognition.

"What do you know about us?" she asked.

"I read the papers," declared the burglar, whose voice had never once risen beyond a muffled tone. "I saw how you'd paired off with that old maid. Too bad I had to leave you alone with him that time—but I had a wedding of my own on my hands and I couldn't tarry long, because, you see, I'd swiped the car that carried off my bride."

"Who are you?"

Winnie might have been addressing a specter, so awed became her tone as she leaned further and further for a glimpse of the eyes under the shadowy hat.

"Don't you know your own brother-in-law?" asked he.

He had removed his hat and torn away the concealing handkerchief. Smiling good-humoredly, his left eye drooping to a half wink, stood the man who had run away with Irma Pollard!

"Well, I'll be darned!" declared Winnie Colburn, saying an inadequate, natural thing.

"It doesn't jar you any worse than it does me," explained Mr. Freeland. "How did you come into this house, in this bed?"

"I live here," answered Winnie.

"Fan me!" he invited, and seated himself weakly on a spindling chair. "I just picked out the house because it looked rich and easy. Say, it's a pipe to get into with that fancy wall out back and all the windows open. Lucky you didn't yell. I'm carrying a gun, you understand."

"I could yell," she pointed out.

"So could I," he grinned, then continued to give her that look of fond recognition, punctuated by an occasional, "Well, ain't the world a small place after all!"

"Where's Irma?" asked Winnie at last, speaking in that dry voice she always used in referring to her sister.

"Irma?" He paused, then said, "Oh, she's well."

"But where?"

"Out in Hoboken. You ought to come and see us some time. Nice little place—nothing swell, you understand, but nice. Irma's tastes are simple. So are mine—when I'm home."

He said this with one of his infectious chuckles as he sat there, one hand clasped across a knee, modish shoes displaying their nicely polished toes and light uppers. Despite the betrayal of his real profession he looked more than ever the actor—a well-paid successful comedian, too well groomed for a gentleman, too pinkly manicured and massaged.

"What does she think of—this?" asked Winnie after her careful inspection.

"Of what?"

He stared in assumed innocence.

"Well, what you're doing here."

"What am I doing?" he quizzed her teasingly.

"Judging by appearances, you're some sort of burglar."

Freeland opened his large mouth and laughed a low pleasant laugh.

"It's pretty hard to say what any woman knows. Irma's comfortable—and, of course, the baby makes her stick round home a good deal."

"Oh, there's a baby!"

"Sure!"

His hands still across his knee, he pivoted and faced her confidentially.

"You know, Winnie," he said, "luck took a queer turn for us out there on the Bellport road. I was thrown out of my car almost into your yard. The first minute I saw you I knew you were a live wire; you

(Continued on Page 128)

"You Were So Beautiful and Unspoiled When I Found You Out There in the Country. What Have I Done to You?"

# All These Cars, Leaders in Their Classes, Use Johnston Curtain Windows

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## 71

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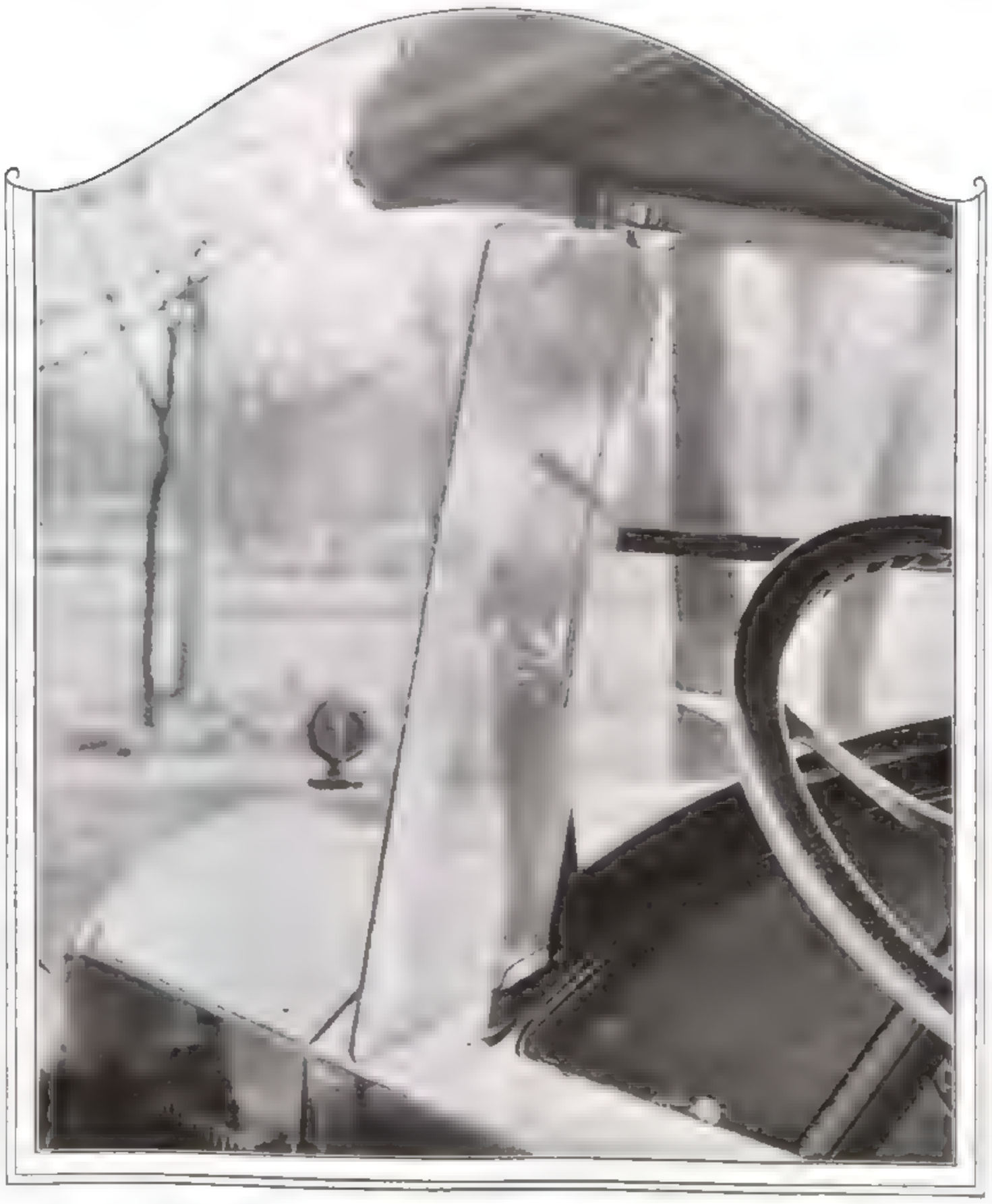
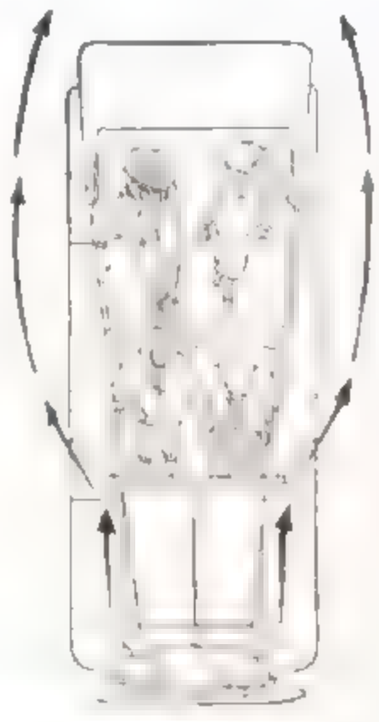


*Showing air currents when wings are not used*



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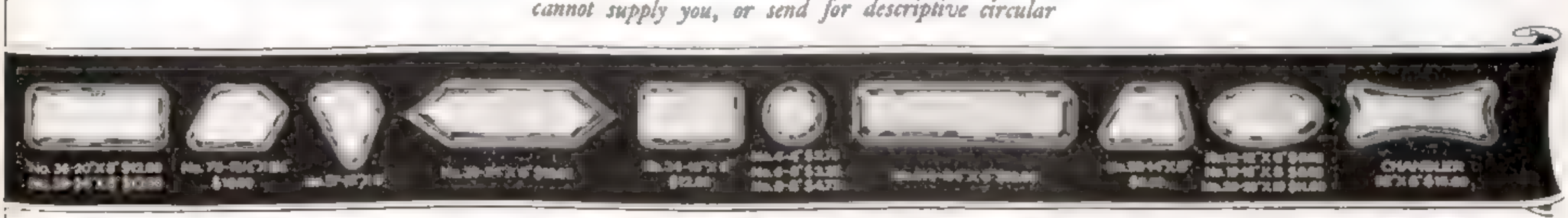

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WINDSHIELD WINGS

(Continued from Page 125)

saw a live one in me too, I guess. Yet what did we do? Scratched like two cats, then went off and married a pair of sticks."

"Mr. Freeland!" said Winnie severely.

"Oh, I ain't saying that Irma's as much of a stick as the perfect gentleman. I'm mighty fond of her, Winnie, and I guess she's the right girl for me. But there's something in me that hates quiet. I've got to break loose, get my money where it's easiest, spend it where it does the most good. I just can't live without my fun."

"Do you sometimes feel that way too?"

If Fitz could have seen the way her little useless hands came together!

"Sometimes?" asked Freeland. "All the time! I'm a night bird—that's the trouble with me. The only honest work I could stand would be a job as night watchman. After dark's my time for work and play. Even when I was a kid I used to sneak off evenings to steal pieces of pipe out of empty houses. I feel the same way now when I come across from Jersey, the whole big town to play in till morning. It ain't all second-story work with me, you understand. You need money to see New York right, and when I've got a bunch of it I'm just as good as a millionaire—a lot better than a wooden Indian like your Fitzroy."

"It must be a wonderful life!" whispered Winnie, scarcely knowing what she said.

"You can't beat it!" chuckled her brother-in-law. "Sometimes when I finish an early job, do you know what I do? Go round to my room in the Merlinbilt—I usually have my trunk there—and put on a Tuxedo. Then I swagger over to a roof garden or one of the all-night faro dumps I know—I'm my own boss till morning, do you see?"

"Do you go alone?" asked Winnie breathlessly.

"Not always," he grinned.

"Then take me."

Freeland rose and stood over her, his hands in his pockets, his eyes studying hers.

"Quit your kiddin'!" he said finally.

"I'm not—I'm perfectly serious."

"That's good. When do you want to start out?"

"Now—right away."

"Crazy in the head!" he diagnosed her case.

"Maybe I am. I wanted to dance tonight—all night. Fitz acted like a bear and took me home in the middle of the party. Oh, please!"

"Uh-*uh!*" said Freeland warily, shaking his head.

"Why?"

"Suppose we'd get caught. I'd be in fine, wouldn't I?"

Apparently he was thinking of his own safety.

"Please take me!" she pleaded again. "We could go somewhere where people wouldn't know me—and what if they did?"

"Uh-uh!"

His jaw set stubbornly.

"I think you're horrid!" she wailed.

"That's how I'm generally considered," boasted the burglar. "We'd have a grand time for a while, I don't doubt that. But two live wires when they come together are liable to start a fire. And my reputation ain't insured."

"Listen, Mr. Freeland ——"

"My name's Sid. Get used to me."

"Well, Sid ——" She seemed struggling with a desperate resolution, abashed in the face of its audacity. "Sid," she repeated at last, "you've come here to steal something, haven't you?"

"That was my impression," he drawled with one of his whimsical grins.

"Well, I've got lots of very nice jewelry. But it will take you a long time to find where I keep it, and I'm not going to tell you unless you do what I say."

"There's nothing you can do to prevent my hunting for it."

"I can scream."

"Yes—and I can shoot."

His hand had strayed to a side pocket.

"I've got my hand on the electric-light cord," she responded brilliantly. "I can turn off the light before you do much. You'll have a grand time trying to shoot in the dark!"

"Can that line of talk!" commanded Freeland gruffly.

For the fraction of a second his drooping eyelid shut down in a wink that was not good to see.

Then came the smile which always seemed to light up his whole face.

"I don't know as I want to borrow from the family anyhow," he conceded. "But if you're really so crazy to dance as all that—well, what's the idea?"

"I just want to dance, that's all," she insisted stubbornly.

"Right here?"

"No—I want to be taken. I'll make it worth your while, Sid. I'll turn over my jewelry, every stone of it, if you'll take me to a dance."

"That's only fair," he drawled, looking warily round the room. "And now where do you keep the ice?"

"Hand me that wrapper, will you?" she asked, pointing to a pinky lacy thing over the back of a chair.

She slipped it on and got out of bed very skillfully. Shuffling in her satin mules she went over to the clothespress, opened a door and leaned carefully in. The combination of the little wall safe was easy enough, but she fumbled it in her excitement and it seemed an hour before the steel door swung open. Presently she came back, her two hands overflowing. Freeland's eyes squinted greedily as he leaned over the dresser where she had tossed the jewels and was displaying them one at a time.

"Pearls," she said, lifting a gleaming strand and passing it over to him. "These diamond pins—they're dear, aren't they?"

"Very," he agreed dryly.

"An emerald marquise ring, splendid big sapphire ring, a star sapphire. Then here's that nice little cigarette case—the clasps are rubies, you see. And two rose-diamond bracelets and another one of emeralds. I never cared much for that one."

"That's a nice wrist watch," declared Sid.

"Isn't it! All platinum and diamonds. Fitz had Twillaway make that specially for me."

"Oh, well, you can keep that," said Freeland, shoving it aside. "And I don't know as I am interested in anything but the stones. Got a pair of tweezers?"

Winnie opened her manicure case and brought out the little instruments, with which—aided by a nail file—he proceeded to pick the jewels from their settings.

"This your engagement ring?" he asked, holding up a flashing diamond.

"Yes—you don't want that."

"I guess not. It's a grand piece of ice though," he added reluctantly.

Finally he twisted the strand of pearls into his inside pocket, added a handful of unset jewels to the same repository, then shoved aside the smaller stones as so much trash.

"Now get on your bonnet and shawl," he commanded merrily, "and I'll show you the big noise."

"I won't be long," said she, and disappeared into the dressing room beyond.

All of this had transpired for her in an atmosphere of romantic unreality; it was as though she had been wakened out of one dream into another and another, each one wilder, more fantastic than the last. Even as she dressed, shuddering with cold and excitement, she was not sure that the vision of the night prowler waiting for her in the next room was not a dream conjured up by her wicked, rebellious thoughts. Never before had she known such an exhilaration; New York's magic night lay before her, hers to enjoy with no gray monitor at her elbow. The little French clock on the mantel had just tinkled twelve. The hour of adventure!

She must have looked as radiant as her thoughts when she came to the door swinging a mink coat over her smart street suit.

"You look like a certified check!" whispered her burglarious brother-in-law.

"We're not dressing to-night," she laughed in the stealthy key which suited their enterprise. "We won't go out by the window. But do be careful how you go through the hall. Fitz sleeps like a log. I don't have to teach you how to be quiet, do I?"

Freeland had taken her arm and was guiding her atiptoe down the stairs to the first-floor landing.

"I heard him snore," whispered he, "and he sure can do that thing!"

"Nothing wakes him," she declared.

By now they had reached the safety of the front vestibule, and as soon as she had drawn the bolt to open the door and felt the inspiration of wintry air in her face she turned an instant and looked back up the darkened stairs. A crazy sense of freedom urged her to that supreme bravado.

"Good-by, Fitz!" she called out high and clear.

Freeland's hand went over her mouth. She struck it away. The door banged behind them.

## IX

"GOOD-BY, Fitz!" The farewell floated shrilly into Colburn's troubled sleep. He sat up in bed, dazed with the dreams in which Winnie had taken a woeful part. The voice had been hers. He bounded to the floor and out into the chill corridor, where the first sight to greet his eyes was the brilliant lighting, the dishevelment, the scattered finery in Winnie's deserted room.

"Winnie!" he cried distractedly.

Below near the street entrance he thought he heard her laugh. A door clicked.

He went down the stairs three steps at a bound and opened the street door just in time to see a low-slung roadster driving stealthily round the corner, two figures crouching behind the wheel.

"Win——"

He opened his mouth to call her name, but an inbred self-respect strangled him into silence. What would the neighbors say if they caught him standing pyjama-clad in the snow bawling for his wife? He heard footsteps crunching the snow and, recognizing the night watchman's philosophical gait, Fitz went in and shut the door behind him.

A peculiar man; Fitz was clever enough to realize his own weaknesses. He had overheard well-wishers at the Tory Club discussing his old-maidish character. Overbred, overeducated, having gained his knowledge of life from libraries and ateliers, Colburn had never cultivated that decisiveness of character which might have won for him even now. His headlong wooing out on the Bellport road had been perhaps the only decisive act of his life. He had always been too kind—socialistic, his grandmother would have called it.

So where could Fitz Colburn stand in a crisis like this? Shivering in a cold hallway was where he stood for a long time. His thought was at first on a revolver which he kept nicely oiled in its case upstairs. But he couldn't open a window and shoot into the moon. Who was to be his target?

He wandered again to his bedroom, where he pulled on his trousers and a sweater. He had decided upon one of two men. Either Santianna or Overbeek had sat at the wheel of that underslung roadster which he had seen stealing away through the snow.

Colburn shuffled up to his studio, where he turned on both light and heat. Here was the proper room for thought. Always a methodical man, he went to his studio to think quite as naturally as he went to his bathroom for a bath. It was a small space, too luxurious for a workroom. One little religious painting by Memling revealed the tonal poverty of Colburn's water colors, hung on a line round the room.

He pulled a big chair up to the radiator and sat like another Hamlet, weighing this and that. He held himself to blame for Winnie's crazy act, which he felt sure had been precipitated by the bedside scene earlier in the evening.

"Nonsense!" he thought a little later. "How could she have brought Overbeek or Santianna into the house without my knowing it?"

To call up the guilty man at once and demand an explanation—that would be the thing to do—of course. But suppose he should greet Overbeek with fiery accusations only to find that he should have called up Santianna? This would be a fine thing for Winnie's reputation, and for his, wouldn't it? And how in the world had the man, whoever he was, got into the house?

It was the last thought that brought Fitz restlessly to his slippered feet and caused him to shuffle downstairs to Winnie's disheveled room, where the lights still glared. Bracelets, bar pins, brooches of trifling value strewed the dressing table. And what were these? Several rings, their empty settings staring like eyeless sockets, were scattered on the floor. A platinum band set with a large emerald-cut diamond lay undamaged on the bed cover. Her engagement ring! What was Winnie planning to do—flying by night, a collection of unset stones in her hand bag?

Question heaped upon question! He went over to the window, which was still wide open, and gazed down upon the space where Wilty Greigg had striven to convert a back yard into an Italian garden. The snowstorm was over. A half moon had thrust one horn through an ocean of flying fleece, touching white clouds with luminous bronze color. Icicles dripped from the beard of a stony monster staring from the niche of a wall fountain at the end of the yard, which lay white as paper, squared with odd shadows from adjacent buildings. Both horns of the moon came out of the fleece bank, and quite distinctly Colburn could see the line of footprints running straight across his yard to the concrete wall below the window.

He had heard of Overbeek's crazy pranks, but nothing so insane as this. Possibly it was Santianna after all. Spaniards were ever adventurous. Swearing softly, Colburn pulled down the window and went over to the silly bisque statuette whose hoop skirts concealed Winnie's telephone.

"Is this Mr. Overbeek's house?" he asked after the usual struggle with wrong numbers.

"Yes, sir," replied a sleepy servile voice. "Mr. Terrill Overbeek."

"Let me speak to him, please."

"Mr. Overbeek has gone to bed, sir."

"I'm sorry for that. This is very important. Tell him that Mr. Colburn is on the telephone."

The servile voice was again sorry.

"I have orders not to wake him, sir."

"He'll be sorry if he doesn't talk to me," thundered Fitz. "This is something that can't wait."

"I'm sorry, sir. Mr. Overbeek is indisposed."

Respectfully but decisively the instrument clicked into silence.

Mr. Overbeek was indisposed! Curiously the news had a quieting effect upon Colburn's nerves. Terry no doubt had been carried to bed shortly after the Colburns' departure from the dance at the studio restaurant. But what about Santianna? He had not the vaguest theory as to Santianna's place of residence. Proper determination might have found that out. Colburn had a picture of himself ringing up sleepy friends at an odd hour between midnight and dawn asking information concerning a sporting nobleman whose name had too often been connected with Winnie's. All this would amount to telling the editor of Gossip's Weekly, revealing a farce in which Fitz was again playing the low-comedy part.

After indefinite hours of browsing into one room and out of another Colburn again returned to his studio, where his catlike tread ceased and he settled himself into unprofitable brooding. The very pictures on the wall haunted him with his inefficiency. He had done them ten years ago and they had promised something then. Afterward he had piffled his life away in foreign cities, collecting, dabbling, too rich for serious application. He had come to life artistically just as the European war broke out to send him home again. Winnie's share in his life had been a blighting one. He was actually beginning to work, to be praised in quarters where praise was worth while, when that collision on the Long Island road had done something more than wreck a car and a collar bone. Its romantic consequences had broken his character. And the bright-haired cause of it all had walked away to-night with a jeering good-by and in the company of a man whom Fitz Colburn must kill by every law of the jungle.

Dawn, beginning to whiten the high north light of the studio room, brought juster thoughts to Colburn's mind. In marrying a poor country girl, dazzling her with money, hanging her with jewels, he had done her a great wrong. It had been a poor trick to play on her to have promised her everything, then to have bored her to desperation with his neutral-tinted atmosphere. Winnie was a girl who thought vividly in primitive colors. There must have been something in his heart that craved her brilliance. Painters have ever been a prey to such reactions. Frans Hals, tiring of the duller hues on his poverty-stricken pallet, used to run wild now and then, filling his canvas with yellow fruits, amber wine and vermilion-nosed courtiers smiling upon courtesans as crudely rouged as any brush could daub them.

"Telephone, Mr. Colburn."

It was Freda, Winnie's stupid maid, standing blankly in the door, her face as meaningless as the northern light now flooding the room.

"Telephone—yes." He must have fallen asleep. "Who is it, Freda?"

"A lady. I deedn't ask her name."

"What time is it?"

"Tan meenutes from eleven."

Ten minutes of eleven! Had the servants also gone crazy?

(Continued on Page 131)

# The plug with the Green Jacket

The GREEN JACKET of the Splitdorf Spark Plug is *your* guarantee of spark plug dependability.

It means that here is a plug that you can place in your car, truck or tractor and then forget about spark plug difficulties.

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## *—and made without sugar, too*

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### Recipe for Custard Pie

⅔ cup Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
1½ cups hot water
3 eggs
Pinch of salt
½ teaspoonful vanilla

Add the hot water to the milk and pour over the slightly beaten eggs. Add the salt and vanilla, and pour into pan lined with pastry. Cover the top with a sprinkling of cinnamon or nutmeg. Put into hot oven, till the crust is set, and then bake in a moderate oven till custard is firm

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THE NATION'S MILK

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## (CONDENSED MILK)

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Kindly send me your free Eagle Brand Book of Recipes as soon as possible.

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(Continued from Page 128)

"Why didn't somebody call me?"

"Charles try eet," declared Freda. "You sleep so vell."

Fitz stretched himself, still half asleep. Since he permitted no telephone in his studio he must needs shuffle downstairs. The realization of his situation came back with a rush as soon as he heard his wife's voice coming over the wire.

"Is that you, Fitz?"

"Yes."

"It doesn't sound like you."

A pause.

"Where are you?" was his natural question.

"That's the trouble, Fitz. I'm at the station."

"The what?"

"Police station. Oh, don't stand there, Fitz, asking questions. Something terrible has happened. It's too awful! He's dead, Fitz. Oh, please! Please!"

"What do you mean? Who's dead?"

"Please, Fitz, don't be cross!"

"Where are you?" he commanded—sternly this time.

"I told you. The police station."

"Which police station?"

"What do you call this place? Jefferson Market Station."

"I'll come right down."

"Ask for Mrs. Drake," said the voice, growing fainter.

Unable to feel surprise at anything, Fitz Colburn got into his clothes. A wealthy New York dilettante of a domestic turn of mind, summoned in the morning by a lady with his wife's voice calling herself Mrs. Drake, asking him to come to the police station because somebody had been killed—that should have been sufficient climax for his drama. But the night had numbed him to the bone. If he had any feeling at all it was one of savage satisfaction that the man in the case—either Overbeek or Santianna—had come so promptly to judgment.

As his car was winding its way between ranks of snow shovelers at a Sixth Avenue corner a newsboy was heard to proclaim in a language of his own, "Yah-moida!"

Colburn leaned out of a window to purchase one of those evening editions which—like the cubists that they are—appear before the hour of noon. "Two Gamblers Killed," announced the square black type which occupied half the pinkish page.

The item below was brief, merely a statement of fact. Lieutenant Arnheim's vice squad had made a raid on Tommy Juno's gambling house at two-thirty in the morning. Juno and a notorious character called Dump Drake had started the shooting, which had wounded Patrolman Ogg. Sergeant Ganzmann and Patrolman Smith had responded with such accuracy that Drake had fallen dead, killed instantly. Juno had died in the City Hospital within an hour. Several of the gamblers had been held for fine, among them a well-dressed woman who purported to be Drake's wife.

Fitz Colburn threw aside the paper, completely muddled by an explanation which told so much, explained so little. A woman who purported to be Drake's wife! Who was Drake? Why the change of name, the gambling house and Winnie's share in the shameful case?

He was still asking unanswerable questions when his car stopped at one of the snow banks in front of that hotel of misery whose register is not exclusive, whose terms are strictly cash, whose rates include the price of your reputation.

The exterior architecture of jails had often interested Fitz. Of their interior he knew positively nothing. Therefore his air lacked confidence when he faced the square forehead of the desk sergeant and asked to see Mrs. Drake. The sergeant accused him with an unfriendly Celtic eye, then ran a hairy forefinger across the face of the blotter before inquiring, "Mrs. Drake, gambling?"

"I think that's the charge."

"You're right," declared the sergeant, fixing his eye on Fitz's scarf and evidently not liking it. "That was settled in court this mornin'. There's fifty dollars' fine on the lady."

He said this with the air of a pawnbroker naming a sum before the goods could be released.

"I'm here to pay that," declared Colburn, bringing out a leather case in which much currency was neatly folded.

"There's always somebody to fix it," was the sergeant's philosophy as he counted over the bank notes. "Two twenties and a ten. Right."

With the hand otherwise disengaged he pressed a button. A round serious person resembling the late Queen Victoria grown bald and uniformed in blue appeared, obedient to the sergeant's call.

"Bring in Mrs. Drake."

"Yes, sar-r-rgeant. The wan with ——"

"Gambling!" snapped the very superior officer, and continued to scribble.

It developed that the sergeant had been making out a receipt for Fitz's ransom of Mrs. Drake. He had just filled it in with cramped writing and torn it from the perforated line when a clanging door opened and the uniformed Victoria stepped aside to let a beautiful prisoner pass to freedom. She looked straight ahead of her as she came toward her husband. Her face was pale and years older than Fitz had ever seen it. A lock of her yellow hair was flying loose under her hat; her blue suit ordinarily immaculate was wrinkled and spotted. The hotel of misery does not advertise valet service.

"I've got the car outside," said Fitz, speaking as coolly as he could, "and I've settled about the fine."

"Just one minnut!" broke in the desk sergeant. "Here's yer receipt, lady, and ye'll please sign here."

No change of expression came over the shameful face she wore as she paused and affixed the name of Drake upon the paper.

They drove silently away, both sitting stiffly, staring dry-eyed into space. The comfortable town car conveying them toward their handsome house in East Nineteenth Street might have been a hearse containing two corpses sitting upright. The masculine corpse came to life sufficiently to help out his companion at the Colburns' basement entrance. She followed him into the house, the dead led by the dead, and he would have left her in the lower hallway had she not vitalized suddenly and clutched him by the arm.

"Fitz," she whispered chokingly, "come here and talk to me! Talk to me!"

It was among the Chinese teak furniture and dignified kakemono of the dining room that she led him, and there she settled limply in a chair and rested her elbows on the bare table. Fitz paused to shut the door ere drawing up a chair beside hers.

"Who was this man Drake?" he asked at last, forced to break her silence.

"Sid Freeland," she replied in an inflectionless tone. "I think you remember him. He married my sister."

"Freeland!"

Of all the wild conjectures of the night nothing had appeared so wild as this.

"What were you doing with him? How did he get into our house—my house?"

"He climbed in through a window."

"A window!"

"It turned out that he did this sort of thing for a living. He told me all about it. I don't think you can understand, Fitz. But he seemed so wild and sort of gay—I'd gone to sleep dreaming of that dance you took me away from—so I gave him all my jewels just to take me somewhere where I could dance and stay up as late as I pleased."

She turned her heavy eyes and looked at him for the first time. She had opened the hand bag she was carrying, and had scattered several small tickets across the table.

"These are the pawn tickets," she explained. "He only wanted enough to pay his way ——"

"I hope you got your money's worth of fun," he said, for the first time giving vent to his bitterness.

"Don't, Fitz!"

Suddenly she sat bolt upright, her mouth open, her eyes staring with an unknown horror.

"Fitz, I'm so afraid!" she whispered. "How can men do such things? I thought somebody was playing a joke on us when they said the police were coming. Then they did come! They were in every door and window. Sid got me by the arm and tried to pull me out down a fire escape, but two men appeared there too. I don't know who fired first, but Sid had his gun ready when a great crash seemed to come from behind and he fell. How he bled! Isn't some of it on my arm there?"

She twisted her sleeve round and touched the spot, but there was no blood there.

"How did you happen to be in such a place?" Colburn asked.

She stopped to consider as though the question had been a difficult once.

"I told you we'd gone out to dance," she said in that same odd tone. "But the place didn't stay open very long after we got there. Then Sid asked me if I wanted to see a gambling place. I was crazy to. I was in the mood for anything, Fitz."

Then she added in the voice of a tired and penitent child: "I went out just to disobey you, Fitz. How could I come back before morning? So Sid took me to this place called Juno's and introduced me as Mrs. Drake. He said it would be easier for me if people thought I was his wife. He'd lost nearly all his money when this dreadful thing happened. Dreadful, dreadful!"

She had closed her eyes and sat trembling all over. What a pitiful little stray she looked at that moment, her clothing untidy, her face pallid, a streak of soot across her nose.

"What have they done with the body?" asked Fitz as soon as he dared.

"The body?" She opened her eyes wide again. "He's poor Irma's husband, Fitz, and they've taken him ——"

Again her attention seemed to wander, for she said: "He told me all about her last night. What a life she's led while I've been sitting here doing nothing for myself, for you, for anybody! Sid said that he and I were two of a kind. And what a kind we are! Fitz, put me out into the street! Don't have me with you any more to shame you and drag you with me."

She had risen and was rushing away headlong when he grasped her tightly round the waist.

"Sit down!"

Try as he might he could not make his voice stern.

"Something's got to be done about Irma," she persisted. "She can't know how he died. He told me about her last night. He's lived with her all this time, making her think that he'd reformed and was leading an honest life. He would come over here to gamble and drink and steal, then he'd go back with just a little money and tell her he earned it driving a taxicab. Don't look at me like that, Fitz! I hated him when he told me what he'd done to Irma. But I wanted to find out everything."

"Where does she live?" asked Fitz, less sure than ever what to think.

Again she opened her bag. The little hand that went searching inside was soiled, the nails rimmed with gray. She brought out a scrap of paper upon which, jotted in an ill-formed script, there was a number and the name of a street in Hoboken. It might have been in Mars for all Fitz had heard of it.

"He's in the morgue, I suppose," said Colburn, standing over the place where she sat with her soiled and ringless hands covering her eyes.

"I'll have to get him out into some private place," she answered, never uncovering her face. "And I must tell Irma—what can I say? She mustn't know. She'll have to be told something."

"Come along," said Fitz, putting his arm round her little waist and lifting her from the chair. "Let me put you to bed. I'll trot out and settle about the body. And between us we can cook up something to tell Irma."

"Fitz!" She was staring wildly, struggling to withdraw from his embrace. "After what I've done—you're not going to take this trouble now?"

"Why not?" he asked, and could have wept for the crushed and humbled look she gave him.

"How can you be so good to me?" she asked.

Colburn attempted no answer, but crushed her little shivering body close to his heart. There are so many unanswerable questions to men like Fitz Colburn that it does no harm to evade one now and then.

*

IT WAS late in the afternoon, the business of Sid Freeland's body having been attended to, when the Colburns got into their closed car and traveled to Hoboken as gentlefolk should. The memory of Freeland's sarcastic handsome face as he had seen it on a marble slab, waxy and marred by a bluish hole in the forehead, remained with Fitz all the way across on the ferry. Drake the criminal had worn nothing that would identify him as Freeland. In all probability both names were false, merely chosen from several in an interchangeable system. The morgue authorities had kept the few inexpensive valuables found on the body and filed them away among innumerable other pathetic tokens of the dead.

It was a silent ride across the ferry toward a street which up to to-day had meant nothing in the Colburns' lives. The occupants of the smart town car scarcely stirred on their cushions, but Winnie was huddled tight against Fitz's protective shoulder. Jammed among the vehicles on the lower deck of the ferry, their car was obscured in semidarkness. Their chauffeur had walked forward and was chatting rather haughtily with a liveried man of lower caste. Fitz could feel her childish sobs, for she was very close to him. It was better, he thought, to let her cry it out now.

Pier lights began to show emerald and ruby reflections in the greasy water round the piles. The crowd was beginning to surge forward; a deck hand stood at the winch, a length of hawser in his hands. Self-starters were screaming, motors roaring as the ferry nosed into her dock with a gentle thud.

"Charles," said Colburn as his man was resuming the wheel, "you'd better inquire somewhere ——"

"One of the boys told me how to find it, sir," replied the chauffeur, almost apologetic at the thought of Mr. Colburn's having concern in so mean a street.

A miserable rain had set in and the cobbles of Hoboken showed the same greasy surface as the water round the dock. Delicatessen shops, meat markets, clothing stores, shabby hotels, an infinite variety of German names on signboards everywhere, proclaimed the port which Colburn before the war had always regarded as nothing more than a jumping-off place facing Europe. Through monotonous gray streets with houses so much alike that they might have been spawned by the same unhappy mother, they stopped at last while the chauffeur, less sure of himself as the trip progressed, got off to inquire of a corner druggist.

"Why didn't she let me know?" asked Winnie, speaking for the first time.

"We didn't make any effort ourselves," Fitz pointed out kindly, taking his share of the blame.

"Just a ferry trip across—and she didn't let me know," came Winnie's insistent tone.

"One thing we mustn't do," said Fitz. "We mustn't tell her ——"

"How it happened?" she was quick to take him up.

"I've thought of something to say. You'll leave it to me, won't you?"

"Yes, dear," she whispered, never releasing her clutch on his sleeve.

"Second street to the right," proclaimed the chauffeur cheerfully as he leaped to his seat.

They turned accordingly at the second street to the right. The houses here were as alike as counterfeit dollars struck from the same bad die. They were of brick, a story and a half high, with stained-glass borders to the parlor windows and little greenish watersheds over the front doors, giving each the appearance of a red-faced invalid wearing a green shade over the left eye.

The car stopped at the fifth house from the corner. The blind was up at the broad front window and, though the room was dark, lights in a dining room beyond revealed a slim calicoed figure working busily over a table.

"I can't go in! I can't!" wailed Winnie, but Fitz had taken her forcibly by the hand.

"Come on!" he said gruffly.

Mrs. Freeland was painfully slow in answering the bell. Finally the waiters on the queer little porch saw the lights go up in the parlor and heard fingers fussing with a bolt. Somewhere in the depths a baby cried insistently. Finally the door came open and Irma Pollard, already a little matronly, gazed out, surprise and curiosity in her kind brown eyes.

"Mrs. Freeland?" asked Fitz, realizing that he must do the talking, for Winnie had shrunk behind him.

"This is Mrs. Freeland," she replied, showing no recognition.

"I'm Fitz Colburn—maybe you'll remember me."

"Oh!"

She had taken an indecisive step forward, when Winnie, uttering a little cry, emerged from the shadows and took her in her arms.

"Irma, darling," Winnie was saying over and over, "why didn't you let me know? Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you?"

The two sisters stood weeping and caressing for a moment, and Colburn—merely an onlooker—could not deny the darker sister's superior dignity and womanliness.

(Concluded on Page 134)

# Why You Pay More

Threaded Rubber Insulation increases the cost of manufacturing this battery. It is a more expensive material to begin with, and the process by which it is pierced with an enormous number of tiny threads (to make it porous) adds another item of cost.

But it means that the job is done right and doesn't have to be done over.

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That's true in this case—for when ordinary insulation is replaced it may already have caused injury to other parts of the battery and shortened its life.

A battery has just two "wearing parts"—plates and insulation. Threaded Rubber Insulation, therefore, removes half the occasion for wear and replacement.

I'd rather pay the whole bill to begin with and be sure I had a battery that would stand up to the last day of its life without re-insulation—wouldn't you?

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Batteries may freeze to death in winter.

Any battery will ultimately wear out.

*Willard Service* can help you avoid all but the last.

# W-L STORAGE BATTERY

W- r Insulation

(Concluded from Page 131)

She seemed calmer, more mature, aloof from the tawdry passions which tore poor Winnie's heart.

"I'm so awful glad to see you!" she said. "And how in the world did you find where we lived?"

By now they had come into the small lighted room in front. It was a poor thing, this room, loud with department-store finery, but neat as wax. On the candy-colored mantel a double frame showed portraits of Irma and her handsome burglar. The baby cried incessantly.

"You know," she rippled on, "when I heard you outside I thought it was Sid. He always comes in a taxi, you see—he gets 'em free from the service. And you could have floored me with a napkin when I saw who it was. I've felt awful mean, the way I haven't written or anything. But Sid and I made up our minds to hold off a while until we were doing a little better. We read in the papers all about your fine marriage and we just wanted to wait till we could show you—what's the matter?"

Winnie, overcome, had sunk into a chair. Fitz stood stiff and solemn.

"Irma," he said, "something's happened and we've come to tell you."

"Happened?" she echoed shrilly, then steadied herself as if for a blow. "Something about Sid?"

"Yes," replied Fitz.

"He hasn't—done anything wrong?" she faltered.

"No, he's done something very fine, Irma. It isn't that—but he's dead."

"Dead!" she repeated stupidly, turning unseeing eyes from the collapsed figure in the chair to the bearer of ill tidings. The baby's wail had quieted. The room had grown dreadfully still.

Passed then a moment in which Colburn prayed that she would cry out or fall fainting—anything but that uncomprehending stare. Finally when her voice came it was hard as steel.

"Tell me the truth," she said.

"He died in the City Hospital last night," answered Fitz, rapidly perfecting the lie half formulated on the ferry trip across. "He asked for me to come to him, but by the time I had reached the hospital he was dead. Perhaps you don't want to hear this now. Perhaps ——"

"No, no! Tell me! You must!"

"I got the story from the surgeon and from the policeman who saw it. It seems that a gang of gunmen have been operating round Central Park. There has been an epidemic of hold-ups."

"He didn't have anything to do ——" she broke in, then bit her lips.

"Let me tell you," insisted Fitz gently. "Last night at about eleven your husband was driving his car through the Eighty-fifth Street cut when he saw two men with revolvers hiding in the shadow of a bridge waiting for an old man who was walking alone. He got his car between the old man and the gunmen and shouted out a warning. A policeman who was crossing the bridge heard the shout and came down just in time to see Sid fall with a bullet in his brain."

"Who told you this?" she asked sharply.

"I talked with the policeman who saw it all."

Irma cleared her throat and looked at him curiously.

"He was trying to tell the policemen—to—get—those men?"

"He was doing everything he could," Fitz assured her, fearfully afraid that she would ask something he could not still with a plausible answer.

"Thank God for that!" she said softly, then hurried out of the room and up the stairs.

A door closed. Fitz leaned over his wife and half lifted her.

"You'd better go to her now, honey," he said.

Fitz Colburn stayed below and wandered from room to room. He had not far to wander, for the dining room was just such another square as the parlor; out back kettles were steaming over the gas range, the main point of interest in a neat little kitchen. The contents of a stew pan began boiling over as he entered. Fitz moved it off the fire and continued his inspection. Plates, cups, a covered dish or two, had been set out on an oilclothed table. The pathos of it came with a rush. She had been preparing supper for Sid Freeland!

He went hurriedly back to the dining room, where gaudy wall paper and department-store furniture should have offended his nice tastes. In a crib shaded against the light by a shawl-covered chair a young baby lay asleep, its face waxen pure, its eyes puckered tight. The tastelessness of the furniture, the crude green of the wall paper and the cruder red of the rug were quite forgotten as he gazed down upon the image of innocence. The whole place seemed to breathe well-being and honesty—the influence of a woman who loved whole-heartedly and had no pretensions.

There in its crib, dreamless and contented, lay the son of a thief, as ignorant of wrong as the mother who in her room upstairs was sobbing out the story of her love tragedy. Nature, that divine tyrant who hearkens to no human story and murders ruthlessly to create a type, had set the sex trap for her mismating.

Her mismating? Colburn laughed bitterly. Had her clean and honorable life with a thief and debauchee been less successful than her sister's glittering romance? Strangely at that moment there flashed to his mind a scrap of wisdom he had once gleaned from a framed motto in the locker room of a golf club. He had thought it shoddy at the time.

"It isn't whether you win or lose, but how you play the game."

Finally Winnie came down the stairs. Her first words were commonplace enough.

"There's something burning," she said, and hurried into the kitchen.

It was not until she came back that he noticed her swollen tear-stained face. Weeping is a woman's business, but it is seldom her art. Her beauty was gone, but Colburn never loved her as he did then.

"Fitz," she said after she had moved the shawl a little closer to the crib, "she wants to have him buried—out home."

You would have thought that Bellport was on the Pacific Coast from the way she said it.

"That's easy enough," he told her cheerfully.

"Can you make arrangements? You'll have to send a wire to Uncle Henry. We ought to get a nurse for the baby, because she insists on taking him out with her. And about the body ——"

"Don't you worry about that, dear," he said tenderly. "And don't you think you ought to have a little rest?"

"Please don't think about me. You go back to town and attend to things. You can come out later if you like. But I'm going to stay here and take care of the baby and help round the house till she goes."

"Just leave it to me," he told her, and leaned down to kiss her.

Her arms went round his neck and she drew his head tight against her tear-stained cheek.

"She believes every word you said," she was whispering. "If you had told her the truth it would have killed her. It's wonderful what she thinks of him—and oh, Fitz, how rotten I've been! How little I've appreciated what you gave me!"

## XI

THE winter residents of Brookhaven Township—which is to say the farmers, storekeepers and real-estate operators accustomed to weather the snows in the chain of settlements between Patchogue and Port Jefferson—kept the five-party lines jingling for weeks with the news that one of the Pollard girls—the dark one—was a widow, and to prove it you could look at the fine monument with two kinds of marble standing higher than the highest in Bellport cemetery. That feller named Freeland, who took it into his head to run away with Irma in his auto, was some sort of big bug, declared the five-party jingles, and she'd collected on a fifteen-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy on the very night he was shot by a burglar in a taxi.

The Patchogue Sentinel, being short of news in winter, made much of Mrs. Fitzroy Colburn's frequent visits to the Pollard farm and slyly hinted that Uncle Henry was becoming mighty big potatoes these days. Bets were passed at the local drug store that Uncle Henry would have the Pollard sisters back selling milk as soon as the automobile season again opened on the road.

But Winnie, it seemed, had other plans. March thaws had no sooner ceased and April rains begun than the elderly sign "Milk for Sale" was supplanted by a placard announcing "Eggs and Poultry." Colburn, it turned out, had induced Uncle Henry to part with his three superannuated cows and convert his few bare acres into a poultry farm. He still possessed a sizable duck pond. Nobody said it outright, but it was generally hinted that Colburn's money was invested in the extensive renovation as well as in the blooded fowls which were soon swarming all over the place.

Uncle Henry, never a stirring character when left to his own devices, became energetic under Irma's stimulating influence. The elder Pollards were happy as children at the return of their niece. New energy was in the air. Fitz Colburn seemed inspired with the idea of a share in something practical. Winnie spent half her time at the farm, planning and scheming over a project which even if it succeeded was to bring no benefit to her.

Irma Freeland was undoubtedly another woman than the languid dreaming mortal who had followed her impulse down the road that mild September day. She showed no grief, but there was something gently fierce in her widowhood, in her determination to make something of her life.

One day in early spring the Colburns arrived unexpectedly, and while Winnie was in the kitchen gossiping with her aunt Fitz strolled out to the porch to see Irma's frail figure taking its way cross-lots toward the cemetery. She must have felt his gaze, for she turned and seeing him smiled an invitation.

He followed and when he had overtaken her he found that she was carrying a tumblerful of red geraniums such as country people place upon the graves of their dead.

"It's Saturday," she said as if that were an explanation.

"Oh, yes."

Then Fitz remembered that she had always expected Sid home on Saturday. He had never spoken to her about him from the day of the funeral till now.

"I'm glad you're taking it easy," he began as lightly as he could. "Winnie and I were thinking that you ought to have a vacation. You've been going it a bit hard, you know."

"No vacation for me," she declared with one of those smiles which in a harder woman would have seemed fanatical.

"Why not?"

"He wouldn't like it. That's the least I can do for him, Fitz—work and make something of my life."

He struggled with a smile—a smile as sad as the comedy which provoked it. But he remembered the lie that had made all the difference to her.

"You don't know what a struggle it was to him, Fitz," she went on, her shyness having broken into confidence. "It's hard for you to realize perhaps, because you weren't born with a wild streak."

"I suppose not."

They had come to a pause in their walk and she sank down on a pile of wood beside the freshening field.

"I've never told you this, Fitz—I've never told anybody. But I see now that it wasn't his shame—it was his honor. After I married him we went up to Boston and lived in style for a while. He seemed to have lots of money off and on. He'd be deep in debt one week, then he'd go away for a day or so and come back with more money than he knew what to do with. He told me all sorts of things about his business. It worried me a lot, because I was afraid he gambled. But he swore he didn't and I felt better until one day I read in the papers about a robbery in Brookline. That afternoon I found some jewelry in his clothes and I knew at once where he'd got it, because they were the very articles described in the papers."

Irma Freeland paused and her dark beautiful eyes followed the flight of blackbirds above the scrubby oak forest.

"You should have known him better, Fitz. He always had that wonderful gay manner that seemed to laugh everything away. He lied to me at first and tried to pretend that he'd bought the jewelry for me at a pawnshop. But I knew where he'd got it.

"Finally he broke down and told me everything. He told me how he'd been raised wild among the worst boys in town; how he'd learned to steal things out of empty houses; how he'd reached the point where he didn't have any conscience—until he met me. But that made the difference."

She rose from the rough seat and continued her stroll along the path.

"And you made the difference?" asked the man at her side.

"You see, he loved me. He'd never loved any good woman before. And after we were married he simply stole because he didn't know how to do anything else. But I changed all that, Fitz."

What a radiant light came into her face as she uttered that boast!

"I made him put that jewelry all in a package and send it back to the people he'd stolen it from. Then I took him to a Baptist minister and had him swear he'd be good. It was wonderful how it changed him and how he kept that oath! Things went pretty hard for us for a while. You see, he'd never learned any honest trade. We drifted to Hoboken, because the rents are cheap out there and it's close to New York. At first he got a job traveling for a shoe company. He sent me twenty dollars a week all the time he was away. Then I thought of his going in for taxis. You see, he'd always been a splendid driver. It was a fine idea, because he could work in New York and come home once or twice a week. He was making nearly fifty dollars a week at the time when ——"

She paused again as though the walk had made her short of breath.

"He was used to high living, Fitz. He loved good clothes and fine hotels and dancing round in places where people spend money. But he never complained after the good times were over. He would come home with his money and give it to me, joking and laughing as though it was the greatest fun in the world. He made that sacrifice all for me."

In the distance Colburn could see the white shafts of the cemetery, one taller, whiter shaft towering majestically over the lesser graves. Fitz had always regarded the modern style of monument building as a barbarism in the name of immortality.

"Can you blame me for thinking of him and working for him all the time?" she asked.

"No, my dear," said Colburn gently, laying his hand over the thin little fingers that grasped the tumbler of geraniums.

(THE END)

# Roll Call
## of White Truck Fleets
## In Actual Service

THE White Annual Roll Call has become an *institution* in the motor truck industry. Year after year, actual figures show the growth of White fleets among owners operating ten or more White Trucks.

No more impressive evidence could be given of their durability, dependability and economy in all lines of business.

These owners *know* truck value. They increase their White equipment *steadily* because White Trucks *steadily* do the most work for the least money.

There are 3,691 White Fleets, comprising 40,919 trucks, exclusive of single truck installations.

| | 1910 | 1911 | 1912 | 1913 | 1914 | 1915 | 1916 | 1917 | 1918 | To-day |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Abbotts Alderney Dairies, Inc. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 14 |
| Abraham & Straus | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 10 | 17 |
| Acme Cash Stores | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 10 |
| J. N. Adam & Company | 0 | 0 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 17 |
| City of Akron, Ohio | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 5 | 8 | 11 |
| Akron Pure Milk Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 13 |
| Akron Storage & Cont'n'g Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 5 | 5 | 10 |
| Alabama Coca Cola Bottling Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 12 |
| Alexander & Walling | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 10 |
| B. Altman & Company | 0 | 0 | 8 | 8 | 33 | 67 | 92 | 92 | 93 | 93 |
| Aluminum Co. of Am. Interests | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 16 | 20 | 25 |
| Amer. Agricultural Chem. Co. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 8 | 9 | 17 |
| American Amb. Field Service | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 22 | 22 | 22 |
| American Can Company | 0 | 0 | 4 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 33 | 56 | 66 | 70 |
| American Petroleum Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 12 | 26 | 26 |
| American Railway Express | 0 | 0 | 3 | 14 | 23 | 27 | 88 | 98 | 111 | 121 |
| American Red Cross Society | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 86 | 122 | 123 |
| American Steel & Wire Company | 0 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 10 | 16 | 20 | 23 |
| American Stores Company | 0 | 1 | 2 | 9 | 14 | 14 | 15 | 29 | 37 | 81 |
| Am. War Relief Clearing House | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 18 | 32 | 32 | 32 |
| Ammen Transportation Co. | 0 | 0 | 2 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 11 | 11 | 32 | 32 |
| Anchor Cartage Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 5 | 8 | 12 |
| Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 17 | 19 | 19 | 20 |
| Arlington Mills | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 11 | 12 | 13 |
| Armour & Company | 0 | 4 | 30 | 51 | 63 | 84 | 165 | 226 | 259 | 309 |
| Associated Bell Telephone Cos. | 0 | 1 | 6 | 30 | 46 | 84 | 311 | 447 | 477 | 517 |
| *Associated Dry Goods Corp. | 0 | 0 | 8 | 13 | 23 | 29 | 37 | 40 | 88 | 127 |
| City of Atlanta | 0 | 3 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 11 | 11 | 15 | 15 |
| Atlanta Baggage & Cab Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 10 | 10 |
| Atlanta Chero-Cola Bottling Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 13 |
| Atlantic Ice & Coal Corporation | 0 | 0 | 0 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 20 | 27 | 34 | 46 |
| Atlantic Refining Company | 1 | 4 | 9 | 31 | 67 | 86 | 184 | 275 | 324 | 345 |
| Atlas Powder Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 6 | 12 |
| Auto Livery Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 |
| The Bailey Company | 0 | 1 | 3 | 6 | 6 | 13 | 16 | 17 | 20 | 25 |
| Oliver H. Bair Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 9 | 9 | 11 |
| City of Baltimore | 0 | 3 | 4 | 7 | 14 | 14 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 34 |
| Baltimore Transit Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 20 | 20 | 20 |
| Barker Bros., Inc. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 13 |
| The Barrett Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 11 | 17 | 19 | 21 |
| Bellevue & Allied Hospitals | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 9 | 15 | 19 | 19 | 24 |
| Bernheimer Bros. | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 10 |
| Best & Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 18 | 25 |
| Sam'l Bingham's Sons Mfg. Co. | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 6 | 10 | 10 | 10 |
| William Bingham Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 16 | 17 | 20 | 23 |
| Birm'h'm Chero-Cola Bott. Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 27 |
| Black & White & Town Taxis | 0 | 0 | 0 | 26 | 40 | 76 | 151 | 151 | 151 | 187 |
| Blake Motor Trucking Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 18 | 20 | 20 |
| Block & Kuhl Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 5 | 9 | 14 |
| Boggs & Buhl, Inc. | 0 | 8 | 10 | 18 | 23 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 32 |
| Bohlen-Huse Coal & Ice Co. | 0 | 0 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 10 |
| Henry Bosch Company | 2 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 12 | 12 |
| City of Boston | 0 | 2 | 9 | 12 | 17 | 18 | 18 | 19 | 22 | 22 |
| Bradford Baking Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 9 | 20 | 25 | 26 | 26 | 26 | 29 |
| The Brandt Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 10 | 25 | 25 |
| Brockton Transportation Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 16 |

*Exclusive of subsidiary or affiliated companies individually listed.

*Continued on following pages*

*Continued from preceding page*

# Roll of White Truck Fleets

| | 1910 | 1911 | 1912 | 1913 | 1914 | 1915 | 1916 | 1917 | 1918 | To-day |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Brooklyn Alcatraz Asphalt Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 9 | [illegible] | [illegible] | 11 | 11 | 11 |
| Brooklyn Daily Eagle | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 9 | 11 |
| Bry-Block Mercantile Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 10 |
| M. Burkhardt Brewing Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 11 |
| P. H. Butler Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 6 | 11 | 12 | 12 |
| Cable Draper Baking Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 |
| Caddo Parish, Louisiana | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 13 | 13 |
| California Baking Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 17 | 21 |
| Calif. Central Creameries, Inc. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 6 | 11 |
| California Packing Corp. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 7 | 11 |
| California Truck Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 17 |
| J. Calvert's Sons | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 11 |
| Canfield Oil Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 |
| Canton Storage & Transfer Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 7 | 9 | 11 |
| Carolina Public Service Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 11 | 11 |
| Carstens Packing Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 |
| Carter Oil Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 10 |
| W. A. Chambers Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 5 | 12 |
| Chapin-Sacks Corporation | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 21 | 28 |
| Chattanooga Chero-Cola Bot. Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 12 |
| *Chero-Cola Bottling Companies | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 6 | 30 | 62 | 96 | 179 |
| The Chero-Cola Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 32 |
| City of Chicago | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 10 | 27 | 38 | 47 | 47 |
| Chicago Fire Insurance Board | 0 | 0 | 5 | 11 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 |
| Cincinnati Coca Cola Bott. Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 16 |
| Cincinnati Motor Terminals Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 16 |
| City Ice Delivery Company | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 11 |
| Clark's Bus Line | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 11 | 12 | 12 |
| Clearing House Parcel Del. Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 10 | 10 | 14 | 15 |
| City of Cleveland | 0 | 2 | 7 | 14 | 15 | 19 | 23 | 32 | 36 | 43 |
| Cleveland-Akron Bag Company | 6 | 7 | 9 | 14 | 15 | 19 | 21 | 39 | 45 | 54 |
| Cleveland-Akron Bus Line Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 |
| Cleveland Build. Sup. & Brick Co. | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 7 | 10 | 14 | 19 | 51 |
| Cleveland Coca Cola Bott. Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 21 |
| Cleveland Electric Illum. Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 17 | 23 | 23 | 40 |
| The Cleveland Press | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 |
| Cleveland Provision Company | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 7 | 7 | 11 | 13 | 15 | 29 |
| Cleveland Transfer Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 19 | 19 | 20 |
| Cleveland & Sandusky Brew. Co. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 10 | 15 | 17 | 24 |
| *Coca Cola Bottling Companies | 0 | 3 | 6 | 11 | 24 | 34 | 67 | 108 | 164 | 204 |
| The Coca Cola Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 15 |
| The Coca Cola Co. (Canada) | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 13 |
| R. H. Comey Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 9 | 9 | 12 |
| Commercial Transfer Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 5 | 7 | 10 |
| Con. Gas, El. Light & Power Co. | 2 | 3 | 6 | 8 | 11 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 11 |
| Consolidated Rendering Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 7 | 17 | 17 |
| Continental Oil Company | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 19 | 25 | 34 | 38 |
| Crew Levick Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 5 | 25 |
| Crystal Park Lumber Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 6 | 6 | 12 |
| Cuban Government | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 10 |
| Cudahy Packing Company | 0 | 0 | 2 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 21 | 24 | 27 | 42 |
| Culbertson Bros. Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 8 | 12 | 11 |
| Dannemiller Grocery Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 6 | 12 | 12 | 12 |
| Dominion of Canada | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 43 | 43 | 43 | 43 | 43 | 43 |
| E. I. DuPont de Nemours Pdr. Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 16 | 20 | 20 |
| East Ohio Gas Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 5 | 5 | 10 | 11 | 11 |
| Eastern Torpedo Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 7 | 10 | 15 | 20 | 25 |
| T. Eaton Company, Ltd. | 0 | 5 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 15 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 25 |
| Emerick Motor Bus Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 9 | 11 | 14 | 16 | 16 |
| Empire Gas & Fuel Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 33 | 61 | 77 |
| Erie Service Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 11 |
| The Fairbanks Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 |
| Fairmont Creamery Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 13 |
| Owen H. Fay Livery Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 24 | 24 | 24 |
| Fenway Garage Company | 0 | 0 | 19 | 19 | 29 | 29 | 39 | 39 | 30 | 37 |
| Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 6 | 12 | 16 | 18 |
| Fly & Hobson Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 10 | 10 |
| Foster & Kleiser, Inc. | 0 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 |
| Frank & Seder Co. | [illegible] | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 19 |
| Harry V. Franks | [illegible] | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 16 | 16 | 16 |
| Frederick & Nelson, Inc. | [illegible] | 0 | 0 | 3 | 7 | 9 | 10 | 13 | 18 | 26 |
| Freedom Oil Works Company | [illegible] | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 16 | 17 |
| General Baking Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 10 | 25 | 43 |
| General Cigar Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 12 |
| General Petroleum Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 8 | 15 | 34 |

| | 1910 | 1911 | 1912 | 1913 | 1914 | 1915 | 1916 | 1917 | 1918 | To-day |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Georgia Fruit Exchange | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | [illegible] | 12 | 37 | 33 |
| Georgia Railway & Power Co. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 7 | 7 | 18 | 22 | 24 | 24 |
| Gimbel Bros., Inc. (Milwaukee) | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 13 |
| Gimbel Brothers (New York) | 0 | 20 | 26 | 46 | 59 | 59 | 62 | 62 | 71 | 71 |
| Gimbel Brothers (Philadelphia) | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 13 |
| Glacier Park Transportation Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 20 | 22 | 23 | 23 | 24 |
| Globe Grain & Milling Co. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 16 |
| Adolf Gobel, Inc. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 30 | 35 |
| J. Goldsmith & Sons Company | 0 | 0 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 12 | 12 | 12 |
| B. F. Goodrich Company | 4 | 6 | 9 | 11 | 12 | 17 | 19 | 22 | 25 | 28 |
| Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 10 | 15 | 22 |
| Gray Construction Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 10 | 12 | 12 |
| Great Northern Paper Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 11 | 13 | 18 | 18 | 19 |
| Greenfield El. Light & Power Co. | 0 | 3 | 6 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 13 | 13 | 14 | 14 |
| Greenville Coca Cola Bott. Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 6 | 6 | 10 |
| Gulf Refining Company | 0 | 1 | 9 | 29 | 81 | 172 | 463 | 563 | 663 | 755 |
| Halle Brothers Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 15 |
| A. Hamburger & Sons, Inc. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 25 |
| James A. Hamilton | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 10 |
| The Hardware & Supply Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 10 |
| Fred Harvey | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 15 |
| Haverty Furniture Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 6 | 7 | 12 | 18 | 18 |
| Hawaii County, T. H. | 0 | 0 | 2 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 16 | 17 |
| H. J. Heinz Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 16 | 19 | 26 | 35 |
| The Higbee Company | 2 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 12 | 12 | 16 |
| Hochschild, Kohn & Co. | 0 | 1 | 3 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 9 | 12 | 15 |
| Joseph Horne Company | 5 | 12 | 15 | 24 | 33 | 39 | 42 | 42 | 42 | 41 |
| J. L. Hudson Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 17 | 20 | 20 | 31 |
| Hudson's Bay Company | 0 | 4 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 17 |
| Huebner Toledo Breweries Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 6 | 8 | 11 | 16 |
| E. V. Hull | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 11 | 11 |
| Humble Oil & Refining Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 52 |
| Huntsville Coca Cola Bott. Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 11 |
| Illinois Pub. & Printing Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 14 |
| Imperial Oil Company, Ltd. | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 12 | 42 | 43 | 58 |
| Indep'n't Brewing Co. of Pgh. | 1 | 1 | 2 | 5 | 5 | 11 | 28 | 36 | 42 | 46 |
| Independent Torpedo Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 16 |
| City of Indianapolis | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 6 | 12 |
| J. S. Ivins' Son, Inc. | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 10 |
| Johnson Oil Refining Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 11 |
| Jones Store Company | 0 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 6 | 10 | 14 | 17 | 17 | 19 |
| Kaufmann Dept. Store, Inc. | 0 | 0 | 10 | 16 | 24 | 44 | 80 | 80 | 66 | 59 |
| Kaufmann & Baer Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 40 | 45 | 51 | 59 | 60 | 60 |
| Kennicott-Patterson Transf. Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 10 |
| C. D. Kenny Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 12 | 41 | 45 | 56 |
| Kingan & Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 13 |
| The Kirk Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 7 | 10 |
| Theodor Kundtz Company | 3 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 17 | 17 |
| LaSalle & Koch Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 10 |
| J. William Lee & Son | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 |
| Fred T. Ley & Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 10 | 13 | 13 |
| Leyte Land Transportation Co. | 0 | 0 | 3 | 6 | 10 | 12 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 14 |
| Liberty Baking Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 15 | 15 |
| Lime-Cola Bottling Co. of S. C. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 46 |
| Lit Brothers, Inc. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 17 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 11 | 21 |
| Los Angeles Brewing Company | 0 | 0 | 2 | 7 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 17 | 17 | 18 |
| Los Angeles Creamery Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 6 | 10 |
| Los Angeles Ice & Cold Stor. Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 10 | 10 | 11 |
| H. C. Lytton & Sons (The Hub) | 0 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 11 | 12 | 12 | 12 |
| McCreery & Company | 6 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 11 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 19 |
| G. M. McKelvey Company | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 6 | 8 | 18 | 18 | 18 | 17 |
| R. H. Macy & Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 |
| Mandel Brothers | 0 | 9 | 10 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 17 | 17 | 17 | 17 |
| City of Manila | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 7 | 8 | 11 | 11 | 12 |
| A. C. Marshall Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 15 | 15 | 18 |
| State of Massachusetts | 0 | 1 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 |
| The May Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 11 | 15 | 26 | 26 | 27 | 40 |
| Mesaba Transportation Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 15 | 18 | 20 | 23 |
| Metropolitan Coal Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 |
| Michelin Tire Company | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 9 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 14 |
| Mid-Kansas Oil & Gas Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 11 |
| Midwest Refining Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 6 | 12 |
| Miller Rubber Company | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 11 |
| H. W. Mollenauer & Brother | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 10 | 10 |

*Exclusive of subsidiary or affiliated companies individually listed.

# Call

# In Actual Service

| | 1910 | 1911 | 1912 | 1913 | 1914 | 1915 | 1916 | 1917 | 1918 | To-day |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| K. E. & A. K. Morgan | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 13 |
| The Moxie Company | 0 | 2 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 12 |
| A. I. Namm & Son | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 34 |
| National Casket Company | 0 | 0 | 2 | 10 | 14 | 15 | 19 | 21 | 24 | 26 |
| National Refining Company | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 25 |
| City of Newark | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 7 | 11 |
| Province of New Brunswick | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 19 |
| State of New Jersey | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 6 | 16 | 15 |
| M. A. Newmark Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 8 | 10 |
| State of New York | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 29 | 37 | 37 | 38 |
| City of New York | 0 | 1 | 7 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 |
| N. Y. Bd. of Fire Underwriters | 0 | 0 | 2 | 6 | 8 | 16 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 |
| New York State Railways | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 10 | 10 | 10 |
| Northern Ohio Trac. & Light Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 10 |
| Northern Texas Traction Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 9 | 9 | 10 |
| Province of Nova Scotia | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 11 |
| Ohio Cities Gas Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 10 |
| Ohio Oil Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 16 | 22 |
| Omaha Taxicab Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 8 | 17 | 17 | 17 | 17 |
| Onondaga County, N. Y. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 5 | 10 | 16 | 16 |
| Oppenheim,Collins & Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 20 | 21 | 27 | 27 | 30 | 38 |
| M. O'Neil Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 14 |
| Pacific Baking Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 5 | 15 |
| Pacific Mills | 0 | 0 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 7 | 12 | 14 | 17 | 19 |
| Page & Shaw, Inc. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 11 |
| Frank Parmelee Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 9 | 9 | 18 | 28 | 28 | 28 | 28 |
| Peninsula Rapid Transit Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 8 | 15 | 19 | 28 |
| State of Pennsylvania | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 5 | 15 | 15 | 16 |
| Petroleum Heat & Power Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 11 |
| Philadelphia Electric Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 15 | 18 | 20 |
| Pierce Oil Corporation | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 23 | 69 |
| Pike's Peak Auto Highway Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 12 | 15 | 15 | 16 | 16 |
| Pilsener Brewing Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 11 |
| City of Pittsburgh | 0 | 2 | 9 | 14 | 14 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 |
| Pittsburgh Gage & Supply Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 6 | 9 | 12 |
| H. & S. Pogue Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 12 | 12 |
| Portland Sebago Ice Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 11 | 11 |
| Powers Mercantile Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 13 |
| Prairie Oil & Gas Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 26 | 54 |
| Public Service Electric Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 15 |
| Quaker City Cab Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 75 | 100 | 100 | 125 |
| Remar Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 11 | 13 |
| Rieck-McJunkin Dairy Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 16 | 23 | 24 |
| Riverside Taxi Service Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 |
| Rochester Gas & Electric Corp. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 13 |
| Rocky Mt. Parks Transp. Co. | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 21 | 23 | 33 | 56 |
| L. W. Rogers Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 12 |
| Rome Coca Cola Bottling Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 10 |
| The Rosenbaum Company | 1 | 1 | 2 | 11 | 12 | 33 | 39 | 43 | 40 | 37 |
| Thomas J. Ryan | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 13 | 13 | 16 |
| City of St. Louis | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 6 | 9 | 10 | 14 | 16 |
| Saks & Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 |
| Salt Lake Transportation Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 15 | 15 |
| San Bernardino M't'n Auto Line | 0 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 9 | 14 | 15 | 15 |
| City of San Francisco | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 10 | 14 |
| San Francisco Drayage Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 12 |
| Sandersville Coca Cola Bott. Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 10 |
| Sanger Brothers | 0 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 13 |
| San Joaquin Light & Power Corp. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 14 |
| Savage-Schofield Company | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 10 |
| Schmidt & Ziegler, Ltd. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 10 | 10 |
| Andrew Schoch Grocery Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 6 | 11 | 11 | 11 |
| Schulze Baking Company | 1 | 1 | 9 | 15 | 17 | 22 | 23 | 26 | 31 | 35 |
| Seiple & Wolf Construction Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 |
| Shaffer Oil & Refining Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 43 |
| Shell Co. of California | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 10 |
| Franklin Simon & Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 6 | 10 | 14 | 14 | 17 | 18 |
| Skinner Packing Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 11 |
| W. & J. Sloane | 13 | 14 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 17 | 21 | 23 | 23 | 28 |
| Smith & Hicks, Inc. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 13 | 13 | 13 |
| Spear & Company | 0 | 0 | 1 | 9 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 22 | 23 | 27 |
| Otto Stahl, Inc. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 13 |
| *Standard Gas & Elec. Co. | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 11 | 17 | 14 |
| Standard Oil Co. of California | 1 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 26 | 67 | 97 | 111 | 188 |
| Standard Oil Co. of Indiana | 1 | 4 | 5 | 9 | 59 | 122 | 168 | 201 | 214 | 232 |

| | 1910 | 1911 | 1912 | 1913 | 1914 | 1915 | 1916 | 1917 | 1918 | To-day |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Standard Oil Co. of Kentucky | 0 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 5 | 9 | 38 | 75 | 121 | 349 |
| Standard Oil Co. of Louisiana | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 5 | 53 | 91 |
| Standard Oil Co. of Nebraska | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 11 | 17 | 17 | 17 | 18 |
| *Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 30 | 65 | 65 |
| Standard Oil Co. of New York | 2 | 6 | 18 | 35 | 68 | 113 | 230 | 363 | 450 | 620 |
| Standard Oil Co. of Ohio | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 10 | 17 | 28 | 36 | 42 | 78 |
| Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 6 | 10 | 15 |
| Stark-Tuscarawas Brewing Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 7 | 12 | 12 | 12 |
| Sterling & Welch Company | 2 | 4 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 11 | 14 | 14 | 16 |
| Sterling Products Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 14 |
| Stern Brothers | 0 | 0 | 8 | 18 | 18 | 19 | 21 | 22 | 22 | 25 |
| Stewart & Company | 1 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 12 |
| Stewart Taxi Service Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 18 | 29 | 43 | 42 |
| Stone & Webster Interests | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 8 | 15 | 22 | 31 |
| Strawbridge & Clothier | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 9 | 15 | 15 | 15 |
| Stroehmann's Vienna Bakery | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 10 | 10 | 11 | 14 |
| Sun Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 10 |
| *Swift & Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 10 | 101 | 109 | 127 | 164 |
| Swift Canadian Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 6 | 7 | 11 |
| Tacoma Bottling Works | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 10 | 15 |
| Taggert Baking Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 |
| The Taxi Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 13 | 13 | 14 | 14 |
| Wm. Taylor Son & Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 24 |
| Telling-Belle Vernon Company | 0 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 9 | 11 | 11 | 13 | 20 | 42 |
| Terminal Taxicab Company | 0 | 0 | 20 | 36 | 61 | 61 | 61 | 82 | 82 | 99 |
| The Texas Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 9 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 64 |
| Texas Pacific Coal & Oil Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 25 |
| Thompson & Smith | 0 | 0 | 3 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 13 |
| Tide Water Oil Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 4 | 27 |
| Twin City Motor Bus Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 19 | 19 |
| Union Carbide & Carbon Co.Int's | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 6 | 16 | 18 | 21 | 20 |
| Union Oil Co. of California | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 10 | 22 | 43 | 156 | 216 | 393 |
| Union Gas & Electric Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 19 |
| Union Transfer Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 11 | 12 | 12 |
| Union Wholesale Lumber Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 6 | 11 |
| United Gas Improvem't Co.Int's | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 8 | 15 | 41 | 64 | 64 | 65 |
| United Shoe Machinery Corp. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 10 |
| United States Bakery | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 11 | 14 | 20 |
| U. S. Trucking Corporation | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 14 | 20 | 51 |
| United States Rubber Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 5 | 5 | 9 | 14 | 16 |
| U. S. Post Office Department | 0 | 0 | 0 | 21 | 27 | 104 | 132 | 298 | 445 | 464 |
| U.S.Steel Corporation Interests | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 12 | 17 | 17 |
| Updike Lumber & Coal Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 5 | 12 |
| Van Dyke Taxicab Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 10 |
| E. H. Vare | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 11 | 11 |
| F. G. Vogt & Sons, Inc. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 12 | 14 | 14 |
| John Wanamaker | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 27 | 37 | 37 | 63 |
| Ward Baking Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 12 | 53 | 76 | 76 | 78 |
| Webster Transportation Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 14 |
| Raphael Weill & Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 10 | 12 | 12 | 20 |
| Western Electric Company | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 9 | 15 | 19 | 24 |
| Western Meat Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 11 | 12 | 27 |
| Western Motor Transport Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 6 | 6 | 22 |
| Westinghouse,Church,Kerr &Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 30 | 30 |
| J.G.White & Co.,Inc.,Interests | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 16 | 19 | 12 |
| R. H. White Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 13 | 13 | 13 |
| White Bus Line, Inc. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 12 | 16 | 28 |
| White Star Auto Line | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 6 | 9 | 9 | 11 |
| White Taxi Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 24 | 24 | 25 | 43 |
| White Taxicab Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 11 | 11 | 11 |
| White Transit Company, Inc. | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 6 | 9 | 19 | 29 | 31 | 36 |
| Wilson & Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 22 |
| Wm. Winkler (Steele-Wedeles) | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 |
| Woodward & Lothrop | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 7 | 13 | 14 | 13 |
| Geo. Worthington Company | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 4 | 8 | 10 | 15 |
| Yellowstone Park Transp. Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 106 | 112 | 112 | 135 |
| Yosemite National Park Co. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 7 | 7 | 25 | 27 | 24 | 25 |
| Zettelmeyer Coal Company | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 10 | 10 |
| Zumstein Taxicab Company | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 6 | 10 | 20 | 25 | 25 |
| | 56 | 205 | 526 | 1073 | 1798 | 2711 | 5270 | 7637 | 9413 | 12674 |

## THE WHITE COMPANY

*Cleveland*

*Exclusive of subsidiary or affiliated companies individually listed.

# THE PRICE OF PICKLES

(Continued from Page 9)

story, but was even more surprised to find that she was a man.

"I am doing Dolly this month, Miss LaTour," he explained, laying down a snappy new green hat and a small-waisted overcoat on the Chop-suey sofa. "I'm really the sporting editor, name of Ed Smith, but we all have to take a turn at being Dolly—the old man makes us. Regular slave driver, he is; about like some directors I expect you have met, eh? And of course I jumped at the chance of coming here—makes up for the Russian baroness who had found modern Russia too barren, and the senator's wife who has invented a new crochet stitch. I've had some hot ones this week, I'll say!"

Well, I had began by this time to wonder was I interviewing him or him me, but realizing that being a man he would of course prefer to do the talking his own self I merely waved him to a seat.

"Now it was mighty nice of you to let me up," he says. "I'm a great fan of yours, Miss LaTour, and you can depend on me to do the right thing by you."

"In other words, what I say will not necessarily be used against me," I remarked.

"Far from it!" says the sporting bird, which I expect he was used to putting interviews into people's mouths like fighters, and so forth, and making them say elegant language, which they would have never had the time to look it up for themselves; and a good thing for the sporting world, too, because look at what happens when a manager leaves his man speak for himself.

"Now, Miss LaTour, I'll tell you just exactly what I want for this story, and not take up too much of your valuable time," he says. "It's to be called How it Feels to be a Movie Star, and it'll be a humdinger."

"Hold on!" I says, seizing my chance now that I had a male reporter in my toils. "Hold on! It'll be nothing like that! To commence with, if I was to tell how it feels to be a movie star with, for example, wet feet while waiting three hours on a snow location for the other camera man to show up, no respectable paper would print it," I says.

"Well, I didn't intend you should take me too literally," chirps the bird. "I can make up the language myself, you know—all about how Wagner has to be played for you to register pain, and all that highbrow dope."

"Dope is right!" I says. "It listens like they wasn't enforcing the anti-drug crusade any better than they should. Hashish, I'd call it. Now see here, Dolly Dalrymple, if you want me to believe you are at times let loose upon the sporting page you listen at what I'm saying in this interview and lay off putting thoughts in my mouth which was never there."

"Well, Miss LaTour, I was only trying to be helpful," says the poor fish. "I can listen as good as the next man. Honest, I been married ten years next July. Shoot!"

Of course that soothed me out some, so I smiled more sympathetically before I lit into him again.

"To tell you the honest truth, Mr. Smith," I commenced, "I am sick and tired of interviews. I never give one out yet that looked the same in print as it did on the tongue," I says. "And I have really swore never to give out another. The last one I give was on the art of acting, but when it got printed all it says was that I preferred bright colors on American women."

"Well, I suppose you do," says the bird. "But I am different from most interviewers, Miss LaTour—you can trust me."

"That's what they all say," I says, not convinced. "And if I am going to be given out as one who thinks it's highly important for every wife to be fresh looking at the breakfast table if she wants to keep her husband's love you may as well put up your notebook, and go back to the woman's page, because I'm sick of being quoted on bromides when I am in due modesty far from them."

"Miss LaTour," says the bird earnestly, "I assure you I will not print anything you have not said—absolutely on my word. And now let me ask you one thing: Do you think women ought to vote?"

"Now you're talking!" I says, sitting up and feeling human. "I'll give you a interview on that if you'll promise to quote me correctly."

"You're on!" says the sporting sob sister. "I will certainly try to. Do you believe that woman's place is in the home?"

"I do," I says, "provided the average landlord makes it possible. Everybody's place is in the home—for the big, wholesome normal part of their lives. Outside recreation, particularly of a artistic sort such as first-class motion pictures, is all right, though; and men and women can enjoy them together. In fact, men and women can do a lot of things together, and now the saloons is closed they are more and more going to find it out. And my text for to-day is going to be taken from the Federal Suffrage Amendment, and is going to be on the application of it to our daily life."

"That sounds like preaching," the interview bird warned me, "and the public don't like to be scolded."

"That's where you are dead wrong!" I told him flat. "The American public just eats up a good scolding. It relieves 'em from any necessity for behaving well. They acknowledge the call and feel that that lets 'em out—do you get me? They have sort of got into the habit of feeling that admitting their guilt washes away their sins. And look at what this careless habit has brought us to!"

"Well, where has it brought us to?" he says, sort of stunned.

"It's making a bunch of Alibi Ikes out of us," I says. "And ladies no less than gents," I says. "On account we have got the vote now, and we ought to do something with it. Especially in this coming presidential campaign."

"To what party do you belong, Miss LaTour?" asks the bird.

"Well," I says, "I don't know yet, and I'm not going to say until the parties come out and say their intentions good and plain. And I'm in good company, believe you me. Indecision on the part of us prominent persons of influence ought to and does worry the professional politicians considerable. Now, in all due reason I can probably swing every vote in the White Kittens, so I got a heavy responsibility on my shoulders, and I'll pass no promises out until I see a candidate in the offing which it seems to me he means something in the lives of the women of this country besides a raise in taxes."

"But you must have given a good deal of thought to the matter," says Smith, "to express yourself so positive."

"Oh, I have," I admitted. "I have given each of the four leading parties a careful once-over. I'm not the one to sign any contract without reading every 'whereas' carefully first."

"Then will you shoot me a little something about them?" the intelligent young man urged.

And seeing I had a person of understanding with me who was going to do a honest-to-goodness interview, I set myself to the pleasant task of talking to a man all I wanted without being interrupted by snores, as is usually the case with my Jim and other husbands.

Well, anyways, I stepped on the self-starter, and having plenty of gas we was soon well on our way with a dramatic start.

"I used to be a Bolshevist," I says, "in my younger days. You know how it is—radicalism for youth, conservatism for success. And, anyways, nobody could really blame me, because I had absolutely nothing of my own and I lived under a autocracy."

"So you came from Russia in the reign of the Czar?" remarked the Smithsonian, writing fast.

"I did not!" I says. "I came from Avenue A in the reign of my mother," I says; "and she was the strictest Irish autocrat that ever wanted the freedom of Ireland, and came to Ellis Island to get it!"

"But you were speaking of the time you were a Bolshevist," says he, gently leading me back to my subject, but I was already there.

"That was the time I was a Bolshevist," I says. "I was ten years old, and I got the soviet idea once when the autocratic government under which I lived took me to a big department store and spent five dollars that my Uncle Mike had given me for Christmas on three suits of woolen underwear, when I wanted to blow it in on a toy watch with no works in it, and twenty-five pounds of candy. She wouldn't even listen to the idea; and it was at that time I realized I wasn't getting representative government. I called a meeting with myself that very instant, and issued a decree that in future all department stores should be turned over to the kids in the neighborhood for each one to grab what he or she wanted, free. I commenced carrying out the decree by grabbing the watch, but I had nothing on ma! She was as good a grabber as I was. I'll say I had a peach of a thrill out of that idea. But thank heaven I had a peach of a mother who gave me a peach of a licking for it. And that's what I think of Bolshevism in a nutshell. Neither have I had any return of the scarlet fever or whooping cough, either, thank you!"

"Well, that's very interesting, but it must have been some time ago," says the nasty thing—a remark more worthy of a woman. "How do you feel about the radical movement now?"

"Oh, I have been through all the feelings about it," I says. "And, by the way, of course you realize that feelings is what whichever political party wants to get the women's vote has got to offer—and offer pretty strong too. You got to get the women interested to get them out, especially if November second is rainy. Well, anyways, radicalism is awful full of feeling. I went to a couple of teas down in Greenwich Village, and met a labor leader there—he had the roughest neck and the softest hands I ever seen. Also a coat lined with seal sable.

"It was terrible thrilling, only of course it sort of reminded me of Avenue A. I've seen them union-labor birds at work too. Why, their demand for class legislation is something fierce. Do you know that once I had to sleep in an upper from New York to St. Louis, when I was the ingénue in a musical show, because the musicians' union demanded lowers, and there wasn't enough to go round?

"The trombone player was under me, and why he ever needed a instrument is more than I can say!

"And any actress of stage or screen can tell you what has been suffered through the electricians' striking! No, not all the batick and lukewarm tea in Greenwich Village can make me crazy over the Socialist Party. I'll tell the world that it's a great pity the women which gives their time and their nice long hair to them little groups of serious drinkers couldn't have a few kids or a regular job or something healthy to take up their time. They talk about the dictatorship of the proletariat—well, it's one thing to talk about it, and quite another to be dictated to like that trombone player did to me—or would of if I had known musical shorthand."

"So I take it you are neither a Bolshevist nor a partisan of organized labor?" says the bright little interviewer.

"You may take it or leave it," says I, "but that's the case for the defense."

"How about the Democrats?" Smith asked. "Have you got opinions on their standards?"

"Well, maybe I would if I knew just what their standards was," I says. "I really know nothing against the Democratic Party except the present Administration," I says; "and a person is always against the current Administration because you can remember their faults, if you get me?"

"I do!" says the bird.

"Of course," I went on, wishing to be fair, "pa was a Democrat, though seldom voting unless in winter quarters or an accident because of the circus with which he started and finished moving round such a lot for residential purposes. But though pa was one, I don't really hold it against the party. They done some good things in their time, and I understand Thomas Jefferson was quite a good duck. But lately they sort of got too much in the habit of having outstanding figures instead of leaders. If they would get a real candidate I might vote for him."

"Then you are not a Republican?" interviewed the interviewer.

"I didn't say that!" I says very quick. "But I don't say yes, either! You see there is a lot to attract us girls in the Republican Party, and you remember I said we have to be attracted and amused. You see the

(Concluded on Page 141)

"Well, I Suppose You Do," Says the Bird. "But I am Different From Most Interviewers, Miss LaTour—You Can Trust Me"

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Blanche Sweet in "Simple Souls," a *Jesse D. Hampton* production from *John Hastings Turner's* novel;

"Sherry," from *George Barr McCutcheon's* famous book, an *Edgar Lewis* production;

"The Little Café," from the very successful play adapted from the French by *C. M. S. McClellan*, starring Max Linder;

Herbert Rawlinson in "Passers By," a *J. Stuart Blackton* production from the famous play by *G. Haddon Chambers*.

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(Concluded from Page 138)

Republicans have always been sort of tied up with big business for which the fancy word is capitalism, and most of the real nice exclusive snappy goods of this world seem vested in vested interests capped on to the capitalists and conserved with the conservatives. I mean conservative in its most offensive sense."

"Then you are a Republican?" says the sporting coeditor.

"Don't be so quick with them labels of yours," I says. "Of course women, of which I am admittedly one, are generally snobs at heart, because for so many generations that's about all they have had the opportunity to be—except of course scrubwomen, cooks and actresses. So it's a real feminine thing to do, to join forces with one or the other of the old parties—the one under which jazz, georgette and jewelry-installment plans was invented; under whose magnificent rule of extravagance and waste, luxury, exclusiveness and other dazzling bunkum copied from the worst things in Europe, there has gathered a lot of foreign matter under the American skin until we got a huge social sore that will break most unpleasantly pretty soon. It's got to. And if it isn't pricked right by a antiseptic person we are going to get blood-poisoning from it.

"That's not maybe a very ladylike way to put it, but you know what happened when you were a kid and had too many sweets without your ma knowing it. Believe you me, this nation has had too much pastry—in the opinion of the women of this country, anyways."

"But don't you believe in our having a few sweets, Miss LaTour?"

"I sure do!" I says. "But I think it's time we went back to the old-fashioned jam made out of fresh fruits and clean sugar—at six cents a pound."

"You said a mouthful," remarked Mr. Smith.

"Saying it is about all a person can do right now," I remarked with grim earnestness. "We want it—that good, clean, old-fashioned stuff—but who is going to get it for us? And will our conservative women rise up and ask for it? You see this cream-puff existence is so darned attractive a person can hardly be blamed for liking it, especially when there's a big gang of rich people showing us a bad yet appetizing example all the time. And this same bunch is just now trying to turn the country into an oleo—not margarine, but you get me!"

"Oligarchy," says the bird, at last succeeding in putting a word into my mouth.

"That's it," I says. "Ol—what you say! Well, the old guard had ought to be bawled out for setting a standard of gorgeous living which a smart commercial world has made so easy for us bourgeoisie to imitate, and incidentally to get into debt instead of into solid circumstances. What in the name of Ham are we to do to make virtue more attractive? The world right now is full of shoddy things which has sprung out of the old capitalistic system with its standard of living that is so pitifully easy to imitate and so gosh-awful hard to attain. How are we going to get over wanting gay and pretty things? Should we get over wanting them—can we? Saying it's human nature is no alibi; the painful fact is it's a lot of fun to be on top and trample on somebody else. It's in us—especially in women. We won't vote for anybody which is going to try to cut out our snobcomplex. And the Republican Party has always brought us a bigger element of the good things of life—the wealthy things—than any other party. So it's only natural that women should be strong for it. But at the same time, while I am undoubtedly attracted to it socially, they have got to show me a candidate and also a platform which means something real before I am willing to swing my powerful influence in their direction, either."

"Well, then, have you got any idea what candidate you would favor?" says Dolly.

"I have!" says a voice in the doorway.

And who would it be but ma, which she come in with her arms full of groceries, and ruined the whole effect of extreme luxury and elegance which I had staged, she always insisting on going to market herself and picking the stuff over, and half the time bringing it home in person for fear the man will send something just as good—for him—the minute her back is turned.

And so here she come in, the effect of her squirrel dolman entirely ruined by two plainly visible grapefruit, and she put them right on the boudoir table along with a side of bacon and a few other delicate and dainty bundles, and wiping her face, which it is the truth she never uses any powder on it, with a big silk handkerchief left over from her days with the circus, and she sat down and took the interview out of my mouth.

"Reporter, eh, young feller?" says ma. "Pleased to meet-cher! Well, any woman which has just been to market in person and despair knows who they want for our next President! Just leave me tell you a few things, young man! When I set up housekeeping I had ten dollars a week and no idea the President could affect the price of pickles. And maybe he can't, but every female which has to make ten dollars a week do for a family of four nowadays thinks the President could or can, if he was one who would give as much attention to domestic economy as to foreign policemen, or whatever it is he does attend to. Or one who could anyways delegate the job of cutting down the price of pickles to them that knows the business. And if I had my way that young feller which done such a good housekeeping job over in Belgium and so forth, would get elected."

She wiped her face again in that awful vulgar manner, and patted Smithy on the knee.

"Take it from me, my dear boy," she says, "there's just one man in the country which his name is known to every housewife and also what he has done is known to her and you see how it is: If two men was put up and you had a personal touch with one of the parties, who had been so as to speak in your kitchen every day for quite some time past, and had proved himself a good provider even during the war, and fed your kids and also a lot of foreign ones quite as well if not better than any foreign missions ever done, and the other party had merely some political record you had never understood even if you had heard of it—why, who would you vote for?"

"Why, Hoover, of course!" says Dolly Dalrymple, at last showing signs of intelligence.

"Well, ma, since you have saved me the trouble of saying it," I says, very upstage on account of she taking all the climax out of my interview—"since you have done so, I may as well admit that was what I was driving at. I think all parties should nominate him," I says.

"And do you think you speak for the women of the country?" says Mr. Smith, looking at me. But it was ma answered him.

"If I'm not speaking for them," she says, "I'm telling them!" With which she grabbed up the bacon and swept out of the room with it.

"Do you think she's right?" says Smith, staring after her.

"I think whichever party nominates him or a equally if possible sensible person, will undoubtedly get the women's vote," says I firmly, "and certainly will get mine and the White Kittens'."

"Well, Miss LaTour, this certainly has been most interesting," says Dolly Dalrymple, née Smith, taking his hat and departure. "I will be sure and send you a copy of the interview. We got your photo at the office already."

And he left me in a real glow of satisfaction over for once in my life having given out a interview which would mean a great deal to the world at large, and prove I had some sense though a mere female and a picture actress; and also give the profession some more serious standing in the public eye and everything, to say nothing of maybe forcing coalition on to both of the big political parties as well.

Well, pride cometh before an interview, as the poet says, and when I eagerly seized upon the Record Breaker to read my glowing message to the womanhood of America, and turned by all lesser news and so forth in a rush until I spotted my own picture in two colors and four columns, just like it ought to be, and Dolly's well-known initial letter running me a close second at the start off, I got—well, I got what was coming to me for ever being such a nitwit as to give off another newspaper interview in earnest.

"How it Feels to be a Movie Star!" was the original and startling title. And oh, them subtitles!

"Beautiful Marie LaTour has Wagner played to induce tears. Famous actress prefers bright colors on American women. Thinks the way to keep husbands' love is always to appear fresh at the breakfast table. Believes that women's place is in the home."

And not a word about politics! Not a word! not a word! I scanned the whole silly trash carefully, but without running into a line that I wanted to see. And when I was just about three minutes ahead of a fit ma called me to the telephone. Well, I went, hoping it would be Dolly, and that I could tell him just where he—she—it—got off; and I didn't care if the company did remove the phone after I got through either, because the service is no good anyways. But it wasn't Dolly. It was Maude Muriel Maloney.

"Say, Miss LaTour," she wailed over the phone, "I have asked you the last advice I ever will of anybody! You might of told me honest what I was up against, instead of letting me in for a insult like this."

"For heaven's sake!" I gasped. "Don't tell me some cruel manager is trying to make a wicked woman out of you. You must of misunderstood—Goldringer's is a business concern!"

"I know a insult when I'm offered one!" says Maude Muriel. "The only part they will give me is a saleslgirl in a lingerie shop!"

"You got nothing on me, girlie!" I says. "I just got cast in character this morning against my will, myself!"

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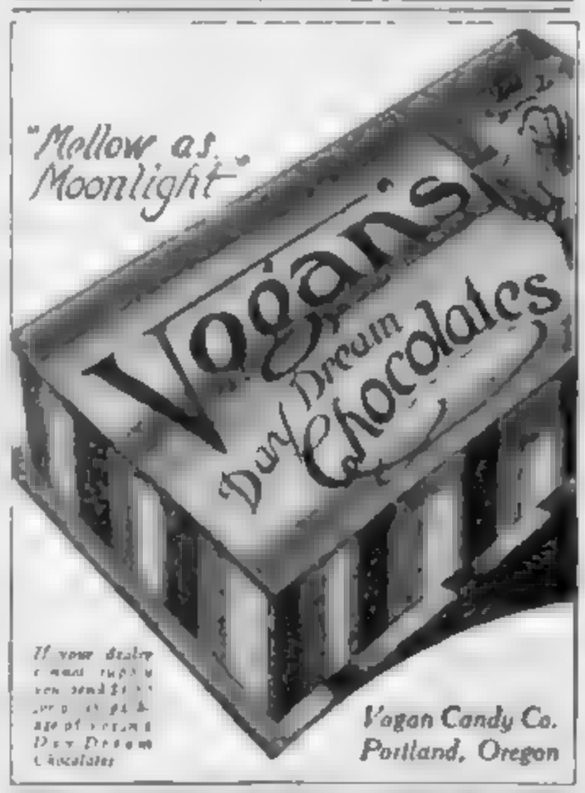


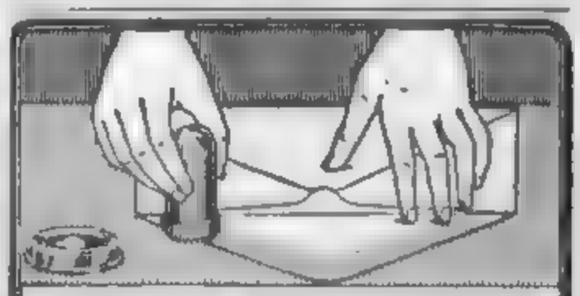

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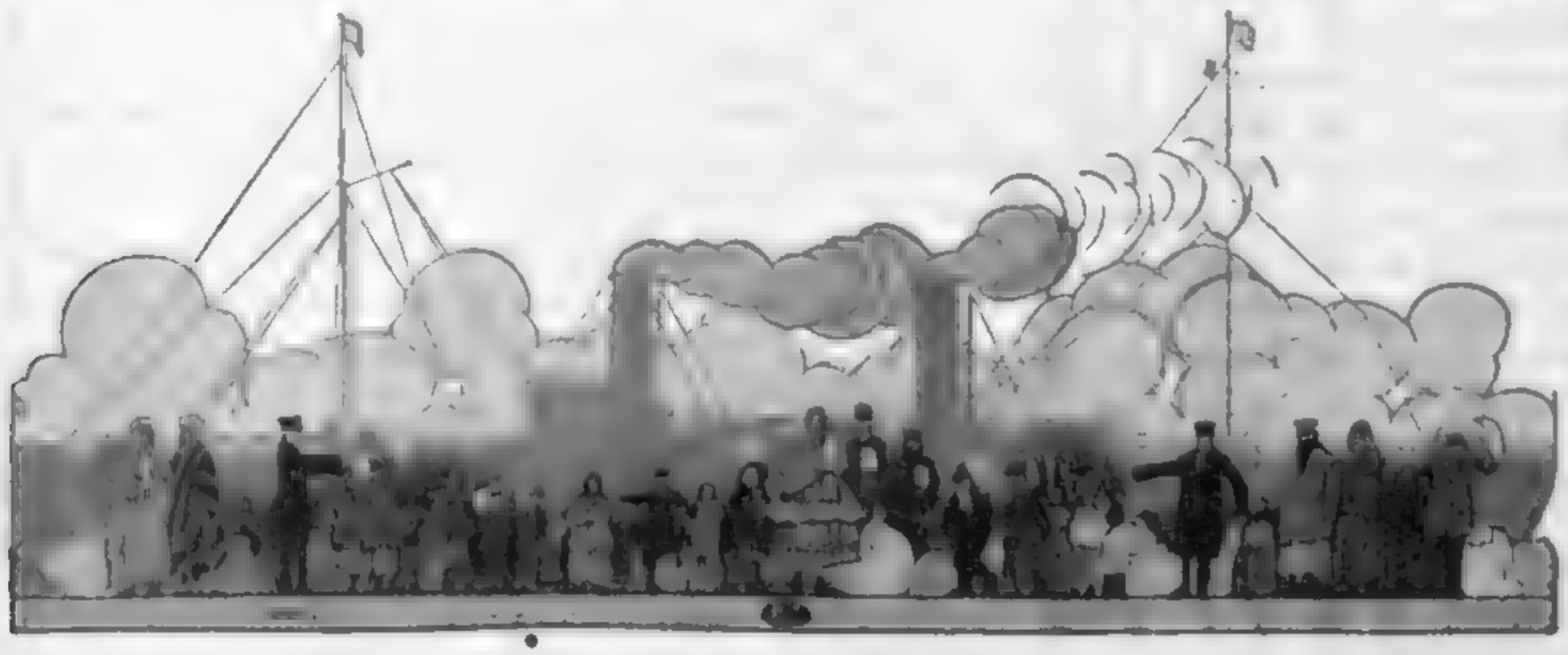


# National Ship by Truck—Good Roads Week May 17-22

THE first wide-spread demonstration designed to enlist all the forces connected or dependent upon short-haul transportation, will be held throughout the United States, May 17-22—and known as National Ship by Truck—Good Roads Week.

It has the support of great national associations vitally concerned with transportation. Leaders in the nation's business, in the financial world and in government circles, endorse the Ship by Truck—Good Roads movement and this great demonstration of its importance.

MR. WILLIAM G. MCADOO states:

"I heartily approve of every measure or effort to promote good roads throughout the United States and to enlarge the usefulness of the motor truck in order to increase needed transportation facilities in the country. This is highly important to business and industry of all kinds and especially to the farmers of the United States. The country has outgrown our railroad facilities and it will be a long time before the railroads can be brought up to the needs of the country. The most practicable, as well as the most immediate, relief that can be provided is through good roads and the motor truck."

Senator CAPPER, of Kansas, says:

"One of the greatest developments of the next twenty-five years will be the motor truck on the farm. I am interested in it because it relates to the development of the great West and the great western industry, agriculture. The day of the power farmer is at hand. It is to him that we turn in answer to the world's cry for greater production. He alone can supply us with the necessities of life and assure our essential national integrity, but he must be given tools worthy of his task. The motor truck, because of its adaptability, flexibility and its endurance, is one of the chief requisites in the scheme of power farming."

Senator TOWNSEND, of Michigan, says:

"The remarkable growth of motor transportation in the past few years, and its still more tremendous potentiality for the future, have brought us to a point where past procedure is no longer sufficient. Large sums will inevitably be expended on our highways to make them useful for longer periods and to decrease transportation costs. We need a broadened policy which will concentrate Government funds on national highways, releasing State and County funds for use on State and County roads. Nothing could be more valuable than a national discussion of this question, such as that proposed during the National Ship by Truck—Good Roads Week, May 17th to 22nd."

T. C. ATKESON, National Grange, says:

"The National Grange believes that the time has come when all National Government Highway activities should be unified in a single administrative department, and that a National Highway law should be worked out which will serve the welfare of the whole country and distribute the expense of highway construction equitably between the beneficiaries. I heartily approve the general idea involved in the Ship by Truck Week and the study and attention that will thereby be directed to the problems of highways, transportation and distribution."

SAMUEL REA, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, says:

"I am glad to take this opportunity to express my view that it is most important, in the development of the motor truck for transportation purposes, that there should be co-operation with the rail carriers, rather than competition. Without doubt, there is a field where movement by rail carrier is not economical, and where the service could better be performed by motor trucks, but on the other hand any attempt to compete in the longer hauls with rail carriers under normal conditions is, in my judgment, uneconomic and unwise.

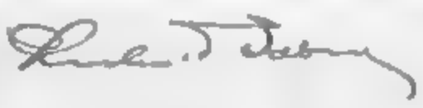
"By conferences the interests of both parties can be studied and conserved and the extension of the motor truck to develop territory not served by rail, or for short-haul and intra-city movements can, I believe, proceed with advantage both to the rail carriers and the motor truck interests; while, on the other hand, if the energies of the motor truck interests are devoted to the placing of competing lines to take traffic for the longer hauls which has been developed by the rail carriers, it would result in no real increase in facilities, but in competition which would only be harmful to both interests."

CHARLES H. SABIN, President, Guaranty Trust Company, N. Y., says:

"It appears most timely to me that this 'Ship by Truck—Good Roads Week' should come just at this time.

"With ordinary transportation mediums seriously congested, a greater use of trucks will improve considerably the distribution of the country's necessities. Good roads are, of course, vitally necessary to truck activity on an efficient basis, and the two movements naturally interlock.

"I wish you and your associates every success in this good work for the nation."

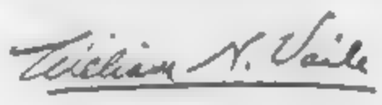


Congressman VAILE, Chairman, Committee on Expenditures in the Treasury Department, says:

"The time is as ripe for the formation of a definite national highway policy as for a definite Army or Navy policy or a definite foreign relations policy.

"The Townsend bill properly adjusted to the needs of both the public-land States and the private-land States presents the basis of a sound, constructive and permanent national policy, insuring the maximum of advantage to the Nation and to the several States.

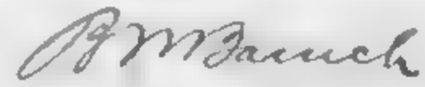
"Certainly great benefit should be derived from national discussion of the whole question of National Highways during the National Ship-By-Truck—Good Roads Week."



MR. BARUCH'S statement:

"Civilization means communication. It means communication of thought, of persons and of things. We need the telephone, the telegraph, the wireless and the mails to forward our written words; we need the means to bring our people together, so their spiritual intercourse may be established by contact and by word of mouth, and we need the avenues of transportation so that commodities in one section of America may be supplied to those which require them. Roads were the first method whereby communication was established. It is the cheapest method. Whenever we have a thing that is good and cheap, the next step to take is to make it better and cheaper.

"America should have good roads; she should have better roads, and, finally, she should have the best roads in the world. Every ounce of effort and every dollar of money spent to that end will return themselves a thousand-fold. Good roads quicken and make more full the national life. The beneficial effects of road improvement stretch to every point of our economic structure. We ought to spend money and thought and work on building up a vast system of roadways that shall eventually make every door of every house in every community easily accessible."



It is the time for getting together in recognition of a great new industry that has grown up before our eyes—Motor Transport. It is occasion for congratulation for the great work already accomplished for Good Roads which has broadened the motor truck's practicability.

The motor truck takes its place today as the vital factor of short haul transportation; as much a part of our economic, commercial and industrial scheme as are the railroad and shipping industries in long haul transportation.

It has been a power in the development of our big manufacturing, wholesaling and retailing institutions.

Farm territory, heretofore isolated, is now within easy range of a market, because of the motor truck and good roads.

Nearly every long haul shipment requires a short haul at each end.

*If you regard the railroads as the long arm of commerce, you must reckon the motor truck as the fingers which reach in, here, there and everywhere, to pick up the load or place it at its destination.*

The purpose of National Ship by Truck—Good Roads Week is to present to the public the necessity of a national highway system, and to visualize the achievements already attained in the motor trucking industry.

The new day is here—not only of a broader commercial greatness but a day of better national understanding which comes through swift, efficient transportation.

*President Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.*

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# APPERSON

*"The Eight With Eighty Less Parts"*

# OUR SOVIET SLEEPING SICKNESS

(Continued from Page 11)

Every country which has representatives or organizations affiliated to the Third International has the right to elect a member to that bureau. Those elected members will come, if possible, to Holland to work in the bureau, but if financial or other matters do not permit of such arrangements then representatives of the various organizations in different countries may send their mandates to comrades living in Holland, authorizing them to act as temporary representatives and take part in important questions under discussion. Nevertheless, these representatives must attend regular meetings of the bureau every three months.

The conference also decided that all strikes occurring in the different countries which have economic and political significance shall be supported morally and financially by the Third International and that the bureau of the Third International in Holland from now onward will play the dominating part in the direction of the policies and issues of the revolutionary movements in the various countries. The bureau is subject to control from Moscow, whence it gets all instructions and money.

An incident which developed in the course of the Amsterdam conference gives a graphic illustration of the fact that the finances of the revolution flow from Russia—and that communistic funds are not always immune to sordid manipulation.

A Russian delegate brought with him from Moscow a very large sum in diamonds and pearls. Arriving in Germany he learned that rigid examinations of most persons crossing into Holland were being made by the Dutch. Knowing that so conspicuous a person as himself could scarcely hope to escape a physical search he decided to make the risk as small as possible, so he took the three largest diamonds and gave the balance into the keeping of certain well-known revolutionists in Germany, to be sent to him later when he should write for them.

### The Diamonds Sold

Toward the end of the conference, when he faced the necessity of discharging his financial stewardship, he was astonished to receive word from the German comrades to whom the jewels had been intrusted that the gems had been sold for 4,000,000 marks and that the money was being used for revolutionary propaganda in Germany. The German comrades making the report calmly justified this appropriation of the proceeds of the jewels on the ground that it was more important to push revolutionary propaganda in Germany than anywhere else.

In view of the fact that the delegate from Russia had frankly expressed the opinion early in the conference that the Western European Bureau had already spent "millions upon millions of marks without any results, while the same amount of money spent in England or France would certainly have brought more definite results," his situation was certainly embarrassing! He was under the necessity of offering explanations to his comrades of the conference, to say nothing of accounting to his superiors. His analysis of the motives of the German comrades for selling the stones and keeping the money was clear and convincing. First, they had shrewdly guessed that the new bureau of the Third International—which is the real bureau authorized from Moscow—would perhaps pay very little attention to Germany. Second, they could get the services of very able men really bitterly opposed to them and to the Independent Party, because such services could be well paid for and the men in question were in great need of personal funds. Third, they had sold the jewels and appropriated the funds because they were Germans! He also declared that if the gems had been sold in any country other than Germany, ten times as much money would have been realized for them and a greater use would have been made of the money.

However, neither the delegate from Russia nor his comrades of the conference appeared to be greatly worried about revolutionary finances. The bureau decided to send a messenger to Moscow, feeling assured that all the money needed would be immediately forthcoming. The bureau estimated that the amount would be 20,000,000 rubles—on the prewar ruble value—or about £2,000,000, or $10,000,000.

This incident is illuminating in many respects. It indicates the size of revolutionary finances and also suggests the measure of determination with which the communists of the Third International, including the leaders of the soviet government, are attacking the problem of spreading the revolution.

There is a side light on this entire financial occurrence which should not escape the attention of complacent American citizens. At the outset of the conference the delegate from Russia had pointedly declared that he regarded the revolutionary campaign in Germany as a failure "because the proletariat there is mentally and physically tired." The revolution that began in Germany in March shows how great a crop of havoc and bloodshed may be gathered from what a foremost revolutionary leader regarded as barren soil. In his address he referred to the German proletariat as being "unable to start a revolution" and added: "The proletariat in England and other countries is just in the right revolutionary spirit, and the only thing that is necessary is to give them moral and financial support. It will be the duty of this conference and the newly established bureau of the Third International to lay down definite plans for the future work, and for the future plans of the revolutionary propaganda throughout Europe and America, especially in England, France and Italy."

### Plans for General Strikes

Those definite plans have already been described, at least in part. A delegate from England, whose name is known to virtually every newspaper reader in America, made an impressive appeal to the conference, in which these expressions were used:

"England and other countries will never rest in peace while the soviet republic is existing, and therefore extreme measures must be taken to force the Allies to raise the blockade; not to force them by demonstration, not to force them by objections or by showing the great benefits the Allies will derive from Russia by establishing commercial relations, but by bringing the proletariat of England and other countries to such a revolutionary state of mind as to force the British and other governments to recognize and respect the soviet republic.

"I believe that if this country will instruct the bureau to start immediate action it is possible to proclaim a general strike throughout the world within three months, providing the representatives of the communist parties present at the conference will impress upon their respective parties to start propaganda in favor of soviet Russia at once. It is not advisable to delay such action any longer. Three months is the limit for a general strike, and when the general strike is declared there is only one step to revolution."

A resolution to this effect was offered but defeated. In its place the conference adopted a resolution offered by a delegate from America as follows:

"A revolutionary action of the workers to force international capital to make peace with Russia is a necessary condition to save soviet Russia and to hasten the world revolution.

"To further this action the communists of all lands must utilize every strike movement, every mass demonstration:

"First, to place this aspect of their responsibilities to the Russian revolution before the workers.

"Second, to convince them that their interests are identical with those of soviet Russia.

"Third, to develop a strong feeling of revolutionary solidarity and reaction the world over."

It was the sense of the conference that:

"When the revolution again arises in Germany or in any other country the forces of the international proletariat—especially the transport workers in Britain, America, France, Italy, Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland—must be prepared for a general strike the moment the capitalist powers attempt intervention. The bureau is to take immediate steps for organizing this action in time to prevent the workers from being again forestalled by the governments."

A clause was introduced into the resolution to this effect:

"If aggressive measures are taken by the soviet republic the workers of the world must not arrest the attack of the red armies but revolt and establish soviet republics in their own countries."

The head of the conference opposed this clause and insisted that it be withdrawn on the ground that "it will give the capitalists a good weapon against soviet Russia, confirming the capitalists' statements which have appeared in the press that soviet Russia has aggressive plans and imperialistic intentions."

A delegate from Holland made the remark: "Comrades, we must remember another thing, and that is that no matter what the Allies are trying to do to soviet Russia, intervention cannot continue very long. The revolutionary movement in the European countries will not allow the Allies to risk any longer the Russian adventure." The address of this delegate began with the words: "We start this conference with the determination to work our plans to bring the proletariat to the world revolution."

The ideas of the average American citizen as to the soviet Russian Government and the communist Third International are somewhat confused. Therefore, the following statement by one of the ablest intelligence officers of Allied Europe is decidedly illuminating. He says:

"No matter what attitude the British Government has taken or will take in the future toward the soviet government, the Russian soviet republic, as it stands now, or as it will be later, will always strive to create a social revolution in the world. The Third International is a creation of the Soviet republic of Russia. The Third International, which unites the most extreme elements of the various countries, is more dangerous than the soviet republic itself. Despite the fact that the Third International is a creation of the soviet republic, the Third International will not fall if the soviet republic is destroyed, if the soviet government of Russia is crushed. The Third International can only be destroyed if the revolutionary movement in England and other countries is destroyed, which is practically an impossibility at the present moment when discontent is sweeping throughout the world."

### Soviet Support

"The mere fact that the soviet government supports the Third International morally and especially financially, the fact that the soviet republic appeals to the revolutionary and nonrevolutionary workers of the Allied countries through the Third International—indicate that soviet Russia depends more on the Third International for a world revolution than on itself. The soviet government is most afraid of giving those countries who participate in the blockade of Russia any fundamental reason, any weapon, that can be used against the soviet régime, or that can logically justify the blockade and even intervention on a big scale, and therefore we have realized the fact that soviet Russia strives to create smaller revolutions in Great Britain and other countries. But we must realize also the fact now that these plans are going to be carried out by the Third International and the organizations directly affiliated with the Third International, and as soviet Russia as a republic is menaced, so are the smallest little groups which are affiliated to the Third International and which receive their support morally and financially from soviet Russia through the Third International. So, by dealing with the various communist organizations, we must deal with them in the same manner as we deal with soviet Russia; I mean to say, considering them as dangerous and perhaps more so than Russia itself.

"Being always posted about the plans of the Third International and breaking up these plans is the purpose we must always strive to attain. No matter how small and insignificant might be the plans of the Third International they always bear grave results in the future, and taking into consideration that the Third International is gaining more and more power, and that, more and more, not only revolutionary but even moderate—up to now—working bodies become affiliated to the Third International, it is clear that there is a strong tendency among the working classes toward the Third International."

But to return for a moment to the conference of the Third International Bureau at Amsterdam.

A delegate from America said that a bureau should be opened in America besides those existing in Moscow and Holland. The American Bureau should issue a bulletin. He asked the conference to instruct him to form the bureau of America. The delegate from Holland expressed himself as being in favor of this proposal in principle and remarked that America cannot be governed from Spain. He approved of establishing an information office in Spain.

In reply to a woman delegate from Holland an American delegate said that two groups existed in America—a Latin group and an Anglo-Saxon group.

He considered Mexico as a suitable place for a bureau. The Russian delegate commented that there is a danger of patriotism in Spain, and added, "Mexico is well situated."

Now take a glance at the situation in the United States so far as the job of eradicating the radicals is concerned. To the innocent bystander it would look as if the Department of Justice is laboring under handicaps that make the process almost absurdly difficult.

### The Left Wing

For example, up to this writing the Department of Labor has ruled that membership in the I. W. W. is not in itself sufficient to warrant deportation. In other words, the Secretary of Labor has held that the circulation of certain radical publications issued by the I. W. W. publishing bureau, if done by an alien, is sufficient basis for deportation, but that membership in the I. W. W. on the part of an alien does not warrant deportation.

Just for the sake of arriving at a clear understanding of where the I. W. W. stands with respect to the most advanced forms of revolutionary thought let us take a look at a few facts which will hardly be disputed by the most ingenious or most apologetic Wobbly.

The I. W. W. was one of the four American organizations invited to send delegates to the communist Third International at Moscow. If this is not enough to fix the revolutionary status of this organization let it be judged by the published statement of one of its own propaganda writers. The Revolutionary Age in its issue of April 19, 1919, contained the following frank statement:

LEFT WING, OR I. W. W.
THE WAY OF UNITY

"Possibly the I. W. W., of all the world's movements, was shaken least by Bolshevism. The I. W. W. welcomed the Bolshevik triumph with the joy of the expected. The final link in the I. W. W. theory has been forged at last. But there was naught in the new happenings to compel a revision of belief. The I. W. W. has always been antiparliamentary. The I. W. W. has always sought industrialism. The I. W. W. has preached Bolshevism while the Bolsheviki themselves were still groping. And the Wobbly felt like one who long since swum to an island of idealogic growth as he watched the Russian swimmers coming into port. The naïve exuberance with which the new left-wing American Socialists began to propagate industrialism was naturally amusing to those who had fought the industrialist battle for nearly a generation. Bolsheviki, the new left-wingers styled themselves, but well the I. W. W. knew that Bolshevism was but the Russian name for I. W. W., and that after a few flights of left-wingism the Socialists would learn that every road of industrial revolution leads inevitably to the Industrial Workers of the World."

Though there are perhaps not more than 80,000 members of the I. W. W. who are to-day holding fully paid memberships, there are good reasons for believing that the number of men in America to-day who are for the one big union and who are in active sympathy with the methods and purposes of the I. W. W. is nearer 300,000. The particular drive of the Wobblies to-day is tersely suggested by an article on Our New Task, published in Der Klassen Kampf, a weekly printed in German and published

(Concluded on Page 148)

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MARLIN-ROCKWELL INDUSTRIES

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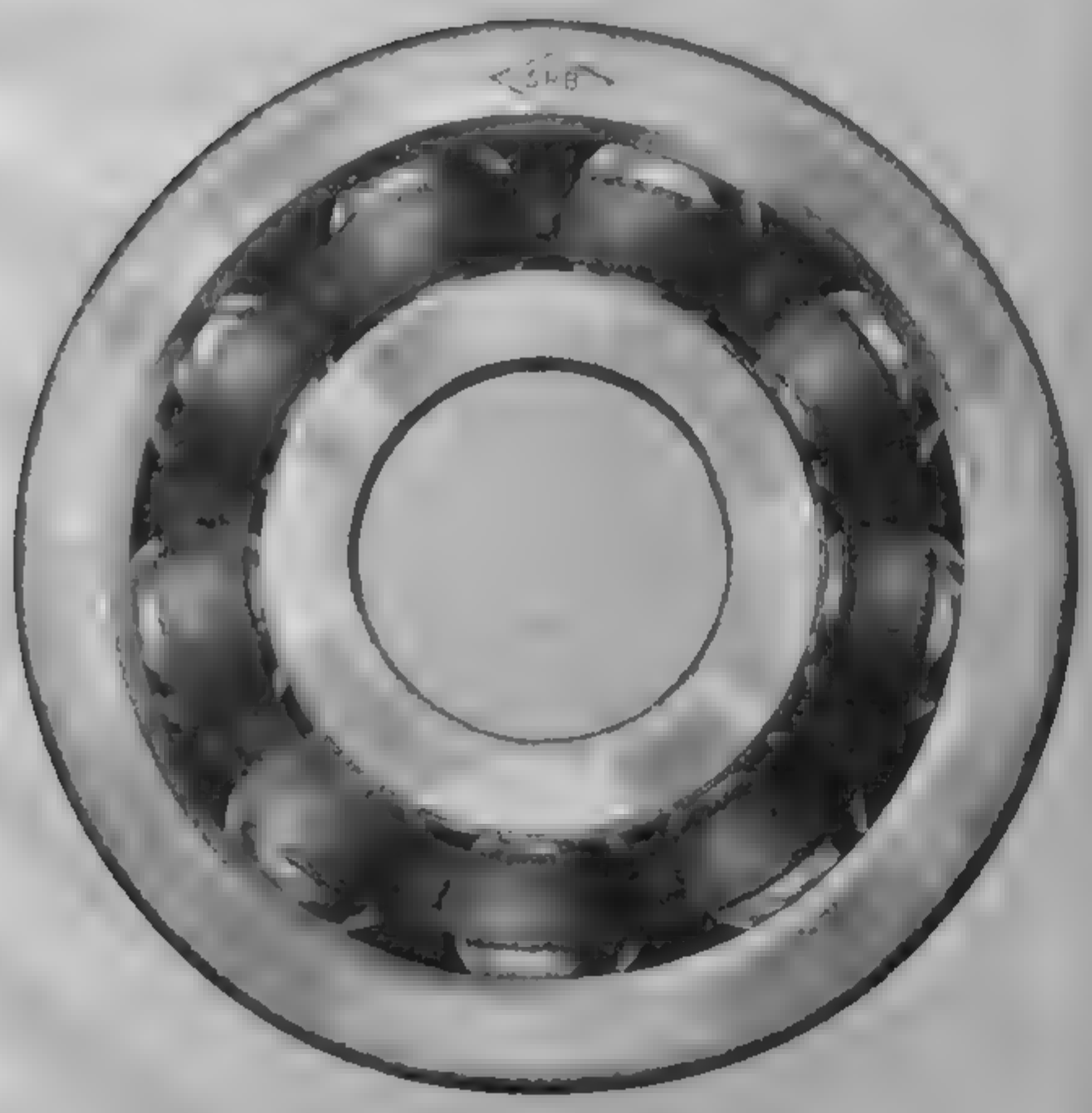
ANNULAR BALL BEARINGS



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TEN years from now, you'll be glad you bought an Ever-Ready Shaving Brush. Constant use cannot weaken the vise-like grip of the stone-hard vulcanized rubber in the ferrule—the bristles *just simply can't come out!*
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*(Concluded from Page 145)*

in Chicago. This article appeared in the issue of February 14, 1920, and contains the following statement:

"The whole I. W. W. is in general no longer a matter of propaganda and phrase making, but a matter of work: work to be done directly by individual members on the job. To do this successfully it is above all things necessary that we pay more attention to forming industrial unions and building up the organization on job delegates. We should have at least one delegate for every ten members. . . . Therefore, comrades, do your utmost to build up the industrial unions. Where there are German workers and no union make it your duty to provide one. Whatever surplus of financial means you can raise, put it at the disposition of the press committee for propaganda here and in Germany.

"Our organization when founded on the coöperation of every individual member cannot, will not be destroyed. By bringing every individual member into coöperation we make a so-called leadership impossible, and thereby put aside the danger that eventually we might be betrayed."

One specialty of communistic work clearly defined in the manifesto of the Third International should command sober consideration—especially on the part of those citizens who live in the Southern States of the Union.

On page eighteen of the manifesto occurs this statement:

"In close connection with the unskilled workers is the problem of the negro worker. The negro problem is a political and economic problem. The racial oppression of the negro is simply the expression of his economic bondage and oppression, each intensifying the other. This complicates character. The communist party will carry on agitation among the negro workers to unite them with all class-conscious workers."

This work among the negroes has not been neglected; it has been widely, cleverly and zealously pushed. Among those identified with revolutionary propaganda it is known as "planting black dynamite"—a phrase which is highly descriptive. Because nearly all of the negroes are citizens of the United States, as are most of the communist missionaries among them, it is difficult to take any decisive action to check this dangerous form of propaganda. The alien who foments revolution can be got at quite directly—but under present laws the revolutionist is able to hide rather safely behind the shield of his citizenship. This is why the I. W. W. has been able to achieve so large a growth; it is mainly an organization of American citizens.

### *Attitude Toward A. F. of L.*

Still another point with respect to the present situation in the United States should be realized: this is the attitude of the communists with respect to the American Federation of Labor.

The manifesto of the Third International contains this clear and definite statement:

"The communist party must engage actively in the struggle to revolutionize the trade-unions. As against the unionism of the American Federation of Labor, the communist party propagandizes industrial unionism and industrial-union organizations, emphasizing their revolutionary implications. Industrial unionism is not simply a means for the everyday struggle against capitalism; its ultimate purpose is revolutionary, implying the necessity of ending the capitalist parliamentary state. Industrial unionism is a factor in the final mass action for the conquest of power, as it will constitute the basis for the industrial administration of the communist commonwealth.

"The communist party recognizes that the A. F. of L. is reactionary and a bulwark of capitalism.

"Councils of workers shall be organized in the shops as circumstances allow, for the purpose of carrying on the industrial-union struggle in the old unions, uniting and mobilizing the militant elements; these councils to be unified in a central council wherever possible.

"It shall be a major task of the communist party to agitate for the construction of a general industrial-union organization, embracing the I. W. W., W. I. I. U., independent and secession unions, militant unions of the A. F. of L., and the unorganized workers, on the basis of the revolutionary class struggle."

On the charge that the United States Department of Justice has been harsh, arbitrary and inconsiderate in its proceedings against those who are believed to be indulging in revolutionary propaganda and activities, it is interesting to note several facts: There has been a loud outcry that aliens have been railroaded through the deportation mill. In view of the fact that one attorney represents about 500 cases at Ellis Island, which must be heard one at a time, it would appear to the layman that railroading under such conditions must be a rather deliberate process.

It would be difficult to imagine a legal proceeding in which the accused is hedged about with a more elaborate protective system than in deportation cases.

The alien is arrested on a warrant of deportation and taken into custody. Before a single step can be taken in his case he is advised of the fact that he can have counsel. If he is asked, "When did you come to this country? Are you a naturalized citizen?" he can refuse to answer, and must be told that he is entitled to counsel. In other words, in a deportation proceeding in addition to proving the fact that the man is an anarchist or a communist the Government has to prove that he is an alien, when he entered the country, when he became naturalized, and so on. The burden is on the Government to prove everything. The Government cannot even ask the alien at what port he entered or when.

### *Over-Polite to Aliens*

When counsel arrives the alien is accorded a hearing. Many cases have arisen at Ellis Island where the alien, when called for a hearing, has simply barked like a dog, and the only way he could be identified was by a photograph. The alien is brought in for hearing. The immigration inspector does not pass upon the evidence, he does not pass upon the law, he merely sits as a referee. The representative of the Department of Justice is entitled to be present only by the courtesy of the immigration inspector.

Each case has to be reviewed by five officials, including the immigration inspector, the commissioner general, the acting Secretary of Labor. Then there are the courts to which appeals are taken. In each case the Department of Justice has to put a man on the stand and qualify him as an expert and sustain the charge that communism is unlawful in this country. Then the alien calls on an expert—often a university professor—who holds that communism is not unlawful. The alien's attorney then questions the Government's agent on anarchy and communism. Very few of the agents in the field are experts on this subject. For instance, the agent at Newark, New Jersey, has, in addition to these cases, to investigate white-slave cases and liquor cases. In view of the fact that the Secretary of Labor has ruled that membership of an alien in an unlawful organization is sufficient ground for deportation, this expert testimony would seem quite superfluous.

Yet these are called star-chamber proceedings!

There is small escape from the conclusion that we are rather over-polite to aliens who have come to this country and violated the hospitality of America.

From all of which it would appear that the serene citizens who have concluded that the revolutionary stuff has been stamped out in America will some day awaken to the fact that they have been handed a very effective sleeping powder by the revolutionary masters in Russia, Holland and other portions of the Old World, where the control of revolutionary activities is centered. If thoroughly awakened, those citizens will realize that the present is a poor time in which to sleep. They need to be more alert than at any time in the history of America. This is the period of quiet, adroit and underground work in revolutionary activities. The revolutionists are "boring in."

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# UNDERSTANDING

LIFE'S great objective, the pinnacle of hope, the ultimate of desire, the goal toward which all endeavor leads, is understanding.

Understanding became a part of life with the first yearning of the first man. It is the reason for his being the answer to his soul's demand. It has no completion.

Understanding is the harvest of the human life made full through the union of the intellect and the emotions.

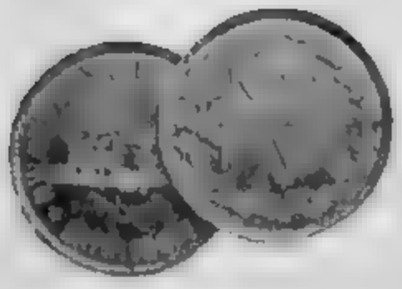
Understanding receives all things at their true value. Its increase is the one accurate measure of man's improvement. It is the very essence of success.

Where understanding is, there all conflict passes and endeavor knows no barrier. Its vision encompasses the earth. It is the bond between time and eternity. It is the common need of all, at all times.

Our daily development in understanding comes through our daily activities. The great men of the earth have put their understanding to the material and spiritual service of the majority.

The humblest device of commerce, the greatest creation of science, the vast initiative of industry all enlist in the cause of the advancement of understanding. To multiply this advancement, industry created advertising.

The need for advertising has increased with the enlargement of industry. The two have gathered strength from each other, until, for its economic value, advertising has become one of the most vital forces in the upbuilding of understanding—in the development and stabilization of modern business.



N. W. AYER & SON
*ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*
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## EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

their several tasks with a snap which they didn't have before. Pictures of only one reel were shown, and in addition educational films were run to entertain and instruct the large number of foreigners employed.

One of the country's leading statisticians recently stated that it now takes 250 people to do the same work that was performed by 100 employees in 1914. Considering that science is always advancing and coming to the support of the worker, this decrease in manual efficiency is too serious to ignore. It is a mistake to wait until the bubble bursts and assume that the situation will correct itself. Such a procedure is no more wise in our industrial body than it would be for a man to wait for the bursting of a deep-seated, infected sac in the human body, believing that the dissemination of the poison would result in a cure.

A number of large industrial concerns have adopted the policy of using competition among individual workers and among groups as an incentive for increased production. In this scheme the best results have been obtained when the corporation gives a fair return to the group or the individual so that each competitor will know that his effort to beat the game means something real for him. In every plan of rousing interest and increasing efficiency through competition the opposing groups must not be unevenly matched, or one body of men through constantly losing would soon become discouraged.

Competition may also take place between the achievements of one group now with the achievements of the same group a week or a month previous. It is possible to get competition among employees in most lines of business between groups or within groups or between individuals. In several instances beneficial results have followed the plan of letting the individual keep his own record. This scheme is particularly effective in plants where men or women are doing handwork. Under this plan each worker knows just how he stands at any minute in the day, and he may also know at the end of the week just what to expect in his pay envelope.

One company with sixteen plants established a system of competition among its supervisory group of employees, and found the plan especially helpful in the case of foremen. In the method employed the company determined a standard result for each department, based on the best record of cost and efficiency that this particular department had made over a period of time in the past. The foreman is pitted against this record, and when he beats it he gets a certain bonus in the form of cash or company stock, the amount of his reward depending upon how far he exceeds his basic record.

Most managers have discovered that if competition and reward are confined only to the bosses you get driving instead of supervision.

Experience has shown that if the rewards are set too high the competition may become too keen, and ill feeling result.

It should be stated here that in operating a competitive system the company must arrange a graduated basic task for the new man to beat. The first month's standard should be low and then advance step by step during the period of training, at the end of which time the worker is expected to deliver. The slogan of one concern is: "Train or explain."

One investigator reports that though shop committees, which are coming largely into vogue, are excellent bodies through which to carry on an advertising campaign among the workers to better the morale, these committees are not effective in stimulating production unless they are provided with that greatest of all arguments, a fair financial incentive to the worker for earnest, efficient service. An examination has shown that the inefficiency of a company is more often due to faulty management than to inefficient labor. Many cases are on record where managers have tried to foster competition in the matter of individual production, and by playing on the human qualities of the men have attempted to secure more valuable service without giving additional compensation to the workers. A just motto is: "No reward without service, no service without reward."

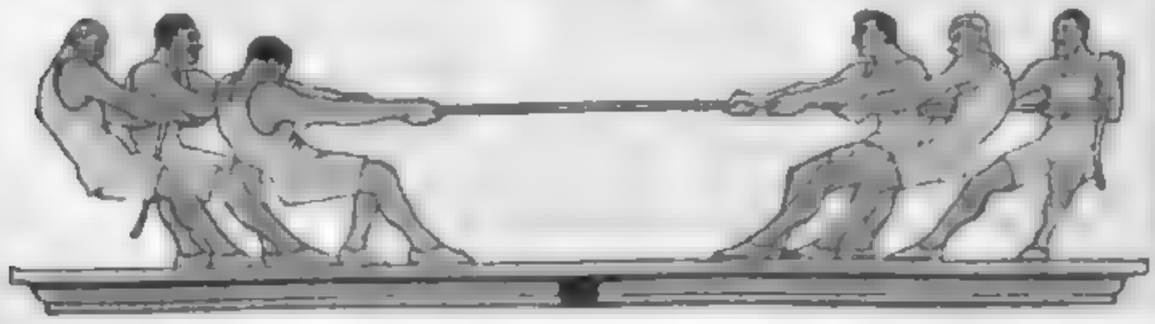
## ABOUT GUIDES

SOMETIMES the writer is disposed to believe that if we should abolish the flivver car, the repeating shotgun and the hired guide a good many of us would go without fish or game on the table. The big-game hunter of to-day rarely ever is a big-game hunter in truth. His success practically always, whether in this country or in Canada, depends on the skill and the local knowledge of the man he hires as his guide. We come back home and tell how we killed this or that head, whereas as a matter of fact it was the guide who did most of the work in getting the head—who sometimes even did the shooting.

Of course this is a necessary state of affairs to a greater or less extent. The newcomer in a wilderness country, no matter how good an outdoors man he may be, must take time to learn about the country and its resources in game; and usually time is precisely what he does not have to spend. The extent to which he relies on his guide in his actual hunting depends largely on his own self-reliance and early experience, but a guide of some sort he must have.

As a usual thing the professional guide is a good man, quite often more of a sportsman than the man who hires him. For instance, in the province of New Brunswick, where guiding is reduced to a profession, and the sale of game on the hoof is a well-organized industry, there is a body of men engaged in the guiding business who as a class, morally and physically, have no superiors in any part of this country. If the men they guide were all as good there would be more decent people in the woods in the shooting season. So much cannot be said for all the guides in every part of our own country. Though as a class they are able and honest, some of them are venal and corrupt, some of them are apt not to be purists or absolute observers of the law, and some of them are open violators of the law for a price.

In some of our states a guide must have a state license; and in yet others a hunter must have a state guide, whether he wants to or not. This latter has always seemed to me an absurd proposition. The writer is just free and independent kicking American enough not to want any man hanging round him in a country which he knows well enough for his own purposes; and if he hired a man he wants some elective privileges in the price he is going to pay him. But this shows the commercialization of sport which is going on all over the world. Take it one way with the other, the writer believes the professional guide is more of a sportsman than the average big-game hunter; he believes he is a better observer of moderation than the average sportsman; and he thinks the guide does more good in the world than he does harm. If he were abolished there would be fewer trophies hanging on the walls of clubs and residences in the cities.




2 NEW FEIST SONG HITS

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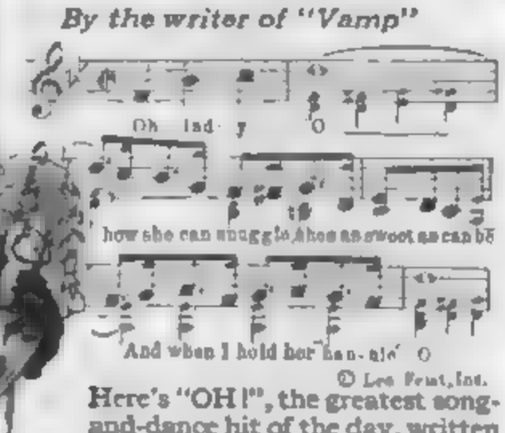
By the writer of "Vamp"

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(By Arnold Johnson and Byron Gay)

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# CORDS

# HAVE YOU ANY MONEY?

(Continued from Page 23)

question to an experienced Wall Street man, one who had been both banker and broker, as well as manager of investments for persons of great wealth. His answer is exactly what any unprejudiced and well-informed person would make:

"If a bank has money over it puts it out on call. If not it draws it in. That's all there is to the call-money market."

Anyone who knows the facts, who is free from prejudice and who is not trying to make an impression for political or other purposes, is well aware that this simple little word "over" tells the story. If the other investments of the bank warrant it, if the state of the bank's clearings and its reserve justify such action, then a bank puts money out on call. Otherwise it withdraws. In New York the banks know what their daily condition is about eleven-thirty, after the morning clearings. Thus one day a bank may be a lender and the very next day it may have to call loans.

Everything depends on the state of the bank's reserves, and these change from day to day. It is an individual matter and has little relation to what other banks are doing. Of course if it happens that several banks are obliged to call loans at once the demand converges upon those that still have a leeway on their loan accounts. Naturally with a fairly fixed demand bearing down upon a reduced supply the rates rush up.

It is impossible to understand the apparently violent and arbitrary behavior of the call-money market without keeping the fact steadily in view that a large part of this money comes from banks outside of New York City—from all parts of the country, in fact. This money is loaned out by the New York City banks, which act as correspondents for out-of-town institutions. The New York bank may lend the money either directly for the account of the interior bank, acting merely as an agent and charging a small fee or commission for its service, or the out-of-town money may be part of balances left on deposit with the New York banks, upon which interest is paid.

For the same reason that the New York banks do not know how much money they will be able to loan on Wall Street until well on in the day the interior banks are unable to tell what spare funds they will have for that purpose. Location of the interior lenders and distance from New York have a bearing on when their funds become available here during the day. Chicago, for instance, is one hour behind New York, and the time of the day when banks in that city are in a position to tell how much money they can lend in Wall Street corresponds to twelve or one o'clock here. Banks in Denver, for instance, which open two hours later than those in New York, are generally not able to wire funds to New York before two in the afternoon. If a banker on the Pacific Coast finds that his clearings on a certain day permit loaning of money in Wall Street he can barely get his offer here before the market closes at three o'clock. In certain interior cities the daily clearings are put through even later in the day than is the case in New York, which adds to the tardiness of the offerings at this center.

### Interest and Commission

This is very often the solution of large offerings of call money toward the close of the Stock Exchange session. A local bank may be notified late in the day that a certain amount has been placed to its credit by an interior institution to loan in Wall Street and it hastens to comply with the request. The offerings may find the market destitute of funds and a high rate prevailing.

There is a constant daily, indeed hourly, shifting of funds. When rates are low the out-of-town banks are content to leave great balances with their New York correspondents and take what the New York banks choose to pay them. But if rates rise enough to attract general notice then the New York banks are flooded with wired instructions to loan direct. It has been said that at times New York banks have loaned at least ten times as much money on call for out-of-town banks as for themselves.

Many times it has been proposed to apply the usury laws to Wall Street money. At present no usury law is violated so far as demand loans are concerned, because the New York law legalizes any rate of interest on call loans of $5000 and upward, secured by collateral.

To the layman it seems strange that the Stock Exchange authorities oppose any change in the law. They believe that its repeal would simply lead to constant evasions and that it is far better to allow supply and demand to regulate the cost. They point out that prior to 1882, when the usury law began to apply, loans were made at a legal rate of interest, plus a commission, and in times of money stringency the interest rate represented by the so-called commission went as high in extreme instances as seven hundred per cent a year. In the opinion of the Stock Exchange authorities the ability of the banks to charge whatever the traffic would bear has been a most potent factor in reducing the interest rate in times of stringency and rendering it at all times more stable and equable.

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Chamber of Commerce, New York City

It was an old saying before the war that the Bank of England could draw money from the ground by raising its discount rate to ten per cent. When Wall Street thinks about the matter, and does not really give way to anger and bitterness, it believes in the complete freedom of the money market. It is opposed to locking the valve just because the steam pressure is high.

"High money rates," said one broker, "are like the farmer who offers to pull your automobile out of the mud for ten dollars. It may seem exorbitant, but you do not get stuck in the mud very often, and it is worth ten dollars to be pulled out."

The merest amateur in matters financial knows why there is a great market for the lending and borrowing of money on the Stock Exchange. It is because thousands of people buy stocks without paying for them in full at the time. But the brokers themselves must pay immediately, and their ability to meet these payments depends in turn upon their ability to borrow from the banks. The brokers extend credit to the tune of many hundreds of millions of dollars, and they in turn must procure credit.

Not being in business for the fun of it, brokers must charge speculators as much for credit as the brokers in turn pay to the banks. Thus high money rates are passed on to the speculative community, and the higher the rate the harder the task of passing it on. Brokers are not permitted by the rules of the Stock Exchange to charge less for money than they pay, for fear of unfair rebating. If a broker were permitted to charge his customer only two per cent for accommodation which costs him fifteen per cent it would amount to cutting commissions, or what the brokers as a whole regard as an unfair inducement to procure business.

Thus the practice has grown up by which brokers average the cost of all their various loans, and to that average they add about one per cent on the customer's bill. For years the low cost of Wall Street money made it possible for brokers to charge their customers six per cent and still make a neat little profit. Now when the broker has to pay anywhere from seven per cent to thirty per cent and then add something additional even to that high figure to his customer's bill, it is naturally a bitter blow to the speculator. The speculator's margin of profit is cut down accordingly, and the higher the interest charge the more difficult it is, other things being equal, to keep the speculator in the market.

Stocks do not always drop, it is true, when money rates ascend. There have been bull markets in the face of tight money, but as a rule the surest way to smash the stock market is to bring about a flurry in money. Speculators sell out their stocks or go short because they regard tight money as a danger sign. Others are forced to sell because they cannot pay the increased charges. It is a common experience for the market to go to pieces when money soars. In November of last year, when call money rose to the highest price in twelve years, the prices of stocks simply collapsed.

### The Curb on Bull Markets

There is something almost uncanny in the way in which tight money squeezes the stock market, shaking out the so-called weak operators and deflating the market values of any shares which have risen to unreasonable heights. Now and then stocks are forced right on up through a period of tight money. Of course if there are enough favorable forces at work, either natural in the way of sheer earnings or artificial in the way of sheer determination on the part of pools and syndicates—that is, if the profits to be made are large enough to offset the high cost of money, this usually death-dealing influence may be for a time resisted and overcome. But in the end a bull market usually reaches its climax while vainly trying to fight a tight money market.

To a certain extent the speculator becomes accustomed to the high price of money, much as the average citizen becomes adjusted if not reconciled to the high cost of living. When money begins to jump the speculator kicks mightily and feels much aggrieved. He moves his account from one house to another only to find that he gets about the same treatment with his new brokers. Often he can be educated, as the brokers express it, to a point where if he really wants to speculate the cost of money is immaterial. As one broker puts it: "Customers will stand the high charges if they have the real trading hunch."

A curious, perhaps unique, feature of the great money market on the Stock Exchange is the absolute lack of favoritism. One broker has precisely the same standing, if he follows the rules of the game, as any other. Despite the always delicate and often excitable and sensational character of this market, it is perhaps the least personal and most dispassionate in the world.

Formerly this was not so true. The improvements which have come with recent years have eliminated much of the feverish bidding against each other for money on the part of the brokers, which was once so common. Money is still frequently very scarce and costly, but it is allotted, for all practical purposes, first come first served.

To-day the brokers really get in line for their money. It is handed out to them like a Red Cross ration to starving children. Thus the money market no longer gets out of hand. If ever there should not be enough money to go round the Stock Exchange would close its doors or allow its members to fail, but the money market itself would not fall into a panic.

Under the new system the money brokers, those members of the Stock Exchange who act in behalf of banks in lending money, notify an employee of the exchange who sits at the money desk as soon as they receive instructions from their banks as to the amount which the banks desire to lend at that time. If the Tenth National Bank telephones its money broker that it wishes to put out $1,000,000 on call he immediately reports it to the employee who sits at the desk. The sum is entered at once on a sheet and allocated to brokers in the order in which they apply for it.

"The authorities of the Stock Exchange keep in constant touch with supply and demand," said a money broker who lends millions every day. "If there is not enough the banks are at once informed and practically compelled by the chairman of a

(Continued on Page 157)

# An Agreeable Habit

GUM chewing has a right to the title of "The Agreeable Habit."

Its effects upon the USER are agreeable. It does not make him stupid nor drunk. It does not benumb the faculties nor impair the physical organism.

It does have a beneficial effect on the whole system.

It alleviates worry.

It takes the wire edge off the nerves.

It is an excellent prophylactic for the teeth. It is a decay-preventer and a germ-killer.

It is agreeable to OTHERS.

It leaves a delightful aroma upon the breath. And a fragrant, agreeable breath is a marked personal asset.

We should consider our friends. We may adore onions—but what about the neighbors?

Gum chewing is objectionable only as eating is objectionable, that is when it is done at the wrong time and in the wrong place. We have to exercise tact, good sense and consideration for others in everything we do.

But in itself—*per se*—gum chewing is not offensive. Some habits are.

THE HOUSE OF ADAMS is responsible, more than any other agency, for the growth of the practice of using gum.

It has brought the custom up from the level of a peculiar habit to the plane of a world-wide necessity.

By the use of chicle gum, pure, wholesome and specifically adapted to the purpose, and by the manufacture of chewing gums of uniform excellence, it has established gum chewing not only in America but throughout civilization.

Every new custom is resisted by the conservative minded. And every new form of pleasure is resisted by those who fear that evil may lurk in any kind of gratification.

Gum chewing has passed both these objections. IT HAS WEATHERED THE STORMS OF CRITICISM AND IS NOW SAFELY SET IN THE GOOD GRACES OF THE PEOPLE.

That it is past the rocks and safely sailing on the sea of popular favor is due to the faith, the square business methods and the high-class products of THE HOUSE OF ADAMS.

Look for the name of Adams — It means pure chicle gum.

ADAMS
Pure Chewing Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
CLEVELAND KANSAS CITY ROCHESTER

# Mileage Tales About Tires

## Be Careful About Them—Even on Miller Tires

Wherever one goes he hears remarkable tales about Miller Tire mileage today.

Not in many a year has any tire, we think, been discussed like Millers.

These tales come to us by the thousands, but we never repeat them. Individual tire records are often misleading, unless one knows conditions. Many things affect tire mileage, and by large margins, too.

It isn't exceptional mileage that marks the best tire. It is uniform mileage, tire after tire. It is comparative mileage when rival tires run under like conditions.

### The Tales that Count

These tales are helping us, of course. Miller sales have multiplied since this talking started.

But the significant records are not made on single cars. They are made by large tire users, in long, hard, oft-repeated tests. They are made when a score of rivals meet supreme tests under like conditions.

* * * * * *

For instance, in California stage tests. There a single stage company will spend as high as $10,000 monthly on its tires.

There they run 12-passenger busses 155 miles daily, or over, and often on difficult roads. And the loaded busses weigh 8,600 pounds.

There Miller Tires are often tested against twenty makes, or more. Only conspicuous supremacy and maintained uniformity win.

There is where Millers won many of the records which made them such notable tires.

### Heroic Taxicab Tests

Next come the taxicab tests. Large taxicab companies buy thousands of tires.

A taxicab, running largely in traffic, trying to make time, braking and stopping, gives tires a heroic test.

There also a score of rival makes are often tested with Millers. The tests cover hundreds of tires—sometimes years of service—before any one tire is adopted.

Those are more of the records, won again and again by Miller Tires, which have made them the tire sensation.

### Average Mileage

We have eight geared-up machines in our factory, each of which runs two tires 650 miles each per day. We simulate the average load and average road conditions for rear tires.

The average Miller Cord mileage in these tests is 15,000 miles.

We run four Pierce-Arrow cars an average of 320 miles each 24 hours. On these we use an undersize tire to make the test severe. Our average there for Miller Cords exceeds 10,000 miles.

We also test Miller Tires constantly on fifty Akron jitneys which are under-tired. Also on Cleveland taxis. There the average runs between 9,000 and 10,000 miles. Thus mileage differs, even on uniform tires, according to conditions.

#### Tested 22 Makes

The Eldorado Stage Co., one of the largest users of tires in the world, tested 22 leading makes. The tests were made on 12-passenger Packard busses, running 153 miles daily and weighing 8,600 pounds loaded.

In this supreme test, Miller Tires won by long odds—against 21 rivals—on long-distance uniformity.

### Fixed Requirements

We make four requirements on Miller Tires which are forever met.

Month after month in our factory tests they must maintain the average miles per tire.

They must exceed in average mileage any other tire compared. And leading makes are constantly run against them.

They must average so perfect that not more than one in one hundred ever comes back for adjustment. Even in some large cities—Buffalo for one—we have never had a tire come back.

The tread must always outwear the tire. Never has a tire, built under present methods, come back with a worn-out tread.

* * * * * *

Don't judge Miller Tires by the mileage alone. On another car, under other conditions, the figures might vary considerably.

Put another tire on the opposite wheel. Mark the Miller excess wear under like conditions.

Then watch their uniformity. The man who does that will come to Miller Tires.

If you buy a new car, insist on Miller equipment without extra charge.

### Tread Patented

**Center tread smooth with suction cups, for firm grasp on wet asphalt. *Geared-to-the-Road* side treads mesh like cogs in dirt.**

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Uniform *Geared-to-the-Road* Tires—Also Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—Makers also of Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods for Homes as well as Hospitals.

*We offer unique opportunities to tire dealers*

# Miller Tires

**Cords** **Geared-to-the-Road** **Fabrics**

*Registered U. S. Patent Office*

**The Contest Winners**

(Continued from Page 154)

bankers' committee to lend whether they wish to or not. If the situation is acute the chairman may instruct several banks to lend a couple of million each. The idea which some speculators have that the banks are continually engaged in squeezing the stock market is absurd. The various committees call upon the banks with the largest reserves and practically say, 'Here is your allotment.' The banks can't afford to let a house with good collateral fail for lack of money. There is an unwritten law down here that no brokerage house with really good collateral will be allowed to fail for lack of accommodation. The banks have too heavy a commitment in the way of loans upon securities, not to speak of their own investments, to permit a house to fail merely because it can't get a demand loan. Indeed the lending of relatively small amounts at very high rates often represents not so much the desire to get those rates as to prevent still higher rates and the consequent demoralization. Everyone gets a fair deal when it comes to call money.

"Take an extreme case, which probably would never happen. Suppose a house needed several millions at two minutes before the closing of the market in the afternoon. If there were no money available the authorities of the exchange would get in touch with one of the money committees of the banks and the banks would come across. The case is practically impossible, because no house would get into such a fix, but if it did through no fault of its own it would be taken care of. These new arrangements have taken much of the drama out of the call-money market, but they keep money at fifteen per cent which without them might easily go to seventy-five per cent."

### *Money Pools*

One reason why it has been possible to do away with the old cutthroat competition among the brokers for call loans and to establish a more orderly and satisfactory system has been the increasing tendency among the bankers to work in concert in regulating the flow of credit to brokers and helping to prevent the demoralizing conditions which formerly existed. This may seem inconsistent with my former statement that each bank lends money on call in accordance with its daily condition. But though the independence of each bank remains intact there is little doubt that many occasions have risen in recent years in which bankers have found it necessary to have informal agreements or understandings with reference to the call-money market. Nor is there much doubt that the authorities of the Stock Exchange have often acted in daily, indeed hourly, concert with these committees. During the war, in fact, the Government insisted upon the formation of a money pool to ration the stock market.

There has always been a leader of sufficient influence in the financial district to form a money pool when complete disaster threatened. In the Northern Pacific panic of May 9, 1901, it was Frederick D. Tappen who stopped the débâcle within an hour by forming a $17,000,000 pool. When a storm as terrifying as a real market panic suddenly bursts upon the financial community individual banks are afraid to lend, and it takes a strong leader to bring them together. Often the pool does not need to put out a dollar. The mere knowledge that a large sum of money has been pledged quiets the worst apprehensions of the borrowers on the one hand and induces the lenders to begin to put out money on the other.

After Mr. Tappen's day J. P. Morgan, the elder, was for many years the chief organizer of such pools. There was one day during the panic of 1907 when the flow of money came to a dead halt. The Stock Exchange would have been forced to close its doors within a few minutes if its president had not walked across the street to Mr. Morgan's office and asked him to do something immediately. Morgan at once turned to his partner, George W. Perkins, and directed him to call up the banks and procure pledges for $25,000,000. From the stories later told by the various banks Morgan's aids did not mince matters, and the banks were given no discretion as to the amount expected of them. But high-handed methods are needed at such a time, and the news that a pool had been formed had the desired result.

What most interests the brokers and their following is the so-called renewal rate for call money, or that which the loans already in existence and not recalled are obliged to pay. Under the law a demand or call loan can be called in at any time without previous notice, but under the unwritten law of Wall Street a call loan made one day may not be demanded back from the borrower until the next morning, and if it is not called by one o'clock it must be extended over still another night.

Now and then a bank will allow a portion of its call loans to run for quite a period of time. A few loans to exceptionally strong firms which give the minimum of trouble are allowed to run for three or four years. At one large bank the longest loan has run for ten years, but a money broker told me that he knew personally of a loan which had run for twenty years. It developed, however, in the bankruptcy proceedings of a firm which failed a number of years ago that one of the firm's loans had been running for forty-seven years, and two others for about thirty years.

There are banks that call practically all their loans frequently, and others which allow a large part of them to run for a considerable period. But however long a loan to a broker may actually continue, the lender has the right not only to call it any day but also to change the rate every day. The great bulk of the many hundreds of millions of dollars of call loans, approximating or actually reaching at times $1,000,000,000, is renewed each and every day. That is, somewhere from seventy-five to ninety-five per cent of all the money loaned and borrowed on demand each day is not what would be called new money at all, but is renewed or renewable money. Thus the renewal rate is of the utmost importance to brokers. It is the cost of most of their accommodation for the following day.

A broker may have several million dollars of loans, only a fraction of which are actually demanded for payment from him each day, the remainder being renewed. He may borrow $50,000 of new money and renew $3,000,000 of old loans. He can pay ten per cent on the new money with equanimity if the renewal rate is only six per cent.

It is easy to understand why brokers and speculators become excited when the renewal rate is high. They accuse the bankers of conspiracy to strangle them. Bankers retort sharply enough.

"Is it true," I asked the vice president of a big lending bank, "that you are all in agreement to fix the renewal rate?"

"I don't know who is the bigger fool," he replied, "the politician who thinks it is wicked for Wall Street to have any money and whose plans if carried out would destroy all investment in corporate securities or the broker who is constantly seeing a money trust in his wild imaginings."

Wall Street makes a huge amount of mystery about the renewal rate, but it appears to be a fairly automatic averaging of the first few loans which are made in the morning, and probably takes into account with a considerable degree of accuracy the demands of the brokers and the conditions of the banks. The renewal rate is not established until about eleven-thirty. By that time the tendency of the stock market has become evident enough to give an index to the probable demands for credit. The banks know what their position at the Clearing House will permit in the way of lending, and the brokers also know what their major needs will be.

### *No Favorites Played*

The brokers try to satisfy their heavy requirements fairly early in the day. They usually can figure their needs ahead sufficiently to provide everything except for little jag lots late in the afternoon. Frequently a broker will borrow twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars just before the close. If his requirements are heavy—that is, above $100,000, he gets as much as possible in the morning to prevent the possibility of being caught in a squeeze late in the day. I asked an experienced money broker if he thought the average stockbroker really worries seriously over the danger of some day failing to make connection.

"No, I do not think so," was the reply. "But that does not mean that the broker is always lucky in getting cheap money. The renewal rate made on the board is not observed by all the banks. Some of them make rates of their own, which are often higher than the board rate. A broker may have a loan from one of these banks and when he learns that the bank has established a renewal charge above that on the board he will pay off his loan, go on the board to make a new one and discover to his dismay that money has jumped perhaps five per cent in the interval. On the other hand a bank may allow its loans to stand from day to day at a lower figure than the board renewal rate, because in the past it has got more and wishes to play fair with the brokers."

One important reason why brokers often have to pay exceptionally high rates toward the close of the day is because they are unwilling to accept the renewal rates made by the banks and trust to a decline on the floor in the afternoon. If enough of them hold off this way and come into the market all at once toward the close, and if at the same time several banks happen to be withdrawing funds from the market, there is a commotion, and the brokers are caught in a tight place, where they have to pay a very high figure. The next morning there may be plenty of money at moderate cost, but that does not make it any pleasanter for the broker who was punished for trying to be too shrewd the day before.

"Do the banks play any favorites with the brokers in these call loans?" I asked him.

"No," was the reply. "Some banks automatically call the loans which were made last when they need money. Others call in first of all those which they have to watch the closest—that is, those which give them the most trouble. Officially the officers of the bank never show any favor in calling, but the loan clerks know which brokers keep their accounts most carefully and completely margined. What you might call the preferred brokers, or in other words, the most desirable borrowers, are put on slow call at the bottom of the pile. This means, of course, when the bank needs a few million dollars it does not reach them, because their envelopes are at the bottom. These are the brokers who give the least trouble in substituting one kind of collateral for another, and who actually overmargin their account, who put up securities worth at the market thirty per cent more than the loan instead of the customary twenty or twenty-five per cent. The envelopes on top of the pile are those on sharp call."

### *Pay It or Leave It*

"Remember that unless a bank gives instructions to the contrary, with every lot of money which it puts out it has got to accept the name which its money broker reports back, at least overnight. It cannot refuse because it does not happen to like the borrower. If it were not for this rule the confusion would be something terrible. On the other hand the bank has no feeling at all when the broker pays off. It does not know why a broker pays off, whether because he has found cheaper money elsewhere or simply because his needs are less. The bank says in substance: 'You have two hundred money at eight per cent. The renewal rate to-day is 8½ per cent. Pay it or leave it—we don't care.'"

It is exceedingly difficult to form any estimate as to the amount of money which the average brokerage house is obliged to borrow. It varies with the amount and character of business done, with the size of the firm's capital, and depends on whether a firm is at the time buying or selling on balance; also upon the price of the stocks in which it is dealing and upon many other considerations.

The statement has been made upon apparently reliable authority that on the crest of a bull market there have been perhaps five or six houses which were borrowing somewhere up toward $60,000,000 apiece, though these figures are in no sense official. These are extreme cases which occur only for a few days or weeks at the top of a boom of the most pronounced type. Banks, of course, are limited by law to the amount which they can lend to any one borrower, and the amount of credit which they extend to a given firm depends largely upon the amount of capital employed by the firm itself.

When brokers are what they describe as over they lend money themselves, but the total amount is comparatively small. The immediate source of most of the funds with which brokers operate, reaching in recent years from $750,000,000 to $2,000,000,000, consists of the free balances in the large banks of New York City and those of Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, about in the order named as regards the amount furnished. Wherever the money originally comes from, the great bulk of it passes through the New York banks. Possibly six of these great institutions handle ninety per cent of the business.

It must not be supposed that these few New York banks supply all the money from their own resources by any means. They are, it is true, great lenders on their own account, but they also lend enormous sums for corporations, banks in other parts of the country and to a small extent for individuals. Just what the total of money from banks outside of New York City is at any given moment is extremely difficult to estimate. One competent student of the subject recently stated that within the last year or two the outside banks have had as much as $700,000,000 in the New York call-loan market. There are times when one or two banks in New York have as much as $75,000,000 or more apiece out on call for their out-of-town correspondents. In view of the fact that one or two of these New York institutions have as many as 5000 correspondents apiece there is nothing surprising in these figures.

There is no way of estimating how large a proportion of these funds originates with the great corporations, but as the United States Steel Corporation has had upward of $100,000,000 in cash at a time, and others anywhere from ten to thirty millions, it is more than probable that corporations are what is known as a big factor.

At one time individuals played a far greater part than now. Russell Sage is supposed to have loaned in the period of his greatest activity as much as $50,000,000 to brokers. Hetty Green also was a large lender. It is said that Sage could frequently have smashed the stock market if he had desired to call in all his loans at once, but such tactics were not fashionable—in the later years of his life at any rate—and no doubt also he felt a sense of responsibility to the situation. Individuals have gone out of fashion as money lenders. But there are a few to-day who lend as high as $2,000,000 and quite a number who put out sums like $50,000 at a time.

There is nothing to prevent an individual from lending money in the call market. He can do it through a bank or directly through a money broker. The units are large, but not impossibly so, the smallest unit probably being about $15,000. It is rather curious that individuals do not engage more extensively in this business. One drawback is the large income tax involved. At present rates the business would be very profitable if the tax were not so large. Individuals with millions to put out feel that they can do better with tax-exempt securities.

Another reason for the absence of individual lenders is that the business, though perhaps the safest in the world, requires the greatest possible amount of watching. The collateral must be kept up to the market every minute, and the ordinary investor does not want to take the trouble involved.

### *Collateral Requirements*

The sums involved are so enormous that it is natural to look for them in a few great banking institutions large enough to provide credit on an ample scale. The development of $500,000,000 banks in New York and Chicago and of the one and two hundred million-dollar class in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Boston has tended to make the connection between the Wall Street money market and the great banks of the country closer than ever. Of course it must not be supposed that banks in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Pittsburgh are lending only their own money any more than is the case with the New York banks. They in turn carry balances from banks in smaller places. Nor is all the money loaned on call from outside of New York exclusively supplied by the four centers mentioned. Money often comes from California and from such cities as Baltimore, Washington, Richmond and Indianapolis. Canadian banks were large lenders before the war.

Next to the price which brokers are forced to pay for credit, they are most concerned with the collateral security exacted by the banks. Here is a business in which custom and tradition are stronger than all the written laws on the statute books. The Wall Street borrower must follow certain beaten paths or go into some other occupation. He has as much freedom as to the type of security which he may put up for a loan as a three-month-old infant has in regard to his diet.

(Continued on Page 160)

# Sure: they dry

## prove it yourself

Touch the ink in your ink-well with a ScotTissue Towel. See how rapidly and surely the *ink-line* rises. That is the way the water leaves your hands and face—when you use ScotTissue Towels.

Write on your business letterhead for trial test offer.

**Scott Paper Company**

CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA

New York Chicago San Francisco

*ScotTissue Products for Personal Hygiene*

For your protection, the name **ScotTissue** is on every towel.

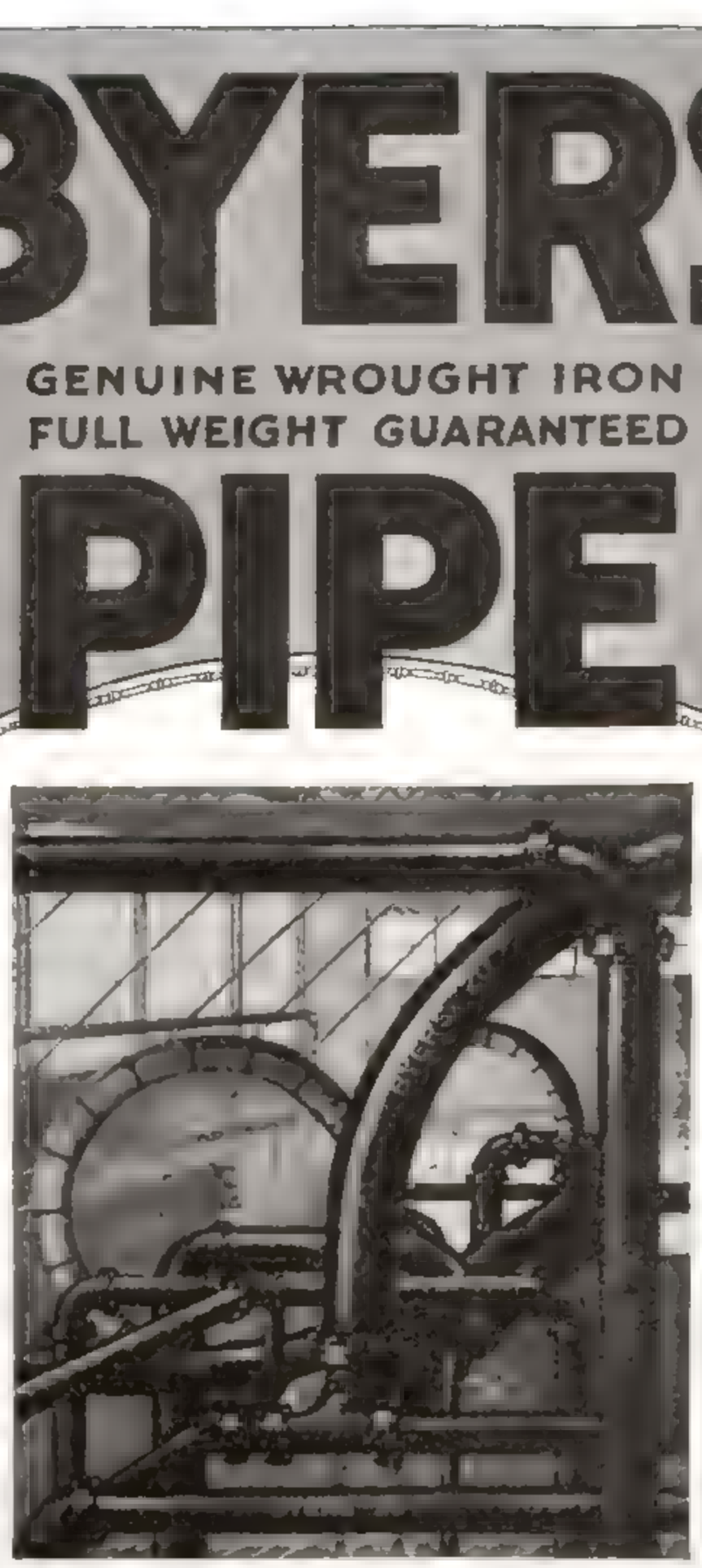
# ScotTissue

All employees or patrons should have soft, comfortable towels that *dry*. Not harsh and rough, but easy on the hands. It's best for them and best for the firm. Each Scot-Tissue Towel has 165 square inches of economical drying power. That is why one Scot-Tissue Towel, folded once, is enough for your hands; another for your face—why only half as many Scot Tissue Towels are needed.
towels dry

# BYERS

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON
FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED

# PIPE



Look for the Name and Year rolled in every length

## *The Installation Cost of Pipe*

A pipe system consists approximately of 20% pipe, 20% valves and fittings, 20% shop cost and labor of installing, 20% overhead and supervision, and 20% miscellaneous.

Yet, the durability of the whole system, where corrosion is a factor, depends first and last on the *one* item—PIPE.

If, to get better pipe, you should add 40% to the cost of the pipe, you would be adding less than 10% to the total *cost* of the installation, yet increasing its *life* 100% or more. That, in a nutshell, is why genuine wrought iron, with its centuries of record for rust resistance, has remained the most economical pipe material.

And when it comes to wrought iron pipe—Byers is the standard by which all others are measured.

Send for Byers Bulletin No. 38 (illustrated) entitled "The Installation Cost of Pipe." Contains cost analyses of a large variety of pipe systems, with notes on corrosive conditions.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*
Established 1864
NEW YORK BOSTON CLEVELAND CHICAGO DALLAS


(Continued from Page 157)

This is not to say that customs never change, but they change very slowly. Before the war and in the days when railroads were considered the best investments, the popular conventional loan was known as regular, and consisted of sixty-five per cent railroad stocks and thirty-five per cent industrial stocks. To-day this is a curiosity, and the loan secured entirely by railroad stocks is equally rare. To-day most brokers borrow fifty-fifty—that is, one-half railroad and one-half industrial stock, and the loan is known either as mixed or regular. Many loans are made likewise on all industrial, and only a few banks now charge more for all industrial than for a mixed loan. Usually the banks demand a margin of twenty-five per cent, or even thirty per cent, on all industrial and only twenty per cent on fifty-fifty.

These rules of the market place indicate how the great manufacturing industries of the country have forged ahead, and at the same time they show how the railroads have fallen from their once high estate. At the same time the prevalence of the fifty-fifty loan would seem to indicate that railroad securities are at least regarded as the equal of others—a rather remarkable view. I asked a leading money broker to explain why rails are not held in even less esteem in the collateral envelopes, and he replied that it was partly a matter of mere tradition, but also due to a general feeling in the financial district that railroads still constitute the standard industry.

"Railroad stocks are still looked upon as a little more classy than others," he said.

### *Bankers' Preferences*

Physically each loan made by a bank to a broker depends upon the contents of a rather ordinary-looking envelope in which are placed the stock certificates and on the outside of which appear the names, amounts and prices of the shares, as well as the date, rate of interest and amount of the loan and the names of the bank and the broker. To an extent which the outsider can hardly comprehend the whole machinery of Wall Street revolves about these envelopes.

When it comes to the choice among particular stocks the banks play few if any favorites. They merely demand those stocks which have a ready market on the floor. Year in and year out United States Steel Common is perhaps as well regarded as any. What the banker especially dislikes is a stock which fluctuates wildly. Such are stocks which have been boosted to an enormous height either because of artificial pool operations or because of unusual intrinsic value. Bankers looked askance upon Bethlehem Steel when it was selling up round 600 several years ago. The same has been true of General Motors and Atlantic Refining, which has been up round 1400. Exceedingly high-priced stocks are apt to move too rapidly to rank as good collateral for a loan, and the banks will not take them except at a price from twenty to fifty points under the market and at a margin of thirty points at that.

The banker always prefers an assortment or variety of stocks in his envelopes. If the broker has only one class of stocks to offer he must put up a margin of forty or fifty per cent and pay a higher rate, except possibly in the case of United States Steel, the steady market for which always makes it popular with the banks. If he has only stocks which are not listed on the exchange—that is, those which are known as outside securities—the rate which he pays is fancy indeed. Of course there are many outside securities of great intrinsic merit, the Standard Oil stocks having been until recently without the walls. But though, of course, high-grade outside stocks naturally command more favor with the banker than those of the fly-by-night variety, yet the banks always prefer listed stocks if they can get them.

The attitude of the banks toward unlisted securities has made it extremely difficult naturally for brokers to carry on a margin, or partial payment, business on outside stock. The excessive cost of accommodation for brokers has stimulated the conduct of this business on questionable lines on the part of numbers of those who pose as brokers in outside securities. In other words, a good many so-called brokers in the cheaper variety of unlisted shares have accepted margins, or part payments, from their customers, and instead of actually buying the shares for their customers at once, as a legitimate broker is supposed to do, have waited in the hope that a fall in price might occur before the customer had made enough payments to demand delivery of the securities. As most speculators buy near the top of a movement, the broker in such cases has an excellent chance of buying in at a lower price; but, of course, he demands full payment from the customer at the originally agreed price and makes a big and illegitimate profit.

To speak plainly, the temptation to conduct a margin, or part payment, brokerage business dishonestly is almost overwhelming in a market where the banks practically refuse to lend.

Until the money situation began to tighten up following the war, and the heavy government financing which went with it, brokers always tried to borrow a large amount of time money. This consists of loans running for one, two and three months, or in some cases more. But in the last year or two the proportion of time money to call has steadily decreased, and as time loans came due they were not renewed, the brokers being forced to replace them with demand loans. Of course the very unwillingness of the banks to accommodate the brokers on time made the strain on the call market all the greater.

Under the prewar conditions a house which needed $10,000,000 might borrow $4,000,000 on time and $6,000,000 on call. But probably such a house for a couple of years past has not been able to get more than $2,500,000 on time at the most.

The almost complete absence of time money for a year or more has made the existence of brokers and speculators even more precarious and hand to mouth than formerly. It has offset to a considerable extent the improvements in the call-money market. The stock market has been financed almost entirely on call money, and this has kept all its votaries on the anxious seat.

Nothing makes the average brokerage house, stock-market pool and operator so nervous as a lack of time money. The way to boost the market, or any particular stock in it, is to borrow a large sum from the banks for three or four months at a moderately low rate of interest. Then the members of the pool can go ahead with their plans, assured that no unfeeling banker will upset the teakettle when the water is nicely boiling. Speculators must have time money to conduct a bull campaign. At the time of this writing loans, except on call, were unobtainable in normal volume. Brokers offered nine and ten per cent without avail.

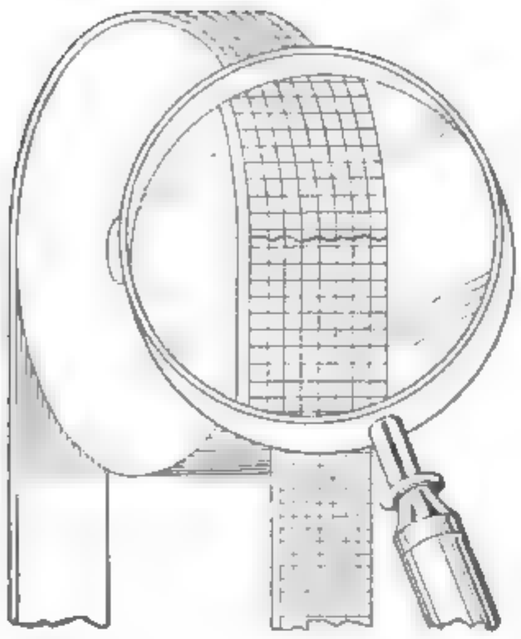
### *Working for Prestige*

Time money is never loaned on the floor of the Stock Exchange, and the layman never quite understands the curious custom which the banks have of not paying the money brokers anything for putting out call money. When it is considered that scores of millions of dollars are loaned every day on call, possibly $15,000,000,000 a year, practically all of which passes through the hands of a few money brokers, it seems strange that the brokers should receive not one penny for their services. But, of course, the money broker who places several million dollars a day for a bank on call is pretty sure to get whatever time money the bank may care to put out, and on this he receives a commission of ⅛ of one per cent. Moreover his contact with the banks may be of help to him in other ways. He is better able to borow money for other propositions from the banks than a broker who is less well acquainted with them. He knows how and where to procure loans for individuals, and he has a comfortable feeling about his own monetary needs. Placing call money without remuneration is merely a form of advertising on the part of money brokers. But certainly nowhere else in the business world do people handle such large sums merely for the prestige involved.

The more active money brokers are in constant touch not only with the banks which have money to lend but with the brokers who desire to borrow it. One firm has eight or nine men who visit every bank two or three times a day. In the older days the Union Trust Company was one of the large lenders in New York City on stock-market security. Mr. Edward King, the much revered president of that institution, had a curious habit of waiting until well along on Friday afternoon before deciding how much money he would put out, and then he would lend many millions.

(Continued on Page 162)

# This difference in fan belts is important to you



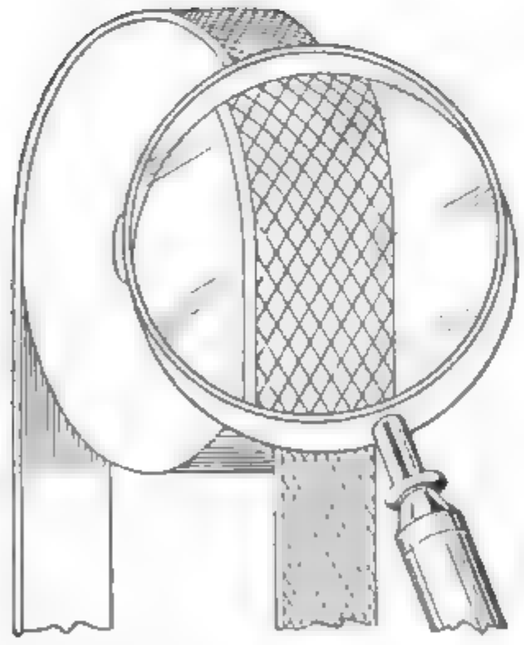
*The ordinary fan belt breaks straight across. It hinges upon the pulley that way. The threads run lengthwise and across —any unusual strain breaks it*

THE fan on your car is carefully designed to cool your engine to as nearly the right degree of temperature as possible.

But suppose the fan belt breaks; you may not know it until your engine runs too hot; a poor belt may be very expensive when you pay the repair bills.

The Gates Vulco Cord Belt is constructed with ten plies of fabric; the weave is on the bias, distributing the strain over all the threads and plies equally; it doubles the life and strength of the belt; long service is assured.

The bias-weave is an exclusive patented feature of the Vulco Cord Belt; because of this construction it has limited elasticity; it grips the pulley firmly; prevents slipping. More than 6,000,000 were bought last year; more than 100,000 dealers sell them.



*In the Gates Vulco Cord Belts the bias-weave checks the breaking tendency. The strain is equalized—double the strength is attained. That's why they wear longer and don't pull apart*

*These belts are also used as standard equipment for small machinery like washing machines, etc.*

*Manufacturers who have belt troubles should write us; tell us your needs; we'll submit plans for specially designed belts.*

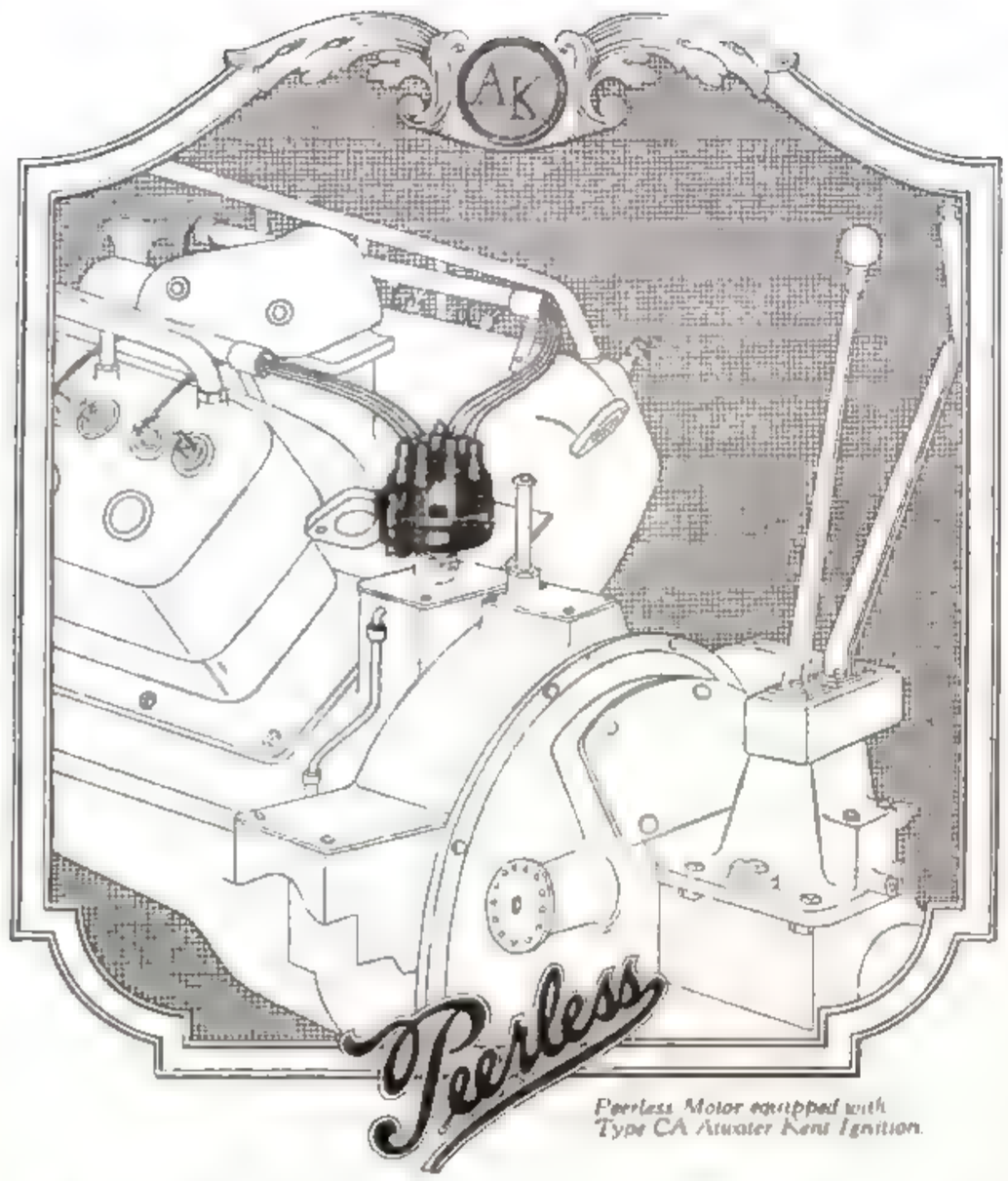
GATES RUBBER COMPANY, DENVER, COLORADO

*Makers of*

Gates Tested Tubes  Gates Super Tread Tires
Gates Half Sole Tires

GATES
VULCO CORD
BELTS

Made by the makers of
GATES SUPER TREAD TIRES



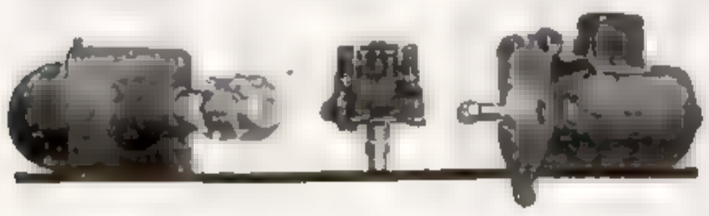
Peerless Motor equipped with Type CA Atwater Kent Ignition

ATWATER KENT

*Ignition, Starting and Lighting*

¶ *When you consider that engine performance is absolutely dependent upon the quality of spark supplied it by the ignition system, and that this spark, to be at all efficient, must be perfectly timed to the 1-1000 of a second—and that it must be constant, hot, and must not vary in intensity with engine speeds—then you realize the necessity for a system built to the highest possible standards of accuracy, precision and performance.*

¶ *Atwater Kent Ignition is standard equipment on a large number of America's best motor cars.*



ATWATER KENT MFG. COMPANY

*Philadelphia*

(Continued from Page 160)

As the hour approached a regular procession of money brokers collected outside the entrance to his office, waiting patiently until the clock in the Trinity Church tower chimed the hour. Then they would march down upon Mr. King in single file, and he doled out many millions of dollars to them, first come first served

No doubt one reason banks dislike to lend on time when rates are very high is because of fear of the usury law. As already stated, this law does not apply to call loans, but there is nothing to prevent a borrower from suing a bank which lends on time above the legal rate. The general feeling in Wall Street is that the only danger of a suit would be from the receiver of a brokerage firm which had failed. Of course as long as a brokerage firm remains in business it is not going to sue a bank for usury, nor is a customer of a brokerage firm likely to take similar action. The penalty of the law is twice the amount of the usurious interest exacted.

In some cases the banks have disguised their time loans at nine and ten per cent by camouflaging them as call loans, under the advice of eminent counsel. In other cases they have accepted interest above six per cent only in the form of cash. If a loan was made at nine per cent the bank insisted that the three per cent be paid to it in long green. Most of the banks, however, are perfectly open about it and state frankly enough in the reports just how much money they have loaned above the legal rate. It is difficult to see anything unethical in this technical usury. Wall Street can afford to pay the high rates, and in view of other enormous demands upon the banks the money is worth what the bankers charge for it.

"Why don't you bankers in New York stop lending money at usurious rates of interest?" asked one of the highest government officials of a bank officer whom he happened to meet recently on a train between Washington and New York.

"Why don't you people down South limit the price of cotton to thirty cents a pound?" retorted the banker.

"Oh, but that is a commodity!" said the official.

"Well," replied the banker, "money in Wall Street is just as much of a commodity. It follows the law of supply and demand to exactly the same extent. Under the Federal Reserve law these Wall Street loans are not rediscountable. They are no longer so valuable to the banks as formerly, and therefore the banks are justified in charging more for them than for commercial loans."

### Customers First

Though tight money in Wall Street is partly caused by the discrimination against it in the Federal Reserve portfolios, the chief reason lies in the tremendous activity in business generally, which lasted throughout 1919 and for the most up to the present writing. In simple language, money has been needed elsewhere. One of the leading money brokers, who is constantly drumming up funds from the banks, trying to get a million here and a million there, is told daily and hourly—until he gets sick of the phrase—"We must take care of our commercial customers first."

Then, too, the supply has been decreased by the absence of money from foreign banks, a big factor before the war. Still another important reason has been the tying up of money in government securities, although since the war the output of new and speculative stocks, the flotation of which required ample brokerage loans, has been unprecedented.

"Wall Street must get along on just so much money," said an officer of one of the greatest of the New York banks. "Wall Street cannot get any more, because the commerce of the country needs the money. The stock market is really being rationed to-day, and it is going to remain so. But Wall Street is better financed for all that than at any time in twenty years. The brokers have big margins and their customers have big margins. The customers of brokerage houses as a class are richer than ever before. Wall Street is not the weak point in the money market to-day.

"You will make a mistake if you give the impression that it is the broker who is in sorest need of $1,000,000. It is the fellow with commodities who is going round asking, 'Where can I get $1,000,000?' It is the man with raw materials, with the crude, who is passing from one bank to another, searching for millions.

"The Stock Exchange went through its troubles last summer. We squeezed it good and hard then, and now we have the speculator in commodities to squeeze. The curious thing is that I have never met a man yet who would admit that he was a speculator in commodities. When we accuse them of it they always reply indignantly: 'Why, I am in a legitimate business! I'm not a speculator' 'It's all right,' we say, 'if you have your own money. Go ahead, but you can't borrow any from us.'

"The banks must keep the wheels of the country going, but at the same time we are starting to bring down prices by going after the fellow with raw materials. It is not a theory. It is already taking place.

"The manager of a big cotton mill came in here the other day and told us that he had cotton until next September.

"'But aren't you safe in carrying raw material up to June?' I asked him. 'Isn't that enough?'

"He admitted that it was, but said he wanted to play safe by carrying raw material far ahead. But when we came to talk over the matter of credit he saw a different light, and right here at my desk before he went out he telephoned a cotton broker to sell 3000 bales.

"There is going to be a neat trick to squeeze out these fellows without hurting the productivity of the country. But it can be done. It can be done by reducing the trading periods. When everyone thought that prices were going to keep on rising they bought farther and farther ahead all the time. Suppose we had an industrial czar who said: 'You don't need to buy raw materials for six months in advance. Three months will do.' Whereupon he issues a ukase against the purchase beyond three months. Then you would see prices come down all right.

"The trouble has been that in addition to the regular margin of profit everyone has been putting on fifteen to twenty per cent additional for the continued rise in prices of materials. But that is going to stop. It has begun to stop."

### Rediscount Privileges

It was the purpose of the framers of the Federal Reserve law to discourage the concentration of bank balances in the call-loan market on the New York Stock Exchange. They did this by making it possible for banks to rediscount or borrow upon commercial loans at the Federal Reserve banks. The purpose was to discriminate against loans based upon stock speculation in favor of commercial, agricultural and manufacturing borrowings. It is not possible for a bank to borrow upon a stock-exchange loan at the Federal Reserve unless the collateral is government bonds. The rediscount privilege is expressly forbidden to paper secured by stocks and other than government bonds.

But the banks have been able to lend large sums in the stock market because when they desired funds for that purpose they have simply procured them by borrowing from the Federal Reserve on other forms of paper. The enormous mass of government bonds has made this especially easy. Moreover, the banks do not have to keep such large reserves as under the old law, and the enormous inflow of gold in the early years of the war so added to their resources that for several years after the Federal Reserve system was started there was no lack of money for brokers.

But more and more the banks are learning to invest in acceptances and other forms of paper which were not employed before the war. The higher discount rates of the Federal Reserve, the increased demands from commercial borrowers and the growing agitation in favor of a different system of financing the stock market have led the banks to question the wisdom of the present system in spite of the great profits which they make out of it.

The reason the stock market is financed by a day-to-day, hand-to-mouth system is because stocks are paid for and delivered every day. In Europe payment and delivery take place in most of the financial centers only once in two weeks. In those cities stocks are carried by loans made once in two weeks and the rate on the loans—known as the carry over, or contango—remains in force until the next settlement, or for a period of two weeks.

(Concluded on Page 165)

# The First Lesson

TO see that small daughter learns how to care for and preserve the healthy, rose-like skin which nature has given her, is mother's duty. She must teach her that *regular* cleansing with a pure wholesome soap is necessary if she would grow into charming womanhood with a skin that is still delicate and radiant.

**From her own experience she knows** that nothing can excel the delightfully refreshing lather of Resinol Soap.

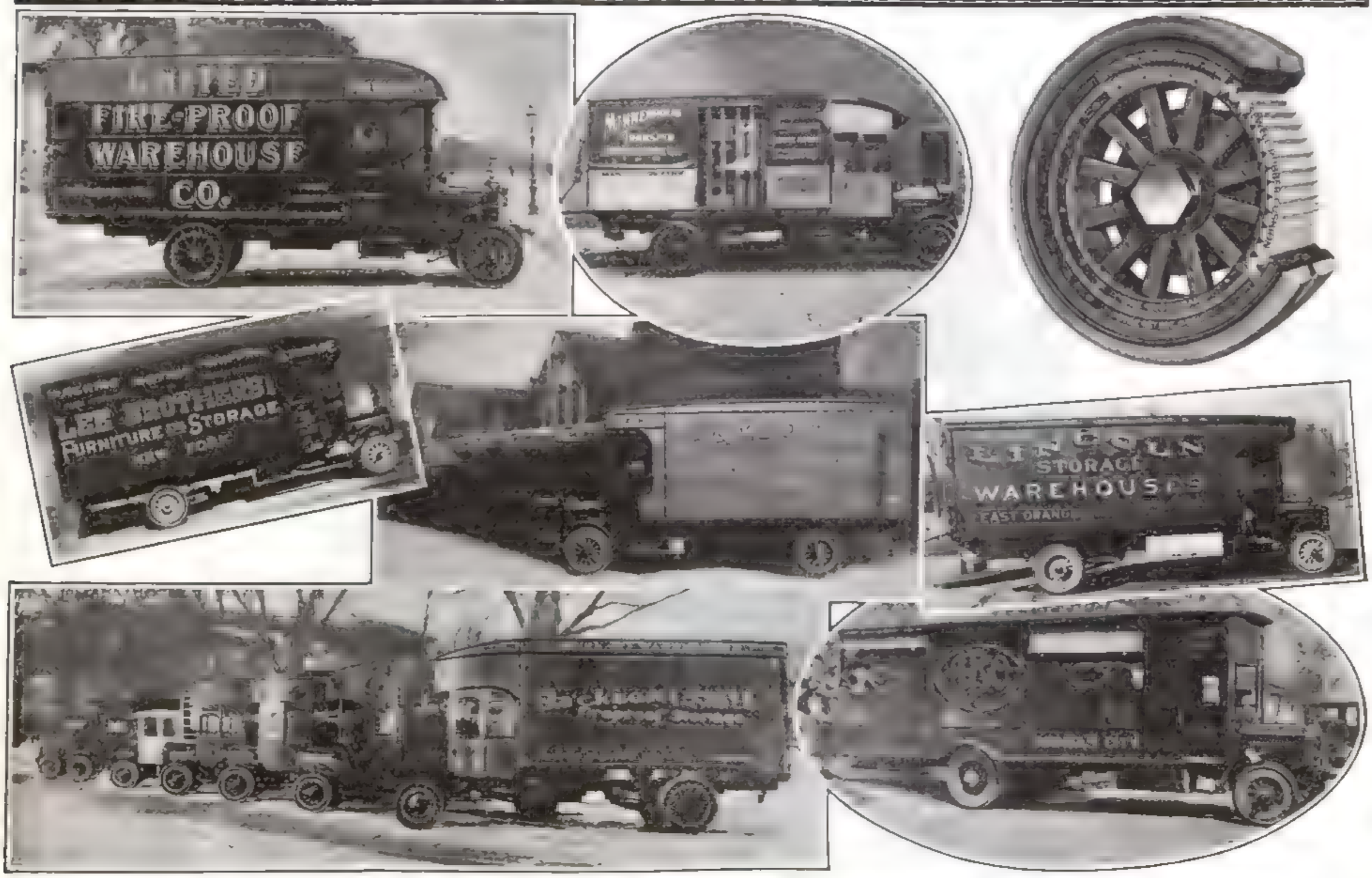
**It benefits the skin cells, and lessens** the tendency to blotches, roughness, excessive oiliness and similar defects.

*Have you learned the lesson?*

RESINOL SOAP

Resinol Soap is for sale by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. Trial free on request. Dept. 2-D, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

# The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel




## *Here Is an Industry That Has Invested $375,000 in*

# Sewell Cushion Wheels

**Our first purchase of Sewell Cushion Wheels was in 1913, which wheels are still in every-day operation. The outstanding reductions in our operating and maintenance costs with our first purchase have led us to equip our fleet of eight trucks, ranging from 1½ ton to 5 ton capacity, and we shall continue to specify Sewell Wheels on all new trucks.**

**We are firmly convinced that the Sewell Cushion Wheel gives to a motor truck all the necessary resiliency at a reduced cost per operating mile for the *life of the truck.***

JACKSON EXPRESS & VAN COMPANY
F. A. JACKSON, *President*

This is the way that the great Storage and Cartage operators of the country—475 different companies—express their approval of and confidence in Sewell Cushion Wheels. The owners and operators of motor trucks equipped with Sewell Wheels are no longer classified as individuals or even great companies. They are classified as great industries. In its field of commerce or manufacture, each one of those industries is a dominant feature. In each one of those industries the Sewell Cushion Wheel is a dominant factor of economical transportation. Leaders of American Industry have made possible the leadership and prestige of Sewell Cushion Wheels.

We appreciate this nation-wide endorsement. But we have earned it. For twelve years we have worked to win it, deserve it and hold it. We originated the Resilient Wheel Principle for motor trucks. We have developed and perfected that Principle. To save tires, to save the truck, to put truck transportation on a scientific basis we built the Resiliency in the Wheel. For twelve years we have retained our ideals, our standards, our price and our unchallenged leadership. The Sewell Cushion Wheel today is bought as a Preferred Investment.

**The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company, Detroit, U. S. A.**

***Branches and Distributors:***

Atlanta, Ga.
Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham, Ala.
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Burlington, Ia.
Butte, Mont.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Clarksburg, W. Va.
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Kansas City, Mo.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Memphis, Tenn.
Miami, Fla.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Newark, N. J.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N. Y.
Omaha, Neb.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Oregon
Rochester N. Y.
San Francisco, Cal.
Seattle, Wash.
Springfield, Mass.
St. Louis, Mo.
Washington, D. C.
Wichita, Kans.

(Concluded from Page 162)

Now it is quite true that high rates for call loans do not necessarily mean the skimping of commercial borrowers or the charging of excessive rates to them. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the money which banks lend in Wall Street is their over or excess money. It is what they have left after they have taken care of commercial borrowers, and there is a definite understanding on the part of the banks to accommodate their commercial clients first. But the sentimental or psychological effect is bad. If a bank gets thirty per cent for money which it lends on the Stock Exchange it does not mean that a shoe dealer in Iowa will have to pay any more than he did last year. Rates are driven up in the stock market because of conditions peculiar to that market and which have no direct influence upon the relations between the bank in Iowa and the shoe man. But the effect is bad all the same upon the country at large.

The highly profitable nature of call loans prevents the banks from developing other branches of business which would add strong features to the American banking system. Consequently it is urged that the Stock Exchange adopt a term settlement, which would do away with the need of call loans and would automatically force the banks to finance the stock business solely with time loans.

Paul Warburg, one of the framers of the Federal Reserve Act and a former member of the Federal Reserve Board, and the American Acceptance Council, of which Mr. Warburg is president, has been especially active in urging the adoption of the term settlement. He says it would protect the Stock Exchange from the vagaries of a daily fluctuating money supply. Other branches of the money market and other forms of bank investments would be protected from the daily unsettlement caused by the varying demands of the stock market. As Mr. Warburg has said:

"Our much-maligned Stock Exchange is the scapegoat of the nation. If trade contracts the surplus money from the Atlantic to the Pacific is thrown on the Stock Exchange, creating easy money and encouraging speculation in securities just at a time when speculation ought to be slow. If industry and trade thrive and are in need of money, call loans are withdrawn from the Stock Exchange, and the more money is required by commerce and industry, the more the Stock Exchange will be depleted."

It is argued that the call-money market ought to be based on prime commercial bills which can be quickly turned into cash balances, not only because they are discountable at the Federal Reserve but also because they are automatically paid off; or as one banker expresses it, melt. Commercial bills, it is argued, are always bringing in the means of their own payment because the goods on which they are based are being consumed. They turn themselves into money.

### The London System

It is quite true that call loans on the Stock Exchange are really shiftable or replaceable rather than actually callable, in the strict sense of the word. In times of panic they become absolutely fixed, and even in fair weather can be absolutely cleaned up and wiped out only in very small quantities at any given time. Obviously the banks have to replace the bulk of call loans at all times, because if they attempted to sell the collateral security they would only bring on a panic and ruin themselves in the bargain.

The call-money market and the daily settlement on the Stock Exchange are twins, and in one sense at least they are the most absurd brothers in our whole business system. A tremendous amount of unnecessary work, of duplication, of running back and forth, is required. In a way it is all very preposterous. To change hundreds of millions of dollars of loans each day certainly appears less scientifically and theoretically perfect than to make the arrangements once in two weeks. There is a constant doing and undoing that involves colossal sums. Brokers borrow millions of dollars only to repay them the following day.

Where the term system is employed the actual amount of physical deliveries of stocks and bonds and the transfer of them on the books of companies to new owners is enormously reduced. This in turn reduces not only the volume of money required, but also the chances of loss.

More failures numerically occur in the London market than in New York, but in view of the larger number of brokers in London the exact ratio is difficult to estimate. But the London system has developed over a long period of time in accordance with the habits of the British. They are far more trained to extend credit than Americans. Brokers in London do not accept customers with anything like the freedom with which American brokers welcome them. London brokers are far more careful in accepting accounts. Then, too, the real financial burden in London is carried by a class of very wealthy broker middlemen known as jobbers, men of large resources, who stand between the banks and the commission brokers. No such class exists here.

Certainly it would be unwise to change the present system until the Stock Exchange has improved its existing machinery. This it is just about to do by means of a new corporation which it is hoped will reduce by a large extent the present strain on the credit facilities of the banks.

If a broker buys 10,000 shares of stock on Monday he will begin to get the stock Tuesday morning under the present system, and all of it will reach him by two-fifteen o'clock Tuesday afternoon. It must be paid for practically forthwith, and the sum involved may run into the millions. But the broker has no such amount of money and he cannot make a call loan until he has every share of the stock and more besides to put in his envelope. Meanwhile the transaction has to be financed, and that is done by his own bank, where he keeps his deposit, by means of an unsecured one-day note, sometimes known as a clearance loan or a morning credit. These loans are paid off by the broker each day, within a few hours, of course, largely from the proceeds of his call loans. But this custom involves a yearly extension of credit running far into the billions.

### Barometer and Safety Valve

Thus every day in Wall Street vast masses of securities are suspended in the air for a few hours. The new corporation formed by the Stock Exchange proposes to do away with about sixty-five per cent of this class of business by an extended system of offsets. At the present time there is a certain limited amount of offsetting through what is known as the Stock Exchange Clearing House. If a broker buys 100 shares of United States Steel and sells 200 shares of the same stock he is obliged to deliver only one hundred. The new device will offset a broker's debits and credits, not only when he both buys and sells the same stock but also when he buys one stock and sells the other. In other words, the monetary proceeds of his sales of United States Steel will be used to reduce immediately the debt caused by his purchase of United States Rubber.

Though an enormous volume of credit is constantly consumed in the maelstrom of Wall Street speculation, yet it does not increase in proportion to the increase in the volume of securities listed on the Stock Exchange or the number of new stocks and bonds created. Indeed the total amount of loans to brokers has hardly ever exceeded the total par value of the new additions to the Stock Exchange list in the year 1919 alone. Not only has the number of new securities multiplied to an almost revolutionary extent in the last few years, but the daily volume of business on the Stock Exchange is averaging far above the years before the war. Yet the amount of money employed has increased but little.

These facts indicate that there is a steady increase in the outright purchase of stocks, or investment, as contrasted with merely speculative purchases. That Wall Street has been able to get along with no greater supply of money in view of the ever-increasing numbers of large new corporations is a really amazing—and to those directly concerned perhaps not altogether painless—feat in prestidigitation.

Finally it may be said that the New York call-money market has often proved a remarkably good barometer—it might even be said, a safety valve. Tight money has usually been like a headache, a symptom rather than the disease. The Wall Street money market blows off when there is too much pressure, and though this may be hard on Wall Street, the question may well be raised whether the country has not profited from having such an easily moved indicator of general conditions.

*Just Push—That's All!*

This ingenious "Yankee" tool is wonderfully handy in cramped, hard-to-get-at places where working with one hand is necessary.

"YANKEE"
Quick-Return
Spiral Ratchet
Screw-driver

makes the operation of driving and drawing screws quick and easy.

There's a spring in the handle—just push!

Blade makes three full turns to the stroke.

Spring keeps bit in position and forces the handle back for another push. Speed!

Indispensable where there are many screws to drive. Saves time! Saves the man!

**No. 130** Standard pattern (illustrated). Right and left ratchet; and rigid.
**No. 131** Heavy pattern. **No. 135** Light pattern.

All are supplied with three sizes of bits. Attachments for drilling, countersinking, etc., obtainable.

**Your Dealer Can Supply You**

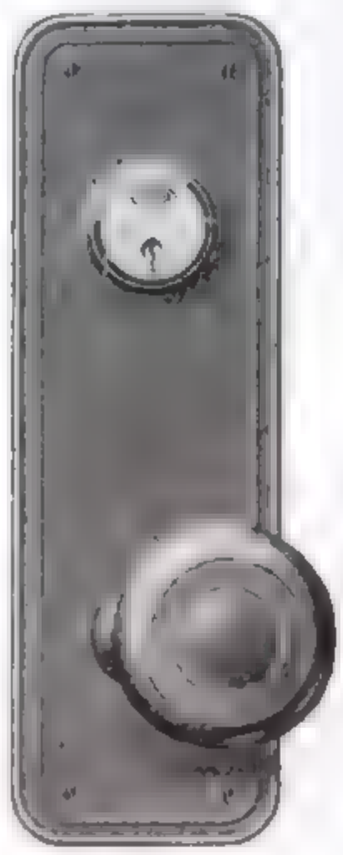


*Write for free "Yankee" Tool Book, illustrating in action ingenious "Yankee" Tools for saving man's time and labor in metal-drilling, wood-boring and screw-driving jobs.*

**NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia**

"YANKEE TOOLS
*Make Better Mechanics*

You'll always find a good hardware store near by.



"Door Hardware That Harmonizes"

*Supreme utility beautified*

DOOR and Window Hardware is of most importance to the average citizen—even more than to architects and specialists; for *he* is the one who uses it, lives with it, and it should give him safety, comfort and artistic pleasure.

CORBIN Locks fasten doors in rural dwellings and doors in the White House with the same fidelity. CORBIN uses the same care and skill in making its whole vast line—in making a beautiful cast Escutcheon for an Equitable Building, a Night Latch for a bungalow, a Safety Exit Bolt for a theatre, a Door Check for a store entrance, or a car load of wrought equipment for anywhere.

The CORBIN line is chock full of usefulness and quality. It provides exactly the right article for every need.

P & F CORBIN

American Hardware Corporation, Successors

New Britain Connecticut

NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO

CORBIN


# THE MAN FROM ASHALUNA

(Continued from Page 5)

made the more secure. In front his small fire shone with a companionable glow. Jud munched his venison and bread and sipped scalding tea contentedly. Gosh, this was luxury compared with France! Let 'er blow!

Thus a situation which to most of us would involve only hardship and danger possessed for Judson Dunlap an element of ease amounting to self-indulgence. He was well fed, satisfied, smug. The fire warmed him, the tall rock supported his back, the shelter of brush kept off the wind. There wasn't a thing to disturb him. He liked to be thus alone and think without interruption. You couldn't do that round home. Ma was always trying to make him comfortable or asking him if he was warm enough or wasn't he hungry. Or else she was teasing him to tell her about France and the war. Jud hated the war. He wasn't especially stuck on France—that is, the part he had seen. Too much mud and rain. The memories of France were not pleasant. Ma wanted the details, especially the gruesome ones. She loved to shudder. She was forever asking questions—how a feller looked when he was gassed and whether men suffered much when the surgeons cut off their arms and legs. Jud hated to talk about such things. He had killed several Germans and he was not proud of having done so. It made him rather sick to remember the particulars. It's all right to read about jabbing a bayonet into a man, but you just do it yourself and have the blame thing stick fast and have to put your foot on him to give you a purchase when you pull it out. See how you like it and whether you want to talk a lot about it afterward.

No, ma didn't understand. She was all right, bless her heart, but she sure did want a feller to talk when he'd rather think. Here on a mountain side in the midst of a blizzard, when the snow and the wind and the cold all clubbed together to furnish you a little privacy, you could sit and invite your soul. Jud didn't know he was inviting his soul or that a soul needed an invitation. There were lots of people who would butt in on you without an invitation, like the minister from Ashaluna village, who had come to the farm to get Jud's version of what happened to the Germans just before the armistice. Thank the Lord, here was one place where folks had to let you alone!

Suddenly Jud stiffened there against the warm rock wall, mouth open, eyes askance, ears busy sorting out sounds. The sounds that blended in the soft tumult of the storm were the wind in the branches, the dull impact of the lumps of new snow falling from tree and bough against Jud's shelter, the half-hissing noise of the flakes as they zipped past in wispy clouds, the sizz of melting particles on hot embers and the whistling swish of the gusts that curled and eddied down from the crest of the great rock.

But Jud's ears, separating, culling, differentiating, told him that there was something in the composite noise of the mountain side that did not belong there—a false note, something alien and jarring.

That is, unless he had been mistaken. Of course he had been mistaken. There couldn't be ——

Up and down Jud's back ran a sensation as if someone had rubbed his spine with the point of an icicle. It was so incongruous, that thin human noise in a place and at a time when no one but Jud had any business to be out. Men are funny people. They refuse to be frightened by crowds of enemies with machine guns and bayonets when they meet them in expected places, but let one of them run across a fellow creature alone in the great lonesome woods, where you'd think he'd be tickled to pieces to meet a human being, and the goose pimples ruffle his hide as a breeze stirs a calm pond.

"Hey, there!" shouted Jud, as much to relieve his feelings as to greet that mysterious presence off there in the ghostly shadows. "Hey, whaddaya want?"

Nice hospitable way to talk when you have a cozy fire and a warm corner out of the wind!

That other poor soul is half frozen, probably going mad with fear and aloneness, crazed for food, stumbling, bewildered—hey, whaddaya want indeed!

Jud pulled himself to his feet, hopped lightly over the barrier which kept the snow from invading his snug fireside harbor and plowed through the drifts in the direction from which that disturbing sound had come. Now he heard it again.

"Hel-lo-o-o!"

"Hello, yerself!" roared Jud.

He could see almost nothing, but right up under his nose rose a small form. It was so dark that she ——

Yes, that's right. It was a girl.

She laid hands upon Judson Dunlap to keep herself from falling, but her strength was not great enough and she slid down into the drift. He picked her up and carried her to the bivouac fire. Her snowshoes dangled, rattling and banging as he walked. She didn't weigh much.

Jud laid her down on the boughs against the rock face and she didn't move. She was absolutely dead, he decided. Her face in the firelight looked that way. The cheeks were hollow, the lips drawn back from the teeth, the eyes sunken in purple shadows. The girl's garments were torn and stiff with frozen snow. There was a scratch on one cheek which had bled a good deal. She wore a sort of stocking cap from which wet streaks of hair had escaped and now stuck out rigidly, because they, too, were frozen.

"She ain't no sleepin' beauty, poor critter," was the woodman's comment. "Lord, what be I a-goin' to do with a lady corpse?"

The lady corpse opened a lackluster eye and stared vaguely at her rescuer. Her lips moved stiffly and painfully.

"Tea for yours, ma'am," remarked Jud, and applied the edge of the tea pail to the girl's lips. The tea was hot and bitterly strong. The girl swallowed and blinked, pushing the pail away. For a few moments she lay back on the boughs, exhausted. Jud put some small dry bits of wood on his fire, which blazed up cheerfully.

The young woman sat up, making vague, ineffectual attempts to tuck under her cap the frozen strands of hair. Jud observed that she was warmly dressed. Her feet were clad in heavy sporting moccasins and she wore thick mittens and a bulky woolen scarf. Plainly she wasn't frozen. She was just lost and tired and maybe half starved.

"Better have another swaller o' tea," he suggested. "I got some bread, too, and plenty o' deer meat. You don't need to go hungry."

The rescued young woman took the tea pail and drank. The bitterness of the infusion caused her face to pucker, but she was game.

"What is it?" she asked weakly. "Tastes like—like—like wormwood."

"Tea of course. Whadda you think? I wasn't figurin' to pizen you. You better eat a little somethin'."

Jud spitted a piece of meat on a stick and held it sizzling over the fire. The girl eyed it, not without interest.

Jud queried: "Where'd you come from? Git lost?"

The girl looked at him as through a haze. Her eyes were dull, almost unseeing, like those of a sleepwalker.

"Come from? Lost?" she repeated.

"That's what I said. What's your name? How'd you git here?"

She shook her head. Jud handed her a bit of cooked meat, which she fumblingly accepted and conveyed to her lips. She chewed it solemnly like a sleepy child, swallowed it and held out a hand for more. Thus Jud fed her until she had eaten half a dozen good-sized bits. Next time she held out her hand she failed to close her fingers on the meat. It appeared that her hand was numb with weariness. She swayed drunkenly, toppled over on her side and lay still.

Dunlap built up the fire to the size of a water pail. The heat set his guest's wet clothes to steaming. The firelight shone on the drawn hunger-pinched face, into which now a little natural color had returned. The purple shadows were no longer there. The lips had relaxed and glowed with a healthy red.

"Gosh hang!" remarked Jud. "Poor thing looks almost human. Ain't no biggern'n a sparrer. Wonder what I better do?"

It was one thing for a husky, weather-bitten roughneck like Jud Dunlap to pass a night with a dinky fire in a blizzard, but wasn't it pretty tough to expect a little chickadee like this girl to do it? What would be the consequences? She was

(Continued on Page 169)

# Are the Bedroom Floors in Your Home as Distinctive as This?

THE arrangement and colors of this refreshing pink and green bedroom have been handled with striking cleverness and sense of harmony. But the eye undoubtedly rests longest on the Inlaid Linoleum floor, because it plays such a real part in "making" the room.

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Ask your merchant to show you Armstrong designs for every room in the house, and for every scheme of interior decoration. They include seven plain colors: blue, brown, rose, dark gray, light gray, green, and tan; Jaspé (two-color effects) in blue, brown, green, gray, and tan; Carpet Inlaids of artistic design; and Parquetry Inlaids, which look like hardwood. The colors in all these run through to the burlap back.

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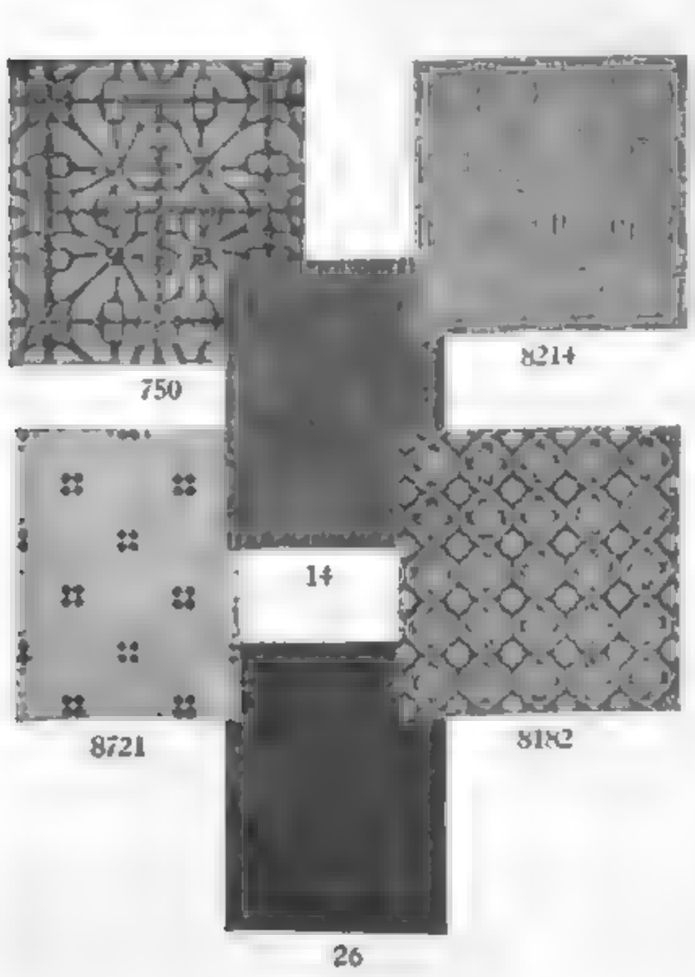


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SALISBURY AXLE COMPANY, JAMESTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 166)

plumb played out. Lord knew how long she'd been wandering through the woods. She was sick from it. She wasn't in her right senses either.

Of course it was a pretty nearly impossible job to get her home now. Yet what she imperatively needed was a warm bed and care and all that. Gol-darn it, here in the woods, wet and half frozen, she might die! How'd he know what shape she was in?

There wasn't another man in the Ashaluna who could have done what Jud Dunlap did that night. There wasn't a man in the A. E. F., going out into No Man's Land to pull a wounded buddy back into the shelter of the trenches and Jud had done that too—who ever performed a cleaner-cut deed of heroic endurance than did Judson Dunlap when he flipped the inert body of that forest waif across his shoulder and plowed through six miles of drifting snow to the home of his mother at Ashaluna sluice.

Through dark woods, with the wind blowing a gale, with the white clogging snow piling deeper and deeper every minute, along the beds of frozen dead waters, across hogback and hardwood ridge, threading thicketed swamps and close-woven alder jungles, climbing blow-downs, skirting tall cliffs at whose bases lay great piles of bowlders slippery with ice, treacherous, insecure, even picking his way on stepping stones to ford streams whose current flowed too fast to permit freezing—well, he did it.

The girl weighed something like a hundred pounds. For the first mile or two she was unconscious. Then she came back to life and cried out with suffering. Jud set her down and tried to reason with her, but she seemed too dazed for comprehension. He managed to get her on his back as one rides a child—sitting astride his loins, her arms clasped almost chokingly tight about his neck, Jud's forearms hooked under her trousered knees.

He knew that much of the time she wandered, at others seemed scarcely alive. He spoke seldom, conserving his breath for a better purpose. Sometimes the girl groaned. Yet there was a certain Spartan quality in her too. She groaned only because she suffered, not in protest. She sensed that only her best would save her. She was fighting for her life and doing all she could to help her rescuer.

It took Jud Dunlap five intolerable hours to cover that six miles of wilderness. Had he been other than a consummate woodsman he must have failed. But Jud never faltered for a moment. There was never the ghost of a doubt as to the outcome, and there was no hesitancy as to choice of road. He went ahead unerringly, even though all landmarks were buried in gloom and snow. At five minutes to twelve he pushed open the side door of the Dunlap home and sang out in a strong voice:

"Hey, ma, git up! We got company."

Ma got up. Jud made a fire in the kitchen stove and brewed tea. Mrs. Dunlap filled the oven full of bricks to heat. Then she disrobed the girl and swathed her in one of her own cotton nightgowns. The big feather bed in the spare room off the parlor was heated lavishly with the bricks, and Judson Dunlap picked the guest up and plumped her into the warm cavity as a mother deposits a baby in a cradle.

During all this, which occurred in a space not exceeding twenty minutes, very little was said. Jud didn't lean to conversation, his mother was too busy, the visitor was too exhausted. When it was over Jud sank into a chair by the stove and poured himself a cup of strong tea.

"Land o' Goshen, where'd you find that poor lamb?" demanded Mrs. Dunlap.

"Over on Moosehorn."

"You never did, Jud Dunlap! How'd you git her here?"

"Well, how'd you s'pose?" rejoined Jud peevishly. "I'll tell you, ma. I brung her here in one o' them taxicabs."

Mrs. Dunlap assured her son that he beat all git-out, drank a cup of tea and went to bed. Jud sat and drowsed by the fire until it began to die down in the stove, when he roused himself enough to get up and poke off to his own room. Gosh-ding it, he was putty tired! The snow outside was drifting almost up to the eaves.

### III

BETWEEN nine and ten o'clock in the forenoon the girl in the feather bed opened her eyes languidly and desired the attentions of Felice. Felice, who was about ten miles away as the crow flies, hence quite out of earshot, did not appear. Instead the good-humored morning face of Mrs. Dunlap rose at the bedside like a cheerful sun.

"Well," said Mrs. Dunlap. "Well, well! How'd you sleep?"

The girl in the feather bed eyed Mrs. Dunlap with a kind of surprised my-word-who-is-this-person expression. Finally she decided to overlook the missing formality of an introduction.

"Where am I?" she demanded abruptly, almost in alarm, and sat up in bed. That is to say, she tried to sit up, but the attempt ended in a painful collapse into the depths of the feather mattress. "Oh," she said faintly, "my back!"

She was a wonderfully beautiful little thing there among the pillows. Her hair had dried and now clustered in shiny black shadows about her face, to which her night's sleep had restored a vivid richness of coloring. She was dark almost to the point of swarthiness, yet her skin possessed a transparent delicacy of texture. Her eyes, so deeply brown as to appear quite black in the dim light of that sleeping room, looked out somberly from beneath straight, lightly penciled brows, now slightly drooping in a kind of bewildered impatience.

Mrs. Dunlap with quick sympathy slipped a hand under the girl's shoulders.

"You want to set up, honey? You feel strong enough?"

"Where am I?"

Almost petulantly the rescued young lady allowed her hostess to help her sit up It was as if she were doing Mrs. Dunlap a favor.

"There, there, honey, don't you worry! Everything's all right. You're at Ashaluna sluice and the snow's about two miles deep, so I guess you'll have to stay here a while. You'll need to rest up anyhow. Back feel better?"

"But how—what—oh, I remember!"

The girl in the feather bed puckered a pair of exquisite scarlet lips in an effort to recall the picture of that awful night, meanwhile looking slantwise at Mrs. Dunlap.

"There was a little fire and a man—and he made me drink something terribly bitter—and gave me food—and I must have gone out—only there was a journey through the woods—he carried me ——"

"Sure he carried you. That was my boy, Jud Dunlap. That's how you got here in this bed. That's why you ain't somewhere out on Moosehorn froze into a human icicle this mornin'. What was the matter? Was you lost? How'd you ever come way out there alone in a blizzard? That's what gits me."

"It was terrible, terrible!" shuddered the girl, drawing the covers about her. "And my friends must think I'm dead."

"Don't hardly see how they can think anythin' else," agreed Mrs. Dunlap cheerfully, then added: "Whoever they be."

The big black eyes were now filled with a poignant perplexity.

"I must dress and go back," she said. "They'll be perfectly wild. Can one get a motor or a sleigh or something?"

"Oh, land sakes! What an idea, child! Didn't I tell you the snow's miles deep? Where was you cal'latin' to go?"

"To Caribou Lodge, where my friends ——"

"Save us and keep us! That's ten or twelve miles from here and the most roundabout roads you ever see. It'll be days afore you can git to Caribou Lodge. Now you jest cuddle right down and rest all you can. You be'n through a lot. I'll fetch you some breakfast any time. You like coffee?"

"I'd prefer chocolate, if you don't mind."

"Now that's really too bad. I ain't got a mite o' chocolate in the house."

"Oh, it's quite all right. Perhaps I can have a glass of hot milk?"

The occupant of the feather bed spoke with a tolerant resignation. What was she going to do without Felice? Mrs. Dunlap retired and puttered about the kitchen.

"Poor lamb," she murmured. "My mercy, ain't she the uppetty piece though? Terrible handsome little critter, I must say." Something tickled Mrs. Dunlap immensely at this point. "Now ain't that a joke on Jud, the big lummox! There he goes off by himself to git shet of humans, picks out the most onlikely place on the footstool to run afoul of a livin' soul, and a gal drops right out o' the clouds in a squall o' snow into his lap. My sakes! Seems's if fate done it o' purpose."

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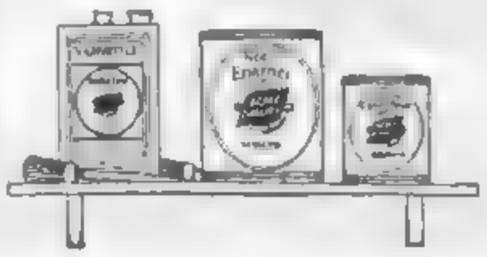

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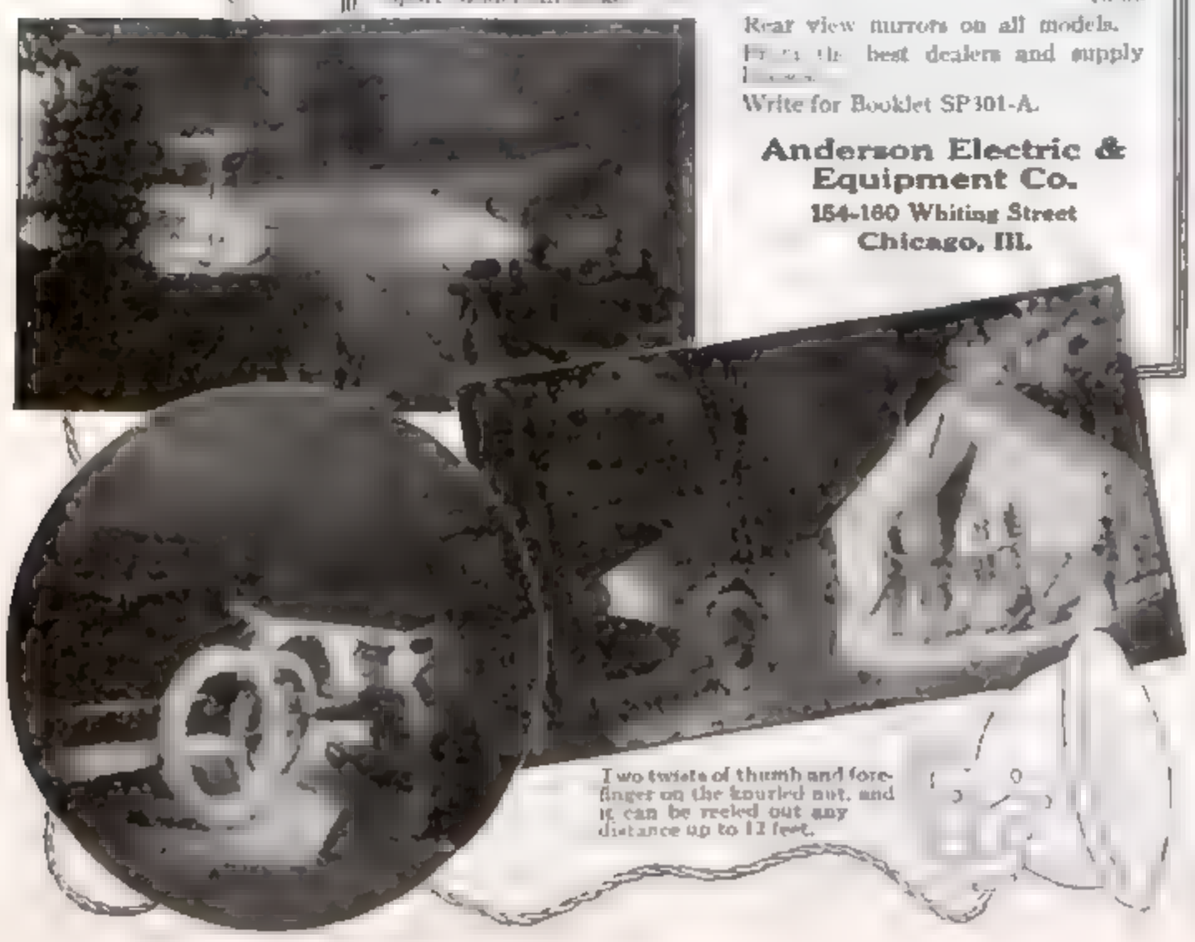




"Honey," she said ten minutes later, entering the guest room with her visitor's breakfast, "I neglected to ask what your name was. I told you ours was Dunlap. There, I cal'late you want a basin and some water 'fore you eat."

She bustled about cheerily. The girl in the feather bed eyed her hostess in deep perplexity. She hadn't the least idea in the world how to deal with people like Mrs. Dunlap, who was something entirely new in her experience.

"My name," she said, "is Mary Beverly ——" and stopped as if hesitant.

"Oh, I love Mary," said Mrs. Dunlap. "It's so simple and sweet. It fits you beautiful too. Now, Mary, you jest let me fix your hair for you, so's't it won't be danglin' in your eyes. 'Twon't take me two jiffies. Mercy sakes, you hain't hardly more'n a little young one, be you?" She sighed. "You don't mind if I pet you, do you, dear? My little girl'd be'n jest about your age if she'd lived."

The girl in the bed caught her breath sharply. She had been on the point of saying "Miss Beverly, if you please." Suddenly she softened toward this busy, talkative, tender-hearted woman, who had no pity for the English language and trod rashly upon grounds of familiarity where only a selected few of the girl's acquaintances dared set foot.

"It's a real treat to me," the woman rattled on. "That Jud's about as gabby as a clam. He's like his father before him. It's the rarest thing f'r me to have someone to talk with, specially one o' my own sex. There, jest you look at yourself."

She gave Mary Beverly a small hand mirror, in which the girl surveyed herself rather casually. She wasn't for the moment much interested in her personal appearance, but she caught a look of unreserved admiration in Mrs. Dunlap's face.

"I'm sure I don't know how to thank you," said Mary Beverly, and her somber eyes smiled.

"That's better," said her hostess. "My suzz, you've got dimples, Mary! Wonder what'll happen to that great young one o' mine if you turn them black eyes his way? He ain't much for girls. A good stirrin' up'd fetch him to life, I cal'late. Your milk hot enough, honey?"

What was the woman talking about? Why, the idea of even suggesting such a thing! An ignorant countryman, uncouth, made of an unrefined and inferior clay, who probably ate with his knife and bathed at long intervals. Still he must be amazingly hardy, judging him by his exploit of the night before.

"I hope Mr. Dunlap isn't any the worse after such a terrible journey," she said quite formally.

"Who, Jud? Sakes alive, he ain't even lame! He's tougher'n a bag o' hammers, that boy. 'F he hadn't of be'n I guess them Germans would o' finished him. He give 'em chances enough."

"Germans? You mean ——"

"Yes, indeedy, Germans. He calls 'em Heinies. He ain't only be'n back a few weeks. He was over there more'n a year. Wait a minute."

Mrs. Dunlap went out, to return at once with a little padded box, which she placed proudly in Mary Beverly's hands.

"Don't cal'late you may of seen one before. That's a French croy de gear. P'rhaps you think I ain't proud? Listen:

"Sergeant Judson Dunlap, Company B, 910th Regiment Infantry, who in the face of intense German machine-gun fire and at the risk of his life displayed extraordinary fortitude and distinguished qualities of leadership. All three of his officers being disabled by wounds, Sergeant Dunlap took charge of two platoons and attained the objectives designated, capturing four machine guns and forty-two Germans, besides killing over fifty more. Sergeant Dunlap's bravery proved an inspiring example to the men in his charge."

"Splendid!" breathed Mary Beverly, fingering thoughtfully the bronze medal and its ribbon of narrow red and green stripes. It appeared that this man wasn't of such inferior clay after all; though, of course, mere physical courage wasn't everything. She became, nevertheless, possessed of a lively curiosity concerning him.

"Tell me some more about your son," she said, munching a fluffy bit of fresh biscuit.

"Oh, he's nothin' but a big overgrown cub," deprecated Mrs. Dunlap. "He hain't got much to say. I've done my best to git him to tell me more about the war, but he don't seem to want to talk about it. Lemme tell you; if you ask him about his churn maybe he'll open up."

Mary Beverly wondered what possible interest she could muster in a churn.

"It's a patent," went on Mrs. Dunlap. "He invented it himself before the war. It works real good and he makes 'em down by the river in a little two-by-twice buildin' he calls his shop. Guess he's made fifteen or twenty in all. He gits a big price for 'em—seven-eight dollars apiece. You'd ought to see him buildin' of 'em. It's real interestin'."

Thus ramblingly Mrs. Dunlap did her bucolic best to amuse her visitor. Mary Beverly expressed the desire to dress. Mrs. Dunlap was on the job instantly, bringing the girl her clothes from the kitchen, where they had been thoroughly dried and—to Mary Beverly's surprise—neatly pressed.

She seemed to require a good deal of help, Mrs. Dunlap thought. It was plain her rough treatment by the elements had left her lame and sore. Occasionally during the process of dressing she winced.

"Now ain't that the cutest git-up?" admired the elder woman.

She was right, for when Mary Beverly finished adjusting her coat and smoothed the last vanishing suspicion of a wrinkle from her short hunting costume she was probably the smartest little twentieth-century Diana in captivity.

"That's lovely quality goods," said Mrs Dunlap. "All that wettin' never damaged it a bit."

"But you've pressed it so beautifully," said Mary Beverly.

"Well, it was awful wrinkled. I jest run a hot iron back and forth over it a couple of times. I knew you wouldn't feel comfortable with your suit all mussed up. Kind of boyish, ain't it, with them breeches and high-cut moccas'ns? I do declare, it's jest nobby. Now you come out in the kitchen and set and talk while I work. You don't know how I appreciate havin' some comp'ny for a day or two. It gits awful lonesome here, lemme tell you. Maybe it's dull for you, but you must grin and bear it. Jud'll be up from the shop bimeby to see how you come out."

Mary Beverly went and peered forth into the snowy wilderness through the small panes of the kitchen window. The storm had ceased, but the sun was not yet out. The world was just one huge whitey-gray snowdrift. The wind still caught up a few bushels of snow here and there and sent it in playful, swirling wisps across the line of vision. To the north the girl could see the hills, like a giant mass of rumpled bedclothes. She felt cast away on a tiny island in a limitless sea of winter with a garrulous lady Friday for company.

What were the people at Caribou Lodge thinking, saying, doing? How would they conduct the search which they were doubtless making? They would be going about it hopelessly, desperately. It might be days before they found her here. Heartsick, she turned away from that desolation and sank into a chair.

"Poor little Mary!" sympathized Mrs. Dunlap. "You're worried most to death, ain't you? When Juddy comes up we'll see what can be done to git word to Caribou Lodge. Maybe the best way will be for him to hyper right straight over there through the mountains instead of waitin' for the roads to be cleared. The snow'll have to settle a little before he can do that though. Snowshoes sinks right in when it's so new and light."

"It must be dreadful for them," said Mary Beverly. "If there were only some way!"

It was noon when Judson Dunlap came plowing through the drifts to get his dinner.

"There now, you Juddy, don't you tramp a lot o' snow onto my clean floor," shrilled his mother.

"Pity 'bout your clean floor," returned the young man. "How 'bout chow?"

"Chow! What a name to call your dinner! Seems to me you boys that's be'n in the Army ain't got no respect at all for the English language. I s'pose you don't recollect this young lady you hauled out of a snowbank last night, do ye? Well, this is Miss Mary—Miss Mary—now what was that last name?"

"How d'you do, Mary," said Jud Dunlap simply. "Hope you're feelin' better."

That was his greeting, direct and unaffected, friendly enough, but quite cool.

(Continued on Page 173)

# *The Margin of Safety*

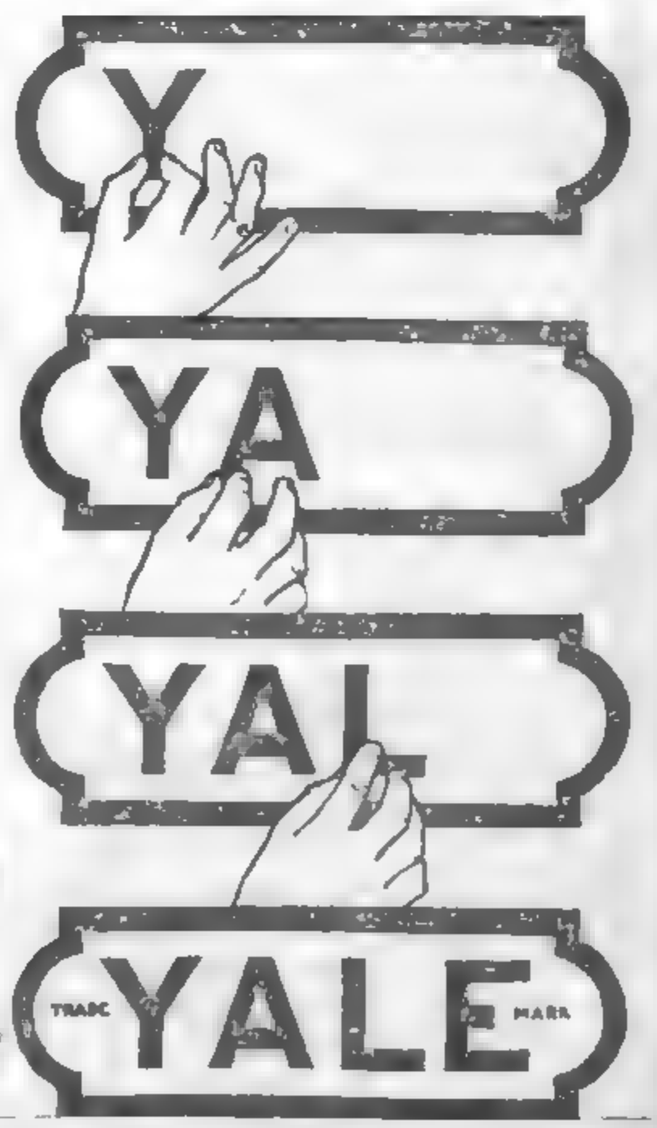
TOUGHER, heavier, stronger in all their parts than ordinary routine service requires—Yale Padlocks, like the steel rails of the railroad, have the strength *plus* that enables them to successfully withstand the shock of extraordinary emergency.

That reserve of extra strength, *the margin of safety*, is in-built into Yale Padlocks.

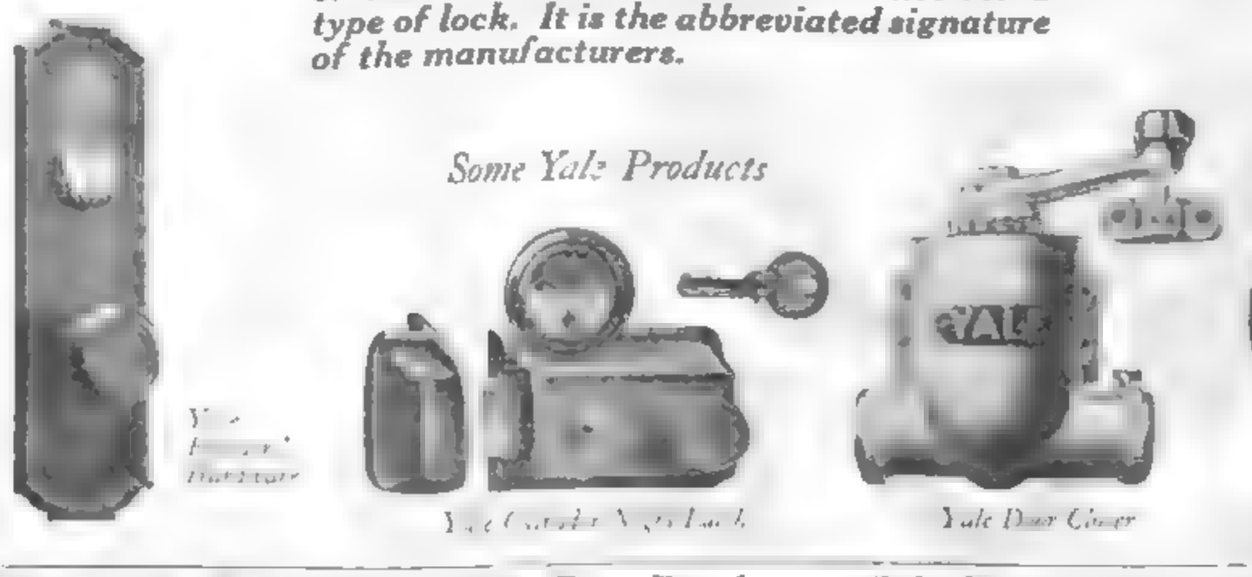
Enduring, tough metals. Test methods that check each step in material and making. Designed with the skill of long years—each part of the mechanism of the Yale Padlock is precise to exactness.

Simple, compact, *safe*, you can depend with confidence upon Yale Padlocks, in the knowledge that each one is built to meet the demands you will make on it.

***The trade-mark "Yale" stands for the name of the maker of Yale Products—not for a type of lock. It is the abbreviated signature of the manufacturers.***

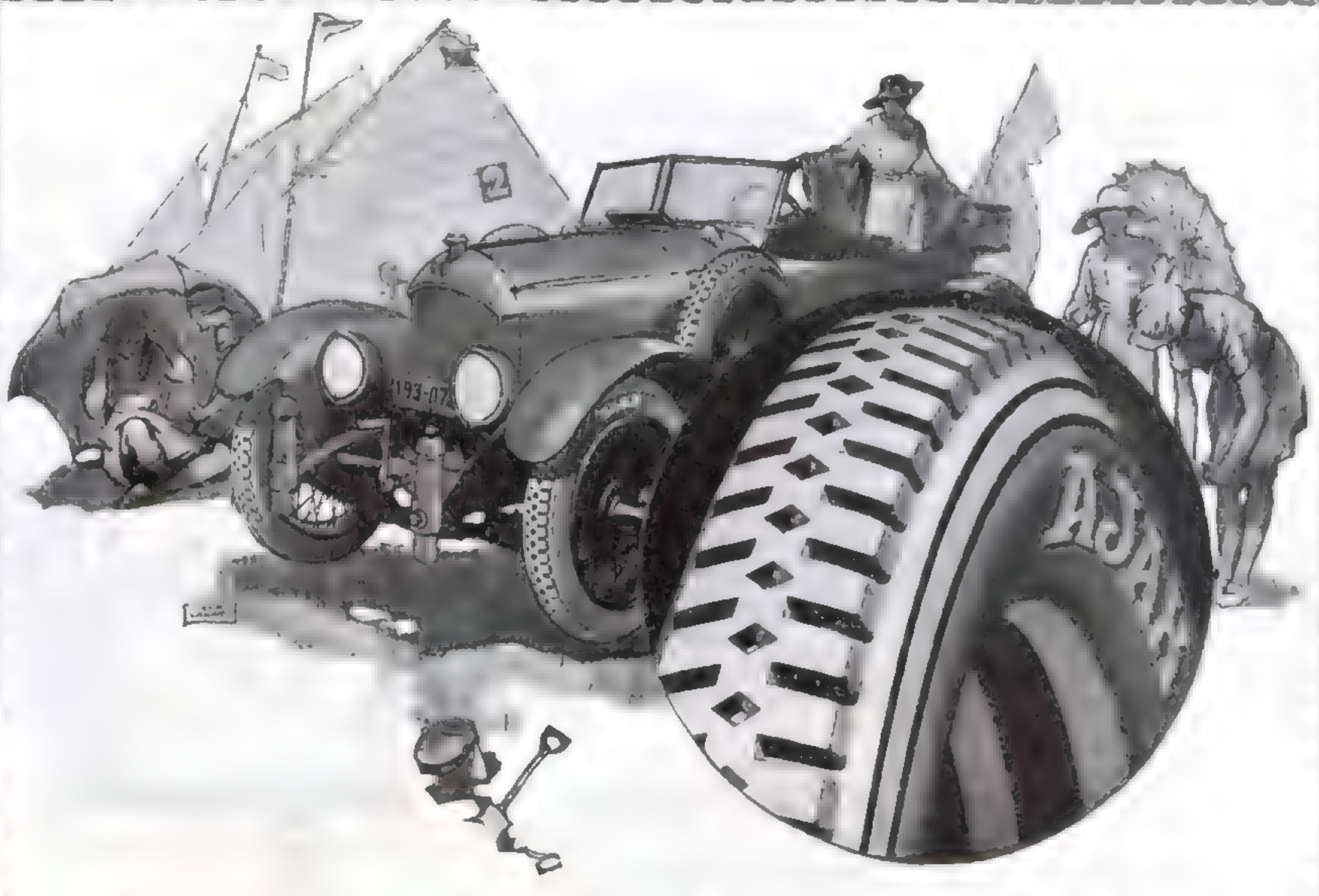



*Some Yale Products*




Yale Cylinder Night Latch — Yale Door Closer

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., *Makers of the Yale Locks*—Works & General Offices: Stamford, Conn.
New York Office: 9 E. 40th St. Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd. St Catharines, Ont. Chicago Office: 77 E. Lake St.




# Distinctive in Looks as well as Performance

A GRACEFULLY proportioned tire, distinctly an advancement in good looks and in mileage—the Ajax Cord.

Its appearance attracts. *Its performance convinces.* The Ajax Cord is establishing a remarkable mileage average. Not here-and-there instances of superior performance, but an *average*, computed from the experience of thousands of users in all parts of the United States.

The Cleated Tread of the Ajax Cord is every whit as serviceable as it is good looking. It holds, like the cleats on an athlete's shoes. And "Ajax Shoulders of Strength" brace and reinforce it at both sides.

In building the Ajax Cord, special precaution is taken. The cords are laid gently in position—*never bound or stretched*. Thus full resiliency is retained in the finished tire, which permits it to give and flex as it should, with each shock of the road.

Outstanding quality marks every Ajax product—Ajax Cord, Ajax Road King (fabric), Ajax Inner Tubes, Ajax H. Q. (High Quality) Tire Accessories.

*Sold by Ajax Franchise Dealers Everywhere*

**AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK**

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The line of Ajax H. Q. (High Quality) Tire Accessories includes everything the car owner needs for emergency or long-lasting tire repairs.

Ask your dealer.

# AJAX CORD

(Continued from Page 170)

Evidently the amenities which regulated the matter of nomenclature in Mary Beverly's stratum of society were quite unknown to Jud. Mary Beverly forgot a number of things, of which the first was that she looked like a little black-eyed kid in her smart Norfolk jacket and—as Jud would have probably called them if he had bothered to call them anything—trick pants. She didn't realize that to a great elemental soul like Jud it would seem absurd to call a pocket Diana "Miss" anything.

If any of Mary Beverly's New York friends called her Mary it was only after some years of preparatory intimacy. She was twenty-three years old and dignified for her age. She had definite and rigid ideas about social distinctions and usages. These ideas were extreme enough to entitle Mary Beverly to be called snobbish and she would have been the last to resent it. She wanted to be a snob and had money enough to get away with it—everywhere but in the Ashaluna.

Here was a simple-hearted, ignorant countrywoman who had put her to bed and got her up in the morning, fed and dressed and petted her—shades of all the Stuyverbilts and Van Spuytens that ever flimflammed a trusting aborigine!—and loved her and called her Mary on less than twelve hours' acquaintance.

It couldn't be done! Now that it was done she didn't resent it. She was ready to lead cheers for Mrs. Dunlap, who was just an old darling.

But the man! That was different. He came into the little kitchen and it suddenly became very much crowded. When he moved about, the floor creaked menacingly. The engineers simply hadn't figured it for that much load. Mary Beverly's somber eyes followed him and she forgot that she was staring. And you must remember that as I said away back toward the opening of this tale Judson Dunlap caused the eye no serious inconvenience. If the eye under discussion be feminine, let me say that statement goes double.

Mary Beverly knew scores of young men, all of whom were socially acceptable—which, of course, Jud Dunlap was not—all of whom were polite, though a few were a little familiar by special permission, and all of whom were scared to death of her. There were lots of good-looking ones in the collection, all knew how to dress correctly, many were athletic. They played football and polo and tennis, drove fast motors and had batted at least .666 against the Hun. In other words, Mary's set was nobly and creditably represented in many branches of the service; but, of course, her acquaintances had gone into the Army as officers. At the moment she didn't recollect an exception.

Several had won citations, so that Jud's war cross did not impress her as a novelty. In fact one of her friends had brought down fourteen German planes, another had been promoted from captain to major for gallantry on the field, a third had distinguished himself for extraordinary skill and bravery in the medical corps. So there was no reason why this raw countryman should strike Mary Beverly as anything but just that—a raw countryman.

Nevertheless he did.

And after the first greeting and casually expressed solicitude concerning her welfare the man said almost nothing. Mrs. Dunlap had been right—her son warn't no talker. Sakes alive!

Jud helped his mother set the dinner on the table in the other room, and it was evident that the occasion called for special dishes and special food. Mary Beverly heard Mrs. Dunlap direct Jud concerning certain preserves on a particular shelf in the cellar. The kitchen was full of the odor of baking, and Mrs. Dunlap opened the oven door—her hand protected by a fold of her apron—and peered in anxiously from time to time. Various utensils on the range bubbled and steamed.

"Guess we're ready to eat," announced the hostess.

"Guess I be," said Jud. "Hungry, Mary?"

Mary Beverly was prone to jump every time Jud called her by her given name. She wanted to explain icily the necessity for a trifle more ceremony—and she couldn't. It wasn't that Jud had saved her life, though that alone would have been enough to curb her tongue. It was because suddenly it became utterly unimportant what he called her so long as he called her something. Oddly Mary Beverly wanted to be noticed by Judson Dunlap. She greatly desired that he talk with her and he showed almost no inclination to do so. At first she thought this might be due to shyness, but presently decided against that opinion. And it wasn't rudeness either. It was just that the man was so self-contained, so perfectly sufficient unto himself, so calm. She could imagine him leading those platoons against the German machine-gun nests in much the same matter-of-fact way as that in which he made repeated trips back and forth between kitchen and dinner table for the commonplace purpose of transporting food.

"Your mother says you've been in the service, Mr. Dunlap."

"Ma says a lot o' things."

"But you—you quite distinguished yourself. It's wonderful! It's thrilling! Many of my friends were over there. I'm so proud of them."

"I guess they was mostly officers," opined Dunlap, helping himself to a potato. Mary Beverly noted with relief that he didn't eat with his knife.

"It was a magnificent thing to do," said Mary Beverly—"to win a war cross."

"I dunno. They was lots deserved 'em that didn't git 'em. Ma, gimme a little more butter."

The visitor at this moment caught Mrs. Dunlap's eye, in which shone a distinct light of warning. Instantly Mary Beverly understood. Jud didn't like to talk about his *croix de guerre*. Mrs. Dunlap was trying to signal her to change the subject. She flushed, gave close attention to the business of eating and for some moments maintained silence. So did the two others. The silence hung over that room like a ponderable thing, suffocating and clogging.

Suddenly Mary Beverly remembered a magazine story, Ardelia in Arcady, in which a little girl from the slums is fresh-aired to a farm where the vast and terrible stillness is broken only by the noises of katydid and bullfrog. At the farm table the family eats stolidly and with a heavy reticence that finally drives the little girl to desperation.

The silence is beyond endurance, and she bursts forth, "F'r God's sakes, talk! Are youse dummies?"

This episode passing through the mind of the Dunlaps' guest made her almost irresistibly desirous of laughing. Her lips twitched. It was a terrible moment. She thought she felt the eyes of Jud fixed on her in cold-blue question, but on looking up discovered that he was not apparently aware of her existence. He was engaged in dissecting an apple pie with an awful precision. This indifference piqued her to the point of actual annoyance. She remembered what Mrs. Dunlap had said on the subject of her son's conversational leanings:

"If you want him to talk ask him about his churn."

And Mary Beverly did want Judson Dunlap to talk.

IV

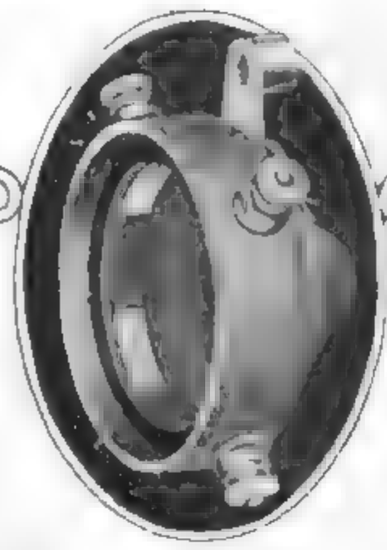
"I LUGGED you six miles," remarked Jud, arguing the matter of transportation from the house to the shop, "and I guess I can lug you twenty rod. You ain't no bigger'n a pint of cider anyhow. Hop on my back."

And Mary Beverly, who would have told you she never minded anyone in her life, allowed the man to pick her up as if she had been a kid brother and plunge off through the heaped-up drifts like a horse. She smiled when she thought what her friends would say to see her playing jockey to such a steed. But Judson Dunlap was not to be denied, for he had found someone with whom he could discuss his churn. The snow was in some places up to his hips, soft, clogging, clinging stuff that made snowshoeing impossible and impeded walking with fluidlike perversity.

"You'd of sunk out o' sight," Judson assured the girl. "I ain't never see such a storm. You wait till the sun's be'n shinin' a few hours and settled the stuff. The'll be a good hard crust form and the snowshoein'll be immense. I can guide you over through Hunter Gap to Caribou Lodge jest like a mice. We wouldn't git no ways at all if we started to-day. Here we be!"

He pushed open the shop door and Mary Beverly found herself perched on a bench, while Jud thrust a handful of dry chips into the small box stove.

"Ain't this cozy? Now, Mary, I'm goin' to show you the best churn in the world."

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—I will remedy the trouble by furnishing a hot, fat spark always correctly timed.

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*Brush assembly made of fine bronze, with phosphor bronze spring. Screw is screw-shaped like a ball bearing.*

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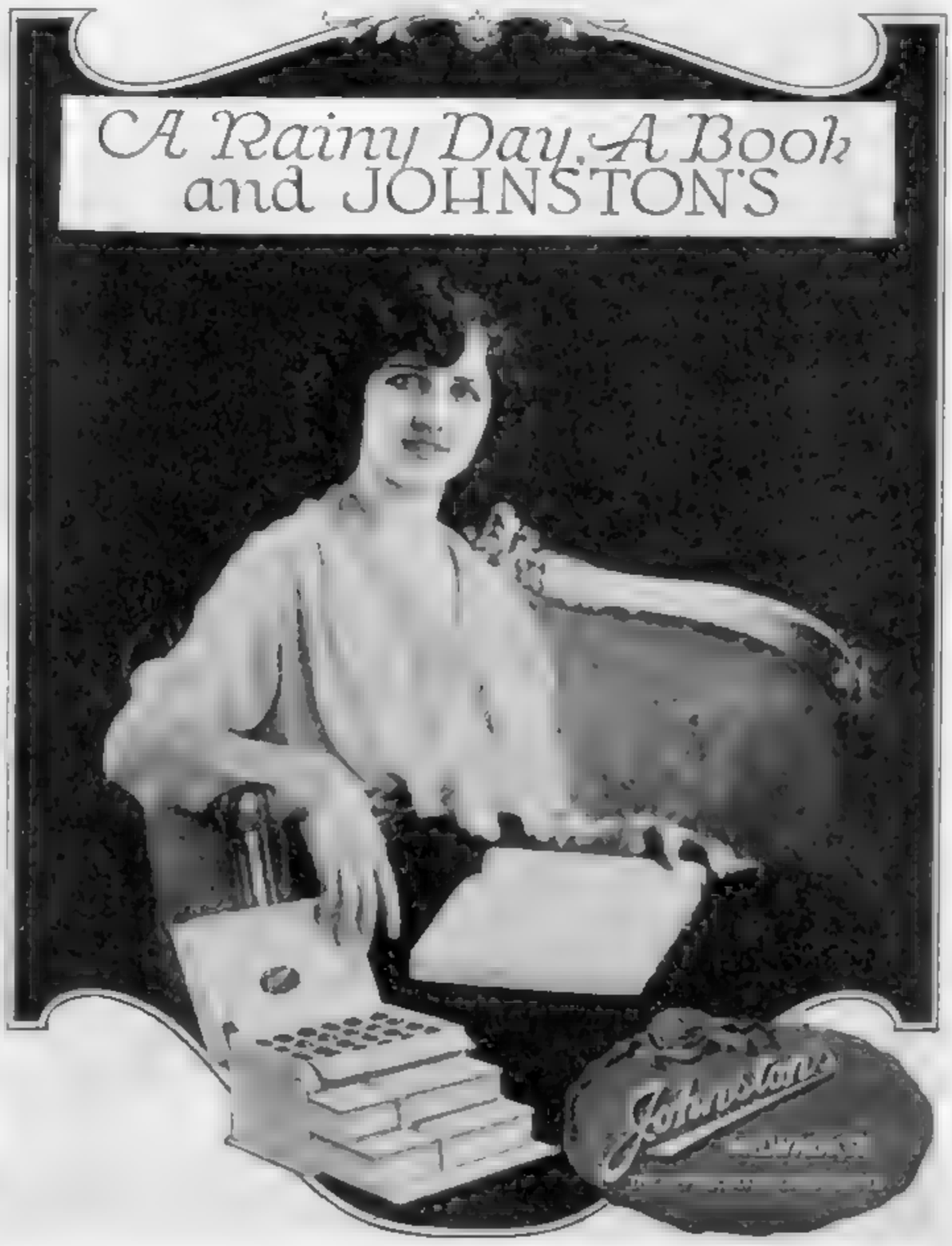
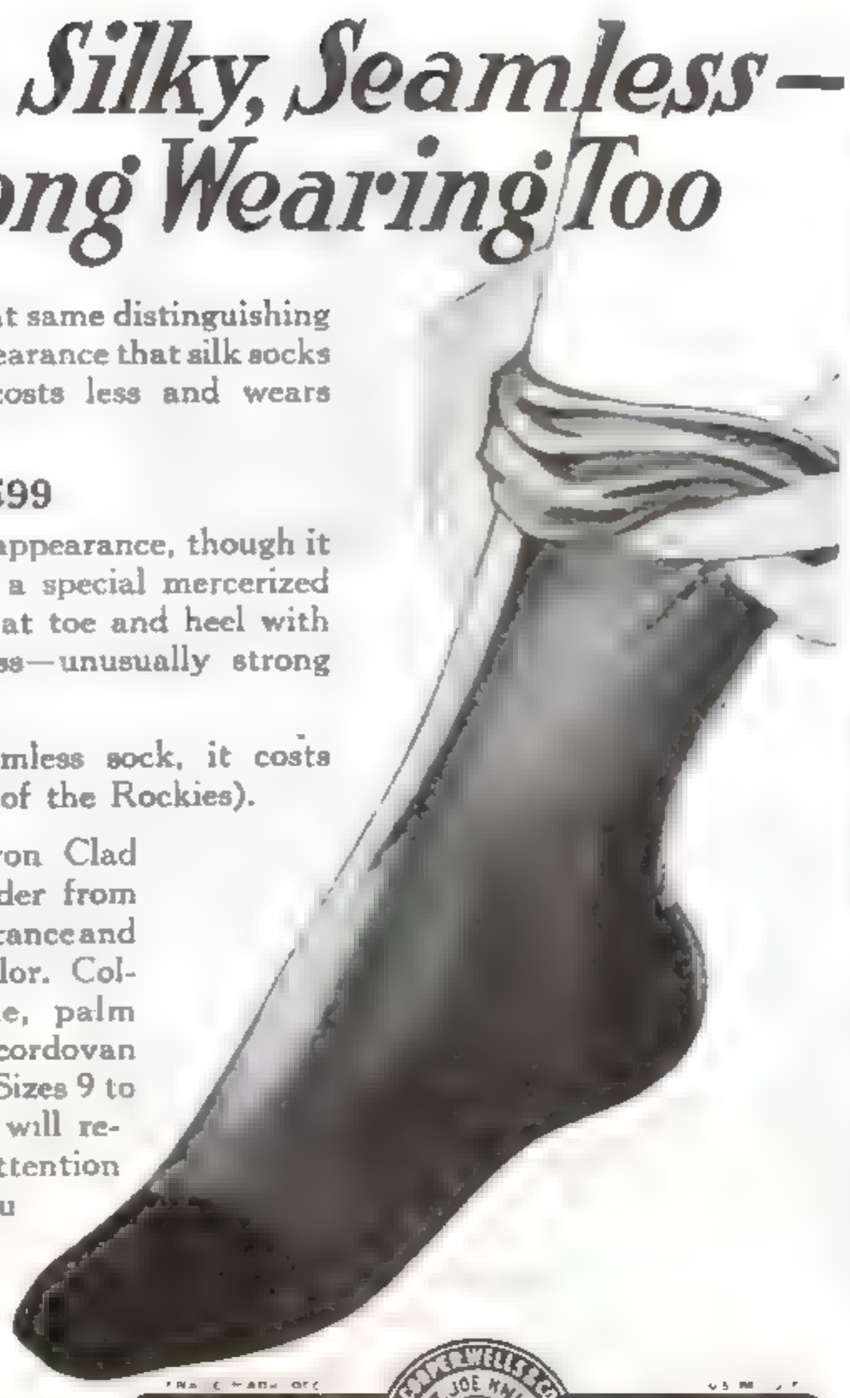
MILWAUKEE TIMER for FORDS

A Rainy Day, A Book and JOHNSTON'S



# Sheer, Silky, Seamless—and Long Wearing Too

This sock adds that same distinguishing touch to one's appearance that silk socks do—and yet it costs less and wears longer.



**Iron Clad No. 599**

has a sheer, silky appearance, though it is not silk. It is a special mercerized fabric, reinforced at toe and heel with three-ply thickness—unusually strong and durable.

A handsome, seamless sock, it costs $1 per pair (East of the Rockies).

If there is no Iron Clad dealer nearby, order from us, enclosing remittance and stating size and color. Colors—black, white, palm beach, dark gray, cordovan brown and navy. Sizes 9 to 11½. Your order will receive immediate attention and be sent to you postage paid.

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Raincoats of waterproofed Suede-Like have that "smart air." The genuine is stamped SUEDE-LIKE

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Mary Beverly hopped down from the bench and peered out through the window at the swift-flowing torrent of the Ashaluna twenty feet below.

"What's the name of the stream, Mr. Dunlap?" she inquired.

"Ashaluna—and if it's all the same to you, I'd rather you wouldn't call me mister."

"But I—you—we haven't known each other long enough ——"

"I ain't a-goin' to call you Miss—er—whatever your name is. You don't think I'm polite, I suppose. But you're so little and sort of—er—boyish in that there get-up, when ma said your name was Mary I couldn't seem to make Miss sound as if it fitted you. And I like that name Mary too."

"All right, Jud," Mary Beverly heard herself say, as if it were someone else. It was the most unheard-of thing she had ever done. Somehow it gave her a delicious sense of freedom, almost of impropriety. "Now tell me about your churn."

Jud told her. He showed her all the different component parts and explained their relation to each other, and made clear to her the principle on which were based the patents he had taken out a year or two before going into service.

"And all I need," he said, "is a few dollars of capital to make a real business out o' the thing—only I dunno's I care. I git along all right, have plenty to eat, good home, nothin' to worry about. Why should I go borryin' trouble, runnin' a business and gittin' gray hairs before my time?"

"Do you mean to tell me you're contented in this—to live without am——"

"——bition in this out-o'-the-way place? That's what you was goin' to say. No one's got no respect for a feller that don't want to git rich. Why, shucks, what would I want to be rich for?

"Now take that old pirate, Lafayette Jordan, that owns Caribou Lodge. Say, I'd ought to go easy how I call friends o' yourn harsh names. You be'n visitin' to the Lodge, ain't you? Oh, I don't know nothin' ag'inst Jordan, only he's said to be one o' the richest men in New York—and no one can be that rich without bein' tricky. But the point is, what's he got that I lack? Can't eat but three meals a day, nor sleep more'n seven or eight hours. He comes up here huntin', pays all git out for guides and supplies, shoots maybe one or two deer. I got the whole country to range in, know it same's the palm o' my hand. Huntin', fishin', trappin' furs, to say nothin' o' fresh air and freedom—the very thing them fellers pays big money for I get for nothin'. What would I do with a lot o' money?"

"Go to the city, travel, study, learn ——"

"Yes, go to the city, travel a fast pace, study devilment, learn how to drink cocktails and a lot more things that won't do me no good. I haven't got a thing to swap with Jordan and them, only ——"

Jud hesitated and confusion mounted redly into the roots of his hair. Mary Beverly saw it. Had she then in these few hours made so deep an impression on this bumpkin?

"Well?"

"I wasn't intendin' to say anythin' about it. Ma says it's Miss Nancyfied, and if it'd be'n anybody but ma somethin' would of dropped. I'd like to be a—a artist."

The idea struck Mary Beverly as the greatest incongruity in her experience. Quite as much amused as astonished, she repeated, "An artist?"

Jud was quick to sense the meaning in her tone.

"Sure, go ahead and laugh! I know it ain't in me—or rather I'll say it is in me and I ain't able to let it out. It's the most helpless feelin' in the world. I don't know's I can make you understand, Mary, but it's like this: All my life I've lived here on this farm on Ashaluna sluice. I'm as much a part o' this country as a cabbage is part of a garden. I'll go further'n that an' say this combination o' river and mountains and lakes and woods is like a wife to me. I ain't never cared for girls. Here's all the girl I want. Gosh-a-mighty, me and her love one 'nother and fight one 'nother same as any married couple you ever see; an' so far when we've fit I've always won. That's as it should be in any well-regulated fambly, I cal'late.

"Well, livin' here in the hills and lovin' 'em the way I do I often have a terrible feelin' that I can describe only by sayin' it's like wantin' to make somethin' of 'em. Folks come here and go away and carry a memory with 'em. They take photographs with little dinky accordion-plaited contraptions, and Lord save us! Them photographs don't any more say 'mountain' than the core of an apple says 'pie.' Dog my cats, the's only one way to do it, and that's paint.

"When I was in the A. E. F. I had a coupla days off in Paris, and me and some o' my buddies went to a place called the Loover and seen the pictures. What's it they call 'em—she—she ——"

"*Chefs d'œuvre.*"

"That's what I told ma. She doovers. Sort of snap at it, don't you? Well, I seen these here she doovers and I says: 'Them fellers got out what was in 'em. They had somethin' to say that they couldn't say in words, so they tried paint, and by golly, she worked! She said it!

"Now my buddies that went with me, they didn't see what I seen. They stood round, fust on one leg and then on the other, and cocked their eye and allowed as how they'd seen lithographs of girls advertisin' shows in New York that'd beat that Mourner Lizzie all holler. To tell the truth, she didn't look much mournful to me, but I could see Lizzie was a she doovers all right. Whoever painted her—an Eyetalian by the name of Leonard Finch, seems to me—he was expressin' somethin'. I stood and looked at Lizzie, with that kind of a twisted, sad, sly smile o' hern, and I says to myself: 'That ain't a picture of no girl in particular; that's Leonard Finch's idee of what a girl would look like if she was to suit him, and furthermore if you ever run across this Finch you'll find Lizzie looks somethin' like him, sort of a fambly resemblance, because he sure did paint somethin' of himself into that picture.'

"So that give me the idee I wanted to paint. Gettin' a idee is a long ways from bein' an artist though."

Mary Beverly listened to this crudely expressed commentary on the fundamentals of art with a curious sensation of amusement and pity. She guessed—and rightly—that Judson Dunlap had not talked so much at one time before in all his life. And she realized, too, that this reticence had been maintained because he had never met anyone with whom he could talk, who would fully understand him.

Mary Beverly was wise enough to know that not everyone who desires to paint can paint or learn to paint, else would the world be populated almost exclusively with Joshua Reynoldses and Jean François Millets and Benozzo Gozzolis and J. Montgomery Flaggs and Joe Leyendeckers. Houses would be shingled with old masters and the handiest thing to throw at the cat would be a Corot. Nevertheless, it flattered Mary Beverly to have this big ex-soldier unburden his mind thus upon a subject that he couldn't even talk over with his own mother without being dubbed a Miss Nancy.

"Why don't you try it?" she asked.

"Try it? Look a-here!"

Jud pulled open the cupboard door and extracted three canvases measuring about three feet in length each.

"Try it? I should say I have tried it, and see what I got for my trouble. Ain't them the worst you ever see?"

Mary Beverly was compelled to admit they were even worse than that.

"Can't hurt my feelin's, no matter what you say. But wouldn't you think that in six weeks of practice I'd of made some progress?

"Gosh, look at this book I bought when our division come through New York: How to Become an Artist in Ten Easy Lessons. I got all the stuff it said I'd need too. It sure appears to me I won't ever be able to paint a mountain and have folks tell it from a cowshed. And I can't tell whether it's the prospective that's wrong, or the chair obscuro.

"That's what I meant when I said the's nothin' I wanted to swap with old Jordan except—and this is the exception. If I had money I'd buy some schoolin' and take lessons in art. A feller could make somethin' of himself, I cal'late."

Yes, Mary Beverly agreed that a feller could make something of himself, if life in the meanwhile didn't make something entirely different of him.

"I wish I could advise you," she said. "I wish I knew what—let me show you something. Give me some paints and a pencil and the rest of the things."

(Continued on Page 177)

# KISSEL Custom-Built Six

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**Any Capacity—5 to 400 Tons—A Type for Your Requirements**

**Toledo "ELECTRIC TRAVELING" Cranes**

(Continued from Page 174

Deftly she stood one of the canvases on the easel, scraped away the bulk of the picture painted by Jud Dunlap, squeezed out on the bit of broken glass the tiny worms of color.

"Jud, stand over there at the bench and don't move. Now!"

Swiftly with the pencil she sketched the beginnings of her picture, then in broad splashes of color and at almost lightning speed she laid in flat masses that looked like a hopeless jumble. Momentarily glancing up at Jud she worked on almost breathlessly.

"Don't move!" she warned.

Now the portrait was beginning to take shape. It was marvelous how the girl had caught the poise of the head, the precise proportions of the straight nose, the wide brow and clean-cut dominant chin. There was the peculiar half-quizzical light in the blue eye, the humorous quirk at the corners of the flexible mouth, and something more than a likeness was there. It was a picture of the soul of Judson Dunlap, a soul strong, independent, hopeful, but just now groping, a trifle pathetic. It was a picture of youth, fresh virgin youth, with the bigness of the future not yet fully comprehended but with a dream in the eyes, a dream which only a woman could fathom.

Mary Beverly's hands dropped in her lap and she gazed at her she doover thoughtfully. Instantly the impulse was strong within her to destroy the thing with one sweeping stroke. It was too awakening! She was afraid of it. What would it do to Judson Dunlap, to see his soul peeping out and asking to be introduced to its owner? Mary Beverly was sure Jud had not yet made the acquaintance of this soul. It was a terrible responsibility, to bring a man and his soul face to face like this. She hadn't the courage.

"Well," said Jud uneasily, "you hain't finished, have you? You don't seem to be workin'."

"Yes," replied the little painter, "I've finished. I don't think I'll let you see it."

"Why not?" demanded Jud. "Is it as rotten as all that? Here, give us a look!"

He strode across the little sanded stool behind Mary Beverly. It was between four and five o'clock and the early winter sun had dropped into the west so that it sent a long beam across the snow into the shop window. This mellow warm sunset light lay upon the portrait and the effect was exactly the same as that of those carefully studied border lights that are used in galleries.

The result was stunning. Both Mary Beverly and Jud were silent. The little stove crackled impertinently, the odor of fresh oil paint hung heavy in the air. Neither man nor girl could wrench attention away from the face on the canvas. A thin cloud drifted across the sinking sun and cut off that ruddy beam which had dramatized so vividly the old scene in the churn shop. With it departed something of the spell, at least that hypnotic quality in it which seemed to inhibit speech.

"Land sakes alive!" said Jud. "How did you do that? Does it honestly look like me?"

Mary Beverly began putting the little caps back on the tubes of paint, dipping the brushes in turpentine and wiping them one by one.

"Yes," she said soberly, "it does look like you. I doubt if you know just how much it really does resemble you."

"You're a wonder, Mary."

"No only a bit dexterous. That's not real art, Jud. I don't want to deceive you. It's a kind of trick technic I learned from an Italian drawing master I had three or four years ago. Please forgive me. I was just—er—what the boys call swanking a bit."

"That ain't so," said Jud rudely. "I believe you're a reg'lar artist. If you wasn't you couldn't do things like that. Say, it makes me think thoughts that never come into my head before. I wonder what you done to make it affect me like that? I look at it and I git discontented. I say to myself, 'You grea' big good-for-nothin' calf, where's your ambition? Why don't ye git out into the world and hustle and amount to somethin'? If you was cut out to make a success o' the churn business why not git busy? If you're goin' to be an artist it's time to begin.' That's how I feel when I look at that paintin'. Dog my cats! Be I like that?

"Either I be, or it's you. I said that Eyetalian, Fino, put himself into his picture. Did you put yourself into this one? Which part of it's me and which you? There's somethin' in the face that I'd call inspiration. Whose? Is that dreamin' future-lookin' expression mine, or does it say what you think about me or any man that has got a drop o' red blood in him? Darned if I can tell where the you leaves off and the me commences."

Mary Beverly smiled.

"Perhaps it puzzles me as much as it does you. Still if the picture were not Judson Dunlap I couldn't have painted it. If you are that sort of man you ought to have a great future."

"H'm! Maybe, maybe! But not in the Ashaluna, Mary—not in the Ashaluna. Say, it's gittin' dark. I guess we'd better be goin' up the hill. Guess you can git the same rig that brought you down to fetch you back."

v

IT WAS two days later when the alternate action of sun and cold having made excellent going Judson Dunlap piloted Mary Beverly on snowshoes up past Ashaluna sluice, with its towering rock walls flanking the rushing torrent that drained the southern portion of the great Ashaluna basin, and on across lakes and streams, through winding gaps in the hills and finally reached the high point of Ashaluna Pass, where was located Lafayette Jordan's great shooting box, Caribou Lodge. Within sight of the Lodge buildings Jud stopped.

"This'll be's fur's I go, Mary."

"Oh, but Jud, you must come to the Lodge and meet the people there. They will want to thank you, especially Mr. Jordan. Please come."

Stubbornly the young man shook his head.

"If you'll excuse me, I'd ruther not. I ain't no ways at home with city folks. Of course you'll go give 'em a tall story about how I saved your life when you was lost beyond recall and all that sort of guff, and I'll have to stand round and look pretty and simper and say, 'Oh, dear me, it was nothin' at all, nothin' at all,' when I know all the time it was a gol darn tough stunt and if I hadn't be'n stronger'n a bull we'd both be out there somewheres buried in snow this minute.

"Mary, you're an all-fired nice girl. I'm plumb gone on you, an' that's God's truth. You're sweeter'n all the flowers in Ashaluna. But that's nuther here nor there. Your folks is prob'ly rich and I hain't got only the coat to my back, and what's worse it don't look like I had ambition enough to buy an extry pair o' pants next time I git a suit."

"Some day, Jud," said Mary Beverly, "you'll be a very great man. I know it. That will be after you've forgotten you ever saw me. Oh, I'm so sorry you won't come in and let them make just a teeny weeny hero of you. Do you know, I'm rather proud to have been saved by a regular fellow with a croix de guerre and a dandy war record. You're something of a feather in my hat."

"Feather? I wisht I was the whole hat. Well, sometime you'll have another invitation from old Jordan to come here, and if you do I'd like to see you. Two-three years ago Jordan's superintendent offered me a job guidin'. But shucks, them namby-pamby boys make me sick with their 'I say, my good fellow' and 'Here you, lug my boots!' One's as bad as t'other. I done lots of k. p. in the Army, but I ain't never be'n no dude's lackey."

Mary Beverly looked at Jud oddly. That this great countryman should betray a sense of social distinctions revealed something in his make-up she had not previously sensed. And she was surprised at herself for not resenting Jud's characterization of her friends as dudes.

"You will come to New York some day?" she asked.

She wondered what she would do with him if he did. Jud in a drawing-room and Jud in a churn shop or traveling the woods trails were two different beings.

"I dunno. New York's no place for me. The folks there'd be too sharp for me—like the feller that sold me them paintin' lessons."

"Come to New York and study drawing," suggested Mary Beverly half idly.

"And live on what? Is New York air more nourishin' than ourn?"

"Sell your churn patents."

"Who to? I wouldn't know which way to turn to git ten cents for 'em."

"I could introduce you to a man who would buy them at your own figure, if

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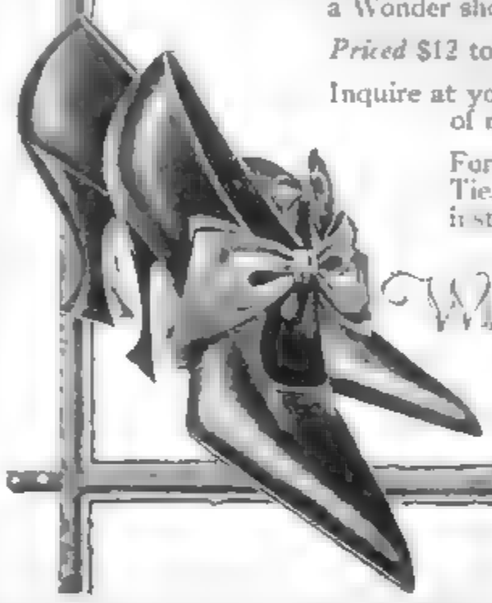

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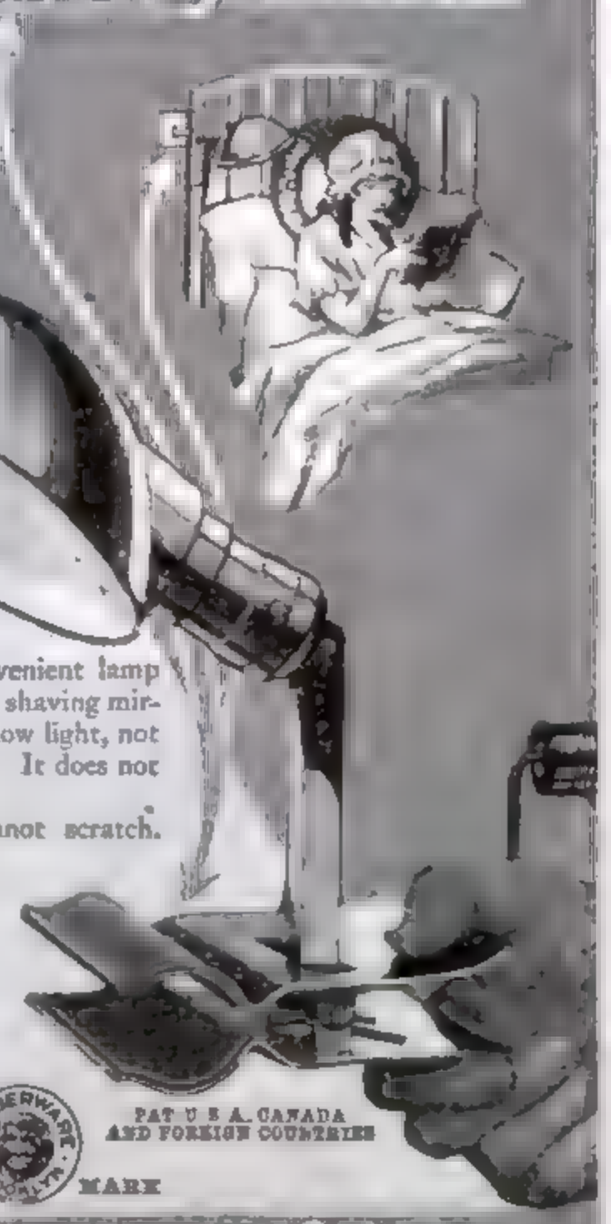

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It was an unfortunate speech—as the girl realized too late. Judson Dunlap flushed, frowned and shot Mary Beverly a look that expressed a volume of resentment.

"Oh, Jud, I'm sorry——"

"I didn't think it of ye," said the woodsman. "You ain't knowed me but two-three days. But I swan I cal'lated you thought better o' me than that!"

"Most men would jump at such an opportunity. That's the way people get ahead by taking advantage of every chance that offers."

"I ain't most men, thank God! Nobody hands me no tips f'r services rendered. Does any of them gentleman friends of yours expect a two-bit piece when they help you into an automobile?"

Mary Beverly was not accustomed to being lectured by anyone in the matter of social amenities. There was no need of Jud's being so ungracious.

"Don't you think you're rather rude?" she asked.

"Yes, I be. I'm turrible sorry too. I've gone and made you mad with my confounded pride. It only shows you can't teach a roughneck nothin'. But gosh all hemlock, I do hate to be thanked! Lemme tell you I'm paid ten times over for anything I ever done for you, Mary. I was paid the minute I see you tucked up warm and snug in our big feather bed. I says to myself, 'There, ye big gawk, ye done somethin'.'

"Now, Mary, get me right! Doin' a thing that's hard ain't fun, but gettin' it done is the satisfyin' part. It warn't what you'd call a picnic for this country to git into the war, but it's a heap of satisfaction to see the result.

"Over in France they give me that little bronze dewdab on a ribbon, and the feller that pinned it on me—some general, he was—actually kissed me twicet. I was never so mortified in my life. I ain't never told my mother yet 'bout him kissin' me right before all the boys. I brung home the medal, though, to please her. She likes it, so it's all right.

"There is a big favor you can do me, Mary. When you see your folks and your friends leave my name out of it. Tell 'em you wandered round till you come to a farmhouse, where you stopped durin' the storm. You can act sort of confused and muddled up so's not to let 'em know just where 'twas. Then they won't come palaverin' round a-tryin' to thank me."

"Why, Jud, how dreadful! That's the most cold-blooded thing I ever heard of—deliberately ignoring an act of heroism!"

"Aw, please now, Mary, let up on that heroism stuff, will ye? My lands! I've lugged a deer further'n that through the woods—lots o' times. Once fer all, I'm returnin' from the hero business and if I hear any more sich talk I'm goin' to stay home with ma and wash the dishes and work them yarn roses in burlap like Letty. Seems's if a feller with two hands and two legs has always got to be dodgin' the Bouquet Throwers' Union."

Mary Beverly laughed in spite of herself. It was quite a sad little laugh, echoed in a deeper though equally lugubrious tone by her companion.

"Jud, you're incorrigible."

"I don't know what that means, but I suppose I'm it if you say so. It sounds like grand larceny.

"Well, it don't git us nothin' to stand here gabbin', I s'pose. You run along and put your friends out o' their misery—and remember what I asked you to do. When you go back to New York send me a picture post card of yourself riding in an airplane. You can git 'em took along Broadway, three for a dollar, while you wait. I done it when I was there, but I give 'em away to the boys.

"I got your address. If I ever do git to the city I'll look you up and take you to a picture show or somethin'. That's a promise, Mary. Guess your folks won't mind, will they, Mary? I'll be on my way now—won't git home till after sundown as it is."

He extended an enormous hand, into which Mary Beverly slipped her own.

"Good-by, Jud."

"Good-by, Mary. Be a good girl!"

Jud turned away abruptly and crunched off, his snowshoes creaking shrilly on the hard crust. Mary Beverly watched him until he reached the edge of the clearing, where he turned and waved. The girl swung her hand in farewell, then descended swiftly toward the Lodge and reunion with its occupants. It ought to be a joyous occasion, she told herself, relieving all that agony of suspense, lifting from the depths of despair those who had given her up for lost while yet renewing and ever renewing the search for her.

But she did not feel joyous. There was a weight on her spirits. Something of value, lately come into her life, had gone out of it again, leaving behind it only a fragrance, a memory. She never expected to see Jud Dunlap again—and it hurt. Rough, crude, ignorant—nevertheless he was without question the nearest thing to a real man she had ever known; and real men are none too frequently met.

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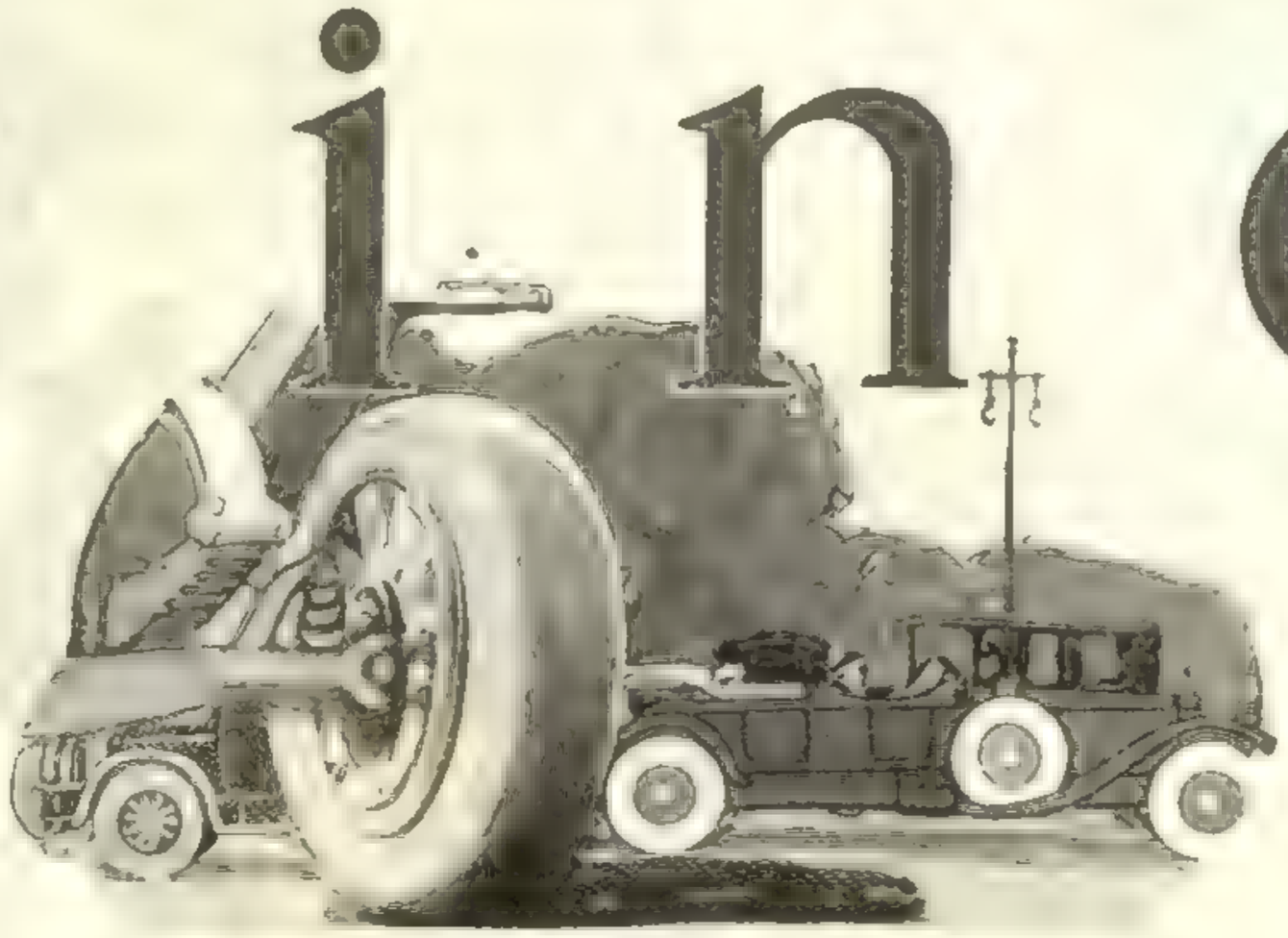

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# WHEN MARCIA FELL

(Continued from Page 21)

gaze which had gleamed along the sights of rapid-fire guns toward German planes.

"If you want to commit suicide," he said quietly, "go up in the Masonic Temple and jump off into the rotunda. The Chamber of Commerce is a nice place for it too. It has been done quite often. You make a pink splash on the marble floor and they pick you up with blotting paper."

"But why not?" asked Brian, irritated with the boy's contempt. "It looks like a broad flat place for a landing."

"If it was as flat as it looks and a plane could be given backspin like a golf ball I could do it," he answered.

"But it happens that roofs are cut up with pipes and skylights and gratings and ventilators. Even if I missed them the machine would run to the edge, stub its toes on the parapet and do a flip-flop down into the street. Maybe that's what you want; but why pick on me?"

"Well, I didn't think it could be done anyway," muttered Brian. "I just wanted to know—to decide a bet."

"You lose," said the aviator, abruptly turning away toward the hangar, where he explained to his comrades that he had been talking with a bug who thought that an aëroplane could light on a telegraph wire like a sparrow.

So Brian abandoned hope of his desert island.

His speculation in marriage licenses obsessed him. The document had a disturbing effect upon his mental equilibrium and he felt as conscious of its presence in his pocketbook as if he were carrying counterfeit money.

He tried to imagine the chain of events that would come to pass if he should happen to be less expert than usual in dodging automobiles at street crossings. He would be picked up dead; the license would be found among the many papers with which his pockets were always bulging; it would be introduced as an exhibit at the coroner's inquest; the newspaper reporters would pounce upon it like buzzards upon carrion; Marcia in tears half grief and half indignation would deny that she had been engaged to him; a rumor that he had thrown himself under the wheels of the automobile because distracted by unrequited love would get into circulation; a scandal involving Marcia would gradually be conjured up by babbling tongues; she, worried into nervous prostration by the gossip, would close her tour and hate his memory eternally—the complications rising from that bit of paper, in short, would be endless. Brian's imagination became more or less morbid as he dwelt upon them.

His sleep began to be troubled with dreams that needed no expert in Freudian psychology for their interpretation. He dreamed, for instance, that he was seeing Marcia off on a train—as he had often done—and that he had cunningly arranged a plot for her abduction. He had secretly procured a drawing-room in her car and had also bribed a hungry young clergyman fully equipped with transportation and a prayer book to lurk in the smoker. He sat with Marcia in her place in the Pullman until a few minutes before the start and then asked her to come out into the vestibule to say good-by. As they passed his compartment he had thrust her into it unobserved by anyone, had entered himself and locked the door—and there they were! After two hundred miles of argument Marcia had weakened to save her honor and he had rung for the porter and told him to call in the subsidized clergyman. Just as Marcia was about to say "I do" the minister had discovered a fatal flaw in the license—it was valid only in the county where it was issued and they were now in another state. At this crisis a mysterious stranger battered down the door, making a hideous racket. He flipped back his coat lapel to show a badge, declaimed "On secret service" and arrested the stricken Brian.

Brian dreamed another dream of inviting Marcia to dinner in the quietest corner of his quietest club and of asking a pulpit Adonis whom he knew, a silver-tongued man of God and the world with flashing eyes and flowing hair, to join them. Then he had plied them both with cocktails and wine from his locker until they became utterly regardless of consequences. The real Marcia didn't drink a drop but the dream Marcia was a bacchante. Just as he was ready to produce the license and ask the minister to do his duty he realized that Marcia was flirting wildly with his guest and was meeting with impassioned responses. The flashing eyes beamed amorously upon Marcia and she blew a kiss off the palm of her hand toward them. When Brian heard Marcia sigh "You're the handsomest thing I ever saw," and heard the clergyman whisper, "I'll meet you after the show to-night, girlie," he rose in high wrath and smote the reverend philanderer brilliantly upon the nose. Then the dream became a chaos of breaking china and falling chairs and flying entrées and Brian awoke in cold perspiring horror.

A third dream he dreamed, and this was the worst nightmare of the herd. He was sitting with Marcia in her dressing room while her play was in performance and told her he had the license. She had said: "It's now or never! If you can produce a minister, a priest, a bishop, a cardinal, a pope, a judge, an alderman, a sea captain or anyone else with authority to marry us within two minutes I'll do it. If you can't I'll never speak to you again."

Then she began to count off the seconds on her wrist watch.

And he had walked out upon the stage and shouted, "Stop the play!" Then turning to the audience, which seemed to consist of a million grinning faces, he asked loudly, "Is there a clergyman in the house?" And the million grinning faces had burst out into a thunder peal of ironic laughter and a ripe tomato hurled from the gallery had splashed in scarlet abundance over his dress-shirt front and he had fainted from sheer terror.

These nocturnal agonies persuaded Brian that he was going from bad to worse and that the matter would have to be brought to a decision. It must be one of two things, he decided—Marcia for keeps or no Marcia at all. A match or a break—that is what it would have to be, and on this determination he set his jaw stubbornly.

So very quietly and calmly in her dressing room during the play—just as in the dream—he showed her the license.

"What's this, Brian?"

"Read it."

"Why, it's a marriage license! I never saw one before. Not a romantic-looking document, is it?"

She studied the rather illegible names.

"B. H. Black. Is that you, Brian? Whom are you going to marry? Or maybe you have been married and divorced and never told me about it. And who's this Corinne Dawson? Heavens, it's Marcia! I can never remember my real name without thinking twice. Isn't it ugly?"

"You don't seem to take it very seriously."

"I don't understand exactly. Do you mean to say that you have gone and taken out a license for us before I've made up my mind to accept you?"

"Precisely that."

"And you could get this thing without my being consulted at all?"

"Yes, of course. You must admit, however, that I have consulted you often enough."

"Then any man can go over to the jail or wherever they sell these things and buy a license to marry some poor defenseless woman who isn't there to speak her mind—the Dowager Empress of Japan, for example?"

Marcia in this vein could infallibly make him laugh, and his grimness relaxed.

"Certainly—within reason."

"Well, when we women get the vote," she answered, daintily retouching her make-up, "we'll change all that."

He did not remind her that her sex had already been blessed with the franchise, and waited to see what she would say next. She turned away from her mirror presently and picked up the license again, knitting her brows over it.

"It isn't legal anyway," she declared. "You have lied about my age. Trying to be complimentary, I suppose, you poor idiot! I'm not twenty-two—I'm twenty-eight; and the darned thing is no good."

"Twenty-eight is legal age. That makes it all right."

"You're too well informed on this subject. I'm beginning to suspect you have been married before. Brian, you're looking like a perfect coffin trimmer."

"Isn't it a serious matter?"

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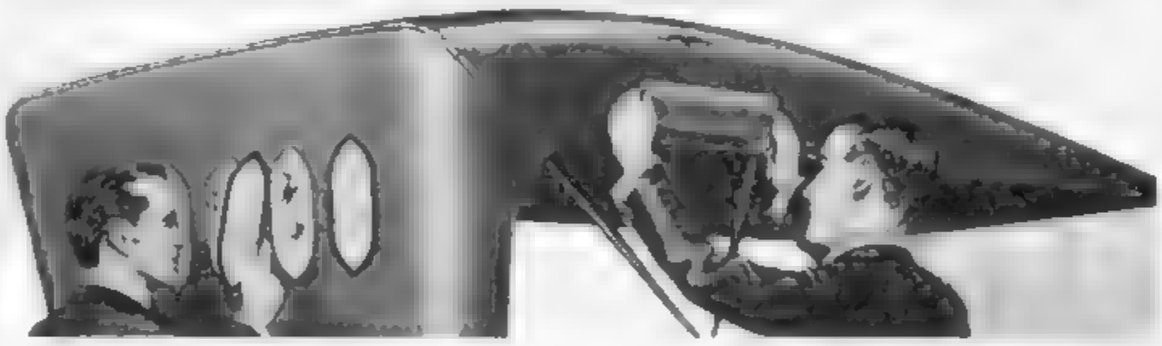

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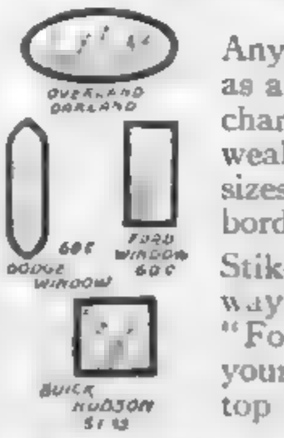

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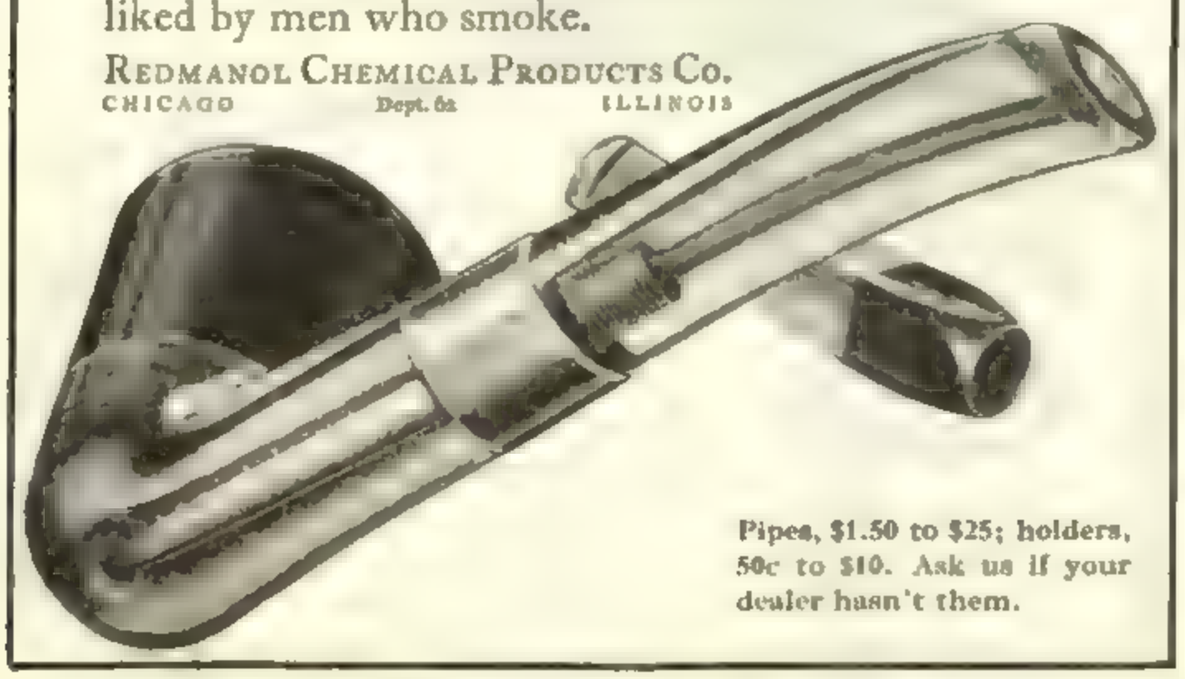

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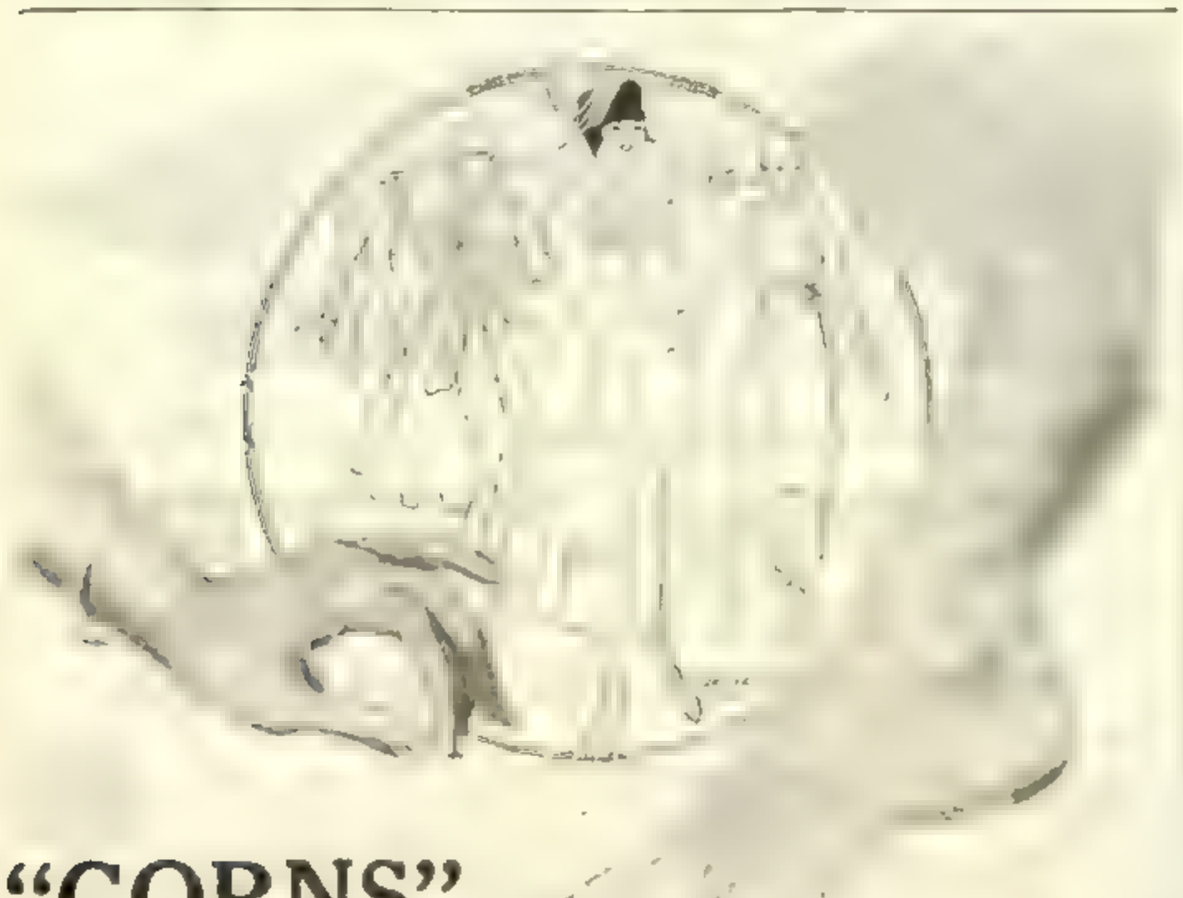

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"Yes, too serious to be taken seriously just now. You know that I don't want to retire from the stage for a while—a season or two anyway."

"You do not have to retire. Other actresses don't."

He named a few famous mothers of the footlights.

"Yes, but when I get married I want to retire. And I'm not ready to do either. That's final. Now let's tear up that license and be good friends again."

"Tear it up if you choose," he said glumly.

"No," she exclaimed, "I'll keep it as a souvenir of my best chance to escape becoming an old maid. It will comfort my declining years."

"You can't have it unless you take a marriage certificate along with it," he said coldly. "Please give it back to me."

"Does the old dear really want his precious license? Well, he shall have it. Lend me a pencil, Brian, and I'll write you a love letter on the back."

She occupied herself brightly with a pencil for a few minutes and then handed Brian the paper that he now regarded as the death warrant of his romance. He found that on the back she had sketched a joy-and-gloom caricature, at which trick she was facile. There was an impressive gallows, the cross bar of which was labeled "Marriage License." The loop for the rope, her lettering said, was a wedding ring. At the free end of the rope, tugging industriously, was an old gentleman in a black beard, the hangman—marked "Brian Gloom." Dangling in air, her neck in the noose, smiling sweetly in death, was "Marcia Joy." Below the sketch she had written, "All the same, you're a darling and it would be a rather nice way to perish."

She was troubled a little by the way he said good night. If he had been tragically sentimental she would not have worried about him, for she knew that mood of his and how to cure it with playful raillery. But he was merely abrupt and formal. A change of aloofness and detachment seemed to have come over the spirit of her captive.

There must be no ugly wrenching asunder, no sulky parting, no painful gesture of an unhappy end, Brian told himself. The spiritual value of this long attachment must remain unwounded for both of them. They would meet again, he hoped and believed, through some of the coincidences that give life its savor of surprise, and these meetings must not be vexed with embarrassment. Their friendship had a serene sweetness that transcended the eternal chess game of the sexes, and this rare essence should not become embittered. Nevertheless, for his own good he must put an end to himself as a lover. The comedy must be finished without an emotional scene, without an anticlimax of platonizing; and the only method was that of absence.

But what should he do with the telltale license? Should he mail it back to the county clerk's office marked "canceled" and thus have it expunged from the records? This decidedly irregular course might rouse a dangerous curiosity. He was about to destroy it, but Marcia's caricature and affectionate message penciled on the back restrained him. Everything that contained the impress of her personality was dear to him. He was miserly of souvenirs of her and he could not break himself of the habit of collecting them. So he locked the disappointed license up in his safety-deposit box, there to rest among the lavender of a large collection of bonds and stock certificates until he should become indifferent enough to tear it up without a sense of regret.

Then Brian invented a business trip to New York and departed, sending Marcia a cheerful little note that explained his disappearance as a duty and gave her no method of keeping up the lines of communication. He moped like a sick owl in Manhattan for several weeks, seeking distraction among a wide circle of hospitable acquaintances, and he received two letters from Marcia addressed to his office for forwarding. She wanted to know what was the idea of this sudden trip, hoped that he was putting over a big business deal and wondered when he was coming back. He acknowledged them with a vague promise to tell her all about it the next time they met—and the rest was silence.

He wanted to stay away until Marcia's play left Chicago, but his hard-working partner, whose patient submission to the many joy journeys of the past had often troubled his conscience, began to write letters complaining of his burden, so Brian, a little freer of his infatuation than before, reluctantly returned. He got into harness at the office in a way that renewed his partner's faith. Manfully he sought the consolation of toil and resolutely he stayed away from Marcia, from Marcia's theater, from Marcia's hotel and from the promenade along Michigan Avenue where she might be accidentally encountered in search of hats and dresses.

Spring came into full bloom. Marcia's play was in the last fortnight of its engagement and Brian was wondering if he could call on her to say good-by the last night without the risk of becoming hopelessly subjugated again. The alternative course was to send her some flowers and a cordial note honestly admitting that he didn't want to see her because it made him too confoundedly unhappy and saying that he hoped to meet her again some time when he had got over being so asinine.

He took this quandary out for an after-luncheon stroll over a cigar and for an objective headed toward his bank, where he could nip off the coupons that had budded on his bonds and get a hatful of money for them. Even in the most romantic temperaments this is always a refreshing diversion.

With the deposit box under his arm he left the inner vault and sought the privacy of one of the small rooms partitioned off like rows of roomy telephone booths where patrons of the bank might hide themselves from the world and gloat over their investments and hoardings. He found an unlocked door and stepped into the compartment. He was a man permanently wedded to that symbol of leisure, a cane or walking stick. As he entered, put his tin box down on the counter and thrust a chair out of his way the veteran Malacca dropped off the crook of his elbow and fell across the doorsill. A moment later the door swung to against it, and with this bit in its teeth could not lock its jaws. Brian observed this little accident, but did not trouble himself to retrieve the cane. Another scar more or less on its varnish did not matter and he didn't care whether the door was locked or not. Even without that slight precaution he was as safe there as if he were in God's pocket. He methodically went about his business of selecting the bonds that had ripened and borne fruit.

When he had clipped his fifth coupon—engrossing pursuit—the door opened briskly. Brian looked up expecting to find the vault policeman at his rounds of inspecting the rooms. What he saw, however, offended his sense of the probabilities and caused him to start from his chair in amazement.

It was Marcia looking her springtime prettiest, with the conventional tin box of the premises clutched to her breast against a cluster of violets. The "I beg your pardon" that she had started to say when she found the room occupied died on her lips as she recognized Brian and the laughter of happy surprise followed it.

Her free hand, outstretched, fell into his, and Brian had an inspiration. He suddenly drew her toward him, stepped past her, kicked his cane out into the corridor and slammed the door shut. It locked itself of course. Then, his back against it, he faced her with a triumphant smile. He should have rounded out this situation by hissing, "Now, my proud beauty, I have you in my power!" But he missed this gorgeous opportunity. He merely said with a smile, "This is a pleasant surprise. Won't you sit down and make yourself at home?"

"Of course I will," the unabashed Marcia answered. "It's very cozy here. Almost like my dressing room, isn't it? But of all the places to find the deserter! If I hadn't bought some Liberty Bonds in Chicago once upon a time and tucked them away in this vault and gone away forgetting all about them—which is just like me—this would never have happened. Isn't it jolly?"

"Have you missed me?" he asked inanely.

"No! And let's not talk about the beastly way you walked out on me and left me flat in this dreadful city without a friend. I forgive you, Brian, and I hope you have suffered while I have been having a beautiful time. But it's nice to see you again. Come away from that door. I'm not going to escape. Now show me how to clip the coupons. I always cut off the wrong ones."

She flourished the slender shears that were anchored to the desk by a long chain as a first aid to investors.

(Continued on Page 185)

# Will YOU Profit by the Experience of the American Surety Company?

The American Surety Company uses Dictaphones in many of its agencies throughout the country. In New York, Mr. B. J. McGinn, Manager, Claim Department, says: "In this department we use fifteen machines. The volume of our business has increased enormously in the past two years, but, because of the efficiency and flexibility of The Dictaphone system, we have not had to augment our stenographic force to take care of the enlarged volume of correspondence."

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OAK FLOORING
CREOSOTED PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 182)

"Let this cold steel be a symbol of honor between the knight and his lady fair!" she orated. "Stay on your own side of the scissors, Brian."

When she had gleaned her coupons she insisted upon helping Brian with his. Then she wanted to rummage through his deposit box, professing a belief that it was filled with old love letters from other actresses he had known.

"Or chorus girls," she added.

He counted out his securities for her, told her the market values of the shares of stock he held and added up the values. They made an impressive total and she denounced him as a miser.

"Still it does provide very comfortably," she conceded, "for your old age as a doddering bachelor whom nobody wants to have round. I must begin to save myself. The Actors' Fund Home will get me if I don't watch out."

He remarked that she ought to be a rich woman.

"I know it, and I'm not extravagant, but I have a gift for shedding money. Oh, I have a farm that is making the man who runs it for me rich, I suspect, and several bank accounts, but as for safe-and-sane stuff like yours I have very little. Easy come, easy go, as the sailor said when he spent three years' wages in one night."

He picked a legal-looking document out of his box and handed it to her.

"This may interest you," he remarked.

She read it. It was his will. It gave a few respectable legacies to charitable institutions and bequeathed the residue of the estate to Corinne Dawson, professionally known as Marcia Morris.

"You see, I have no near relatives," he explained. "I am very much alone except for you."

She looked at him in gentle amazement, all her merriment gone.

"I don't know what to say," she murmured finally. "I'm too surprised—and touched. I didn't think I meant quite that much to you. I haven't deserved it. And, of course, I can't accept it, Brian darling. You should not have done it, you know. Suppose you should die and that will should go into court, as I understand they do. What would people think about us?"

"That has occurred to me," he admitted.

"Well, when I made that will I thought I was doing the right thing. Perhaps I should have consulted you about it. Or perhaps I should not have shown it to you at all. I'm sorry if you think I have been tactless, Marcia. Where you are concerned I seem to be particularly stupid. Shall we tear it up?"

She picked the will out of her lap.

"I hate to tear it up," she observed. "It's so sweet! What can we do to make it no good?"

"Tear off the witnesses' signatures," he suggested. "Then I'll have another will drawn up cutting you off with the proverbial shilling."

"A good idea. Now—that part of it goes into the waste-paper basket. And I'll keep the rest to remember you by."

She tucked the mutilated document away in her deposit box.

"Have you got anything else that's incriminating in there, Brian?"

"Well, here's something you've seen before." He brought out the marriage license. "I was going to tear it up to-day."

"A good resolution," she said laughingly.

"And here's the engagement ring I hoped to give you."

"Oh, pretty! And different! You're not stupid about jewelry, Brian. I should have loved it! It must have cost you a small fortune."

"Why not try it on?"

"I'm tempted to. But that would be flirting with destiny. Take it back. I suppose it would be a bore to try to sell it. I once tried to sell some jewelry when I was poor, and found it very hard work. Better keep it for future use, Brian. It might be useful sometime when you have forgotten me."

He took back the ring and handed her another.

"A wedding ring! Brian, you fantastical creature! Surely this wasn't for me too?"

"No, it was my mother's."

"I might have known it. They're not so heavy and symbolical of fetters nowadays. I wonder how an old-fashioned bride felt with one of these things on. I think I'll try it. Hurrah, it fits! O-o-oh, it gives me the cold shivers! Put it away again."

She pressed the ring into his hand, and then, standing on tiptoe, kissed him gayly.

"That's for being a dear," she explained.

"Then tell me," he answered when he had recovered from his surprise, "what this is for."

He gathered her up into his arms, but she took shelter close against his shoulder and adroitly escaped the kiss he had counted upon returning.

"Look up," he whispered, "and let me see the stars in your eyes."

"Not until you let me go."

Upon this situation of a small young lady engulfed in a large man's embrace, he determinedly trying to find her lips and she merrily evading, the door suddenly opened.

"Here! Here! Break away! Cut it out!" a hoarse voice growled.

They parted in a panic and a giant in blue uniform confronted them. He was the vault policeman with his pass-keys in his hand and his manner suggested that he was ready to run amuck from impulses of an outraged sense of decency.

"Where do you two people get that stuff?" he roared. "How do you get that way? Don't you know that this is a safety-deposit vault and not a hotel? We don't rent these rooms to transients. What the devil are you doing in here anyway? It's after closing time. You must have been here for hours."

Brian and Marcia cowered abjectly before him. He demanded their names, and Brian—far gone in mental confusion—presented his card and introduced Marcia.

"You see, officer, it was an accident," he babbled. "I left the door open and the young lady happened to come in. We are old friends."

"So you're not relatives!" the giant bellowed, the star on his breast quivering with righteous indignation. "I was hoping you were. Trying to use my vault for a spooning parlor, eh? My vault! What would the directors say? You're guilty of disorderly conduct, that's what you are! You can't monkey with me! I was once a hotel detective. Maybe you were laying away in here to try to loot the vault when I went to supper. I'll have to make a report on this. You're both under arrest."

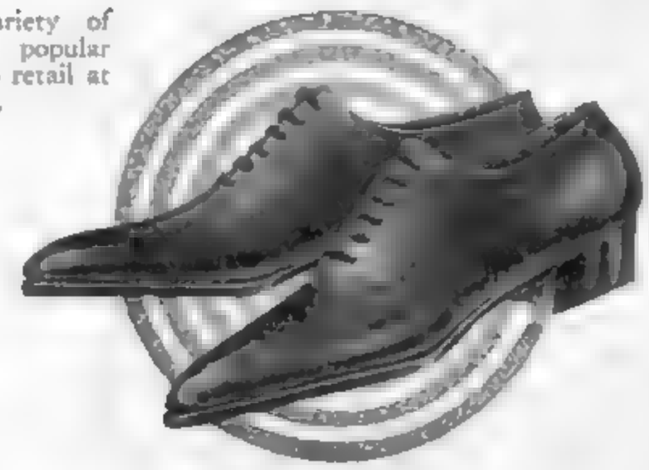
Brian protested wrathfully, and Marcia, for whom hysteria was imminent, tried to give away her Liberty Bonds as a peace offering. The officer refused to accept either explanations or bribes, for he had the incorruptible soul that grows in banks. He and Brian began to shout at each other, nose to nose.

"Knock him down, Brian," urged Marcia fiercely. "Hit him in the jaw!"

Brian was about to defend the fair name of his beloved in the manner suggested by Marcia—a right-hand swing from the hip would have been a satisfying expression of his feelings. Before this catastrophe could occur, however, a fourth voice was added to the violent argument.

A little man with iron-gray whiskers and a fiery eye peered under the officer's arm and began to bark importantly.

BATES



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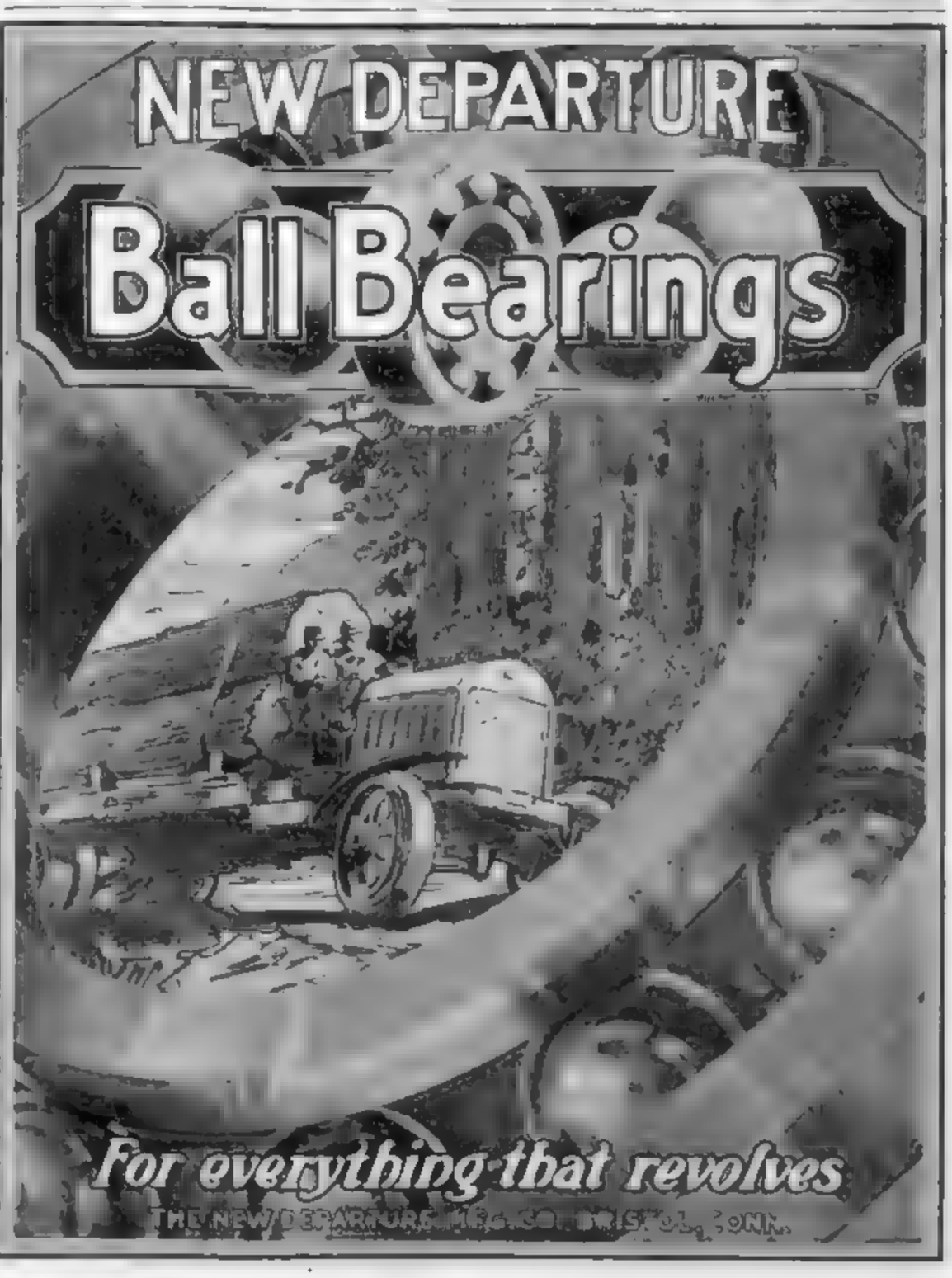

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"Wazza trouble here, officer? 'Smatter with these people? Coupla crooks? I was in the director's room on some court business and I thought the Bolsheviks were busting into the bank. Silence, you!"—this to Brian—"order in the court!"

The policeman told what he had seen and his interpretation of it.

"Disorderly conduct, I call it, judge," he declared hotly. "They're under arrest."

He made a grab for Brian's collar.

"Extraordinary! Scandalous!" gloated the little man, rubbing his hands together happily.

"Be careful, officer, I think he's getting ready to hand you a wallop. Well, sir, what have you got to say for yourself? I must warn you, however, that any evidence you give will be used against you."

"Are you really a judge?" Brian demanded.

"I am, sir, and I shall see that the law is enforced in this case. I am Judge Simpson of the County Court."

Here the ornament of the bench observed a cuspidor in the corner and directed a long-distance tobacco shot at it with deadly accuracy.

"Then I appeal to you as a man of sense and education," Brian pleaded. "This young lady and I are engaged to be married."

"Is that so?"—suspiciously. "Let her show me her engagement ring. Come on, young lady! Hold out your left hand!"

Instead of which Marcia hid her hand behind her back.

"Here it is, judge," cried Brian, dipping into his deposit box. "She had taken it off—to rest her finger. Put it on again, darling."

Marcia eagerly slipped on the token of betrothal.

"Well, maybe so, maybe so," the judge admitted grudgingly. "But if you carry on like that in bank vaults you ought to get married right away."

"That's what I say, your honor," was Brian's glad outcry. "And here's our wedding license."

Judge Simpson again inflicted the by-product of his mastication upon the cuspidor and read the license.

"You B. H. Black? You Corinne Dawson?"

They nodded.

"You want to get married?"

Brian's howl of assent concealed from the judge the fact that Marcia did not answer.

"Well, I'm a marrying judge. I tie 'em up in jig time every day in my court room. I think I'll marry you two right now. Take her hand! Now then!"

He spit again.

"Do you, Mister Man, take her for your wife, to love, et cetera? All right! And do you, young lady, take this homely galoot for your husband to cherish and obey—I hope—and possibly nag? Say yes—don't nod it! Say it!"

Marcia looking like a frightened child managed to whisper something that the judge accepted as yes.

"Then I hereby declare you man and wife and as judge of the County Court I got a darned good right to do it. Slip her a ring. Your key ring will do. That's right! You're married now! Make the worst of it!"

"Not really?" Marcia cried out in horror, staring at Brian's mother's wedding ring on the fatal finger.

"Yep. It's all over for both of you. I think I'll kiss the bride. She's a darned good-looking gal."

Marcia in a kind of trance was kissed full on the mouth with great unction by the swift little judge. Brian was shaking hands so enthusiastically with the policeman that he could not rush to her protection.

"Now I've got to catch a train," said the judge. "Oh, no, I don't charge anything! Keep your money. Give me your business card and my clerk will send you the marriage certificate with a bill. Well, good-by, folks. I'll see you again, maybe, when you come up for your divorce."

He paid his compliments to the cuspidor again and bustled away.

Marcia reconciled herself to the accomplished fact only after Brian had promised her that it should be done over again at the end of her tour by a clergyman and with all the traditional ceremonies. Until then they should stay as they were, she insisted, for though their present union might be legal it certainly wasn't decent.

And furthermore she made him take a vow to stop smoking.

"It's too bad to begin by being exacting," she explained, "but I don't want to be reminded every time you kiss me that a judge who chewed tobacco was the cause of my fall."


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Secretary of Agriculture Meredith says:

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*Secretary of Agriculture Meredith in a speech before the Chicago Association of Commerce*

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We furnished meat in quantities dependent only upon the amount of live stock produced.

We encouraged greater production by helping to find a market for animals brought to market. We carried meats in a steady stream to consuming centers — cities of millions and hamlets of hundreds.

This was done at an average profit from all sources of only one-fourth of a cent per pound of product.

Of every dollar received by Swift & Company for meat, cured hides, and other by-products, an average of 85.4 cents was paid out for live stock; 13 cents for expenses of operation and distribution; and 1.6 cents was left for profit, out of which more than 30,000 shareholders had to be paid a return for the use of their capital.

What did this? Ability, experience, equipment, resources and an underlying purpose throughout Swift & Company to prove its usefulness at all times.

## Swift & Company, U. S. A.

*Founded 1868*

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 30,000 shareholders

# Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-ko

# GINGER ALE

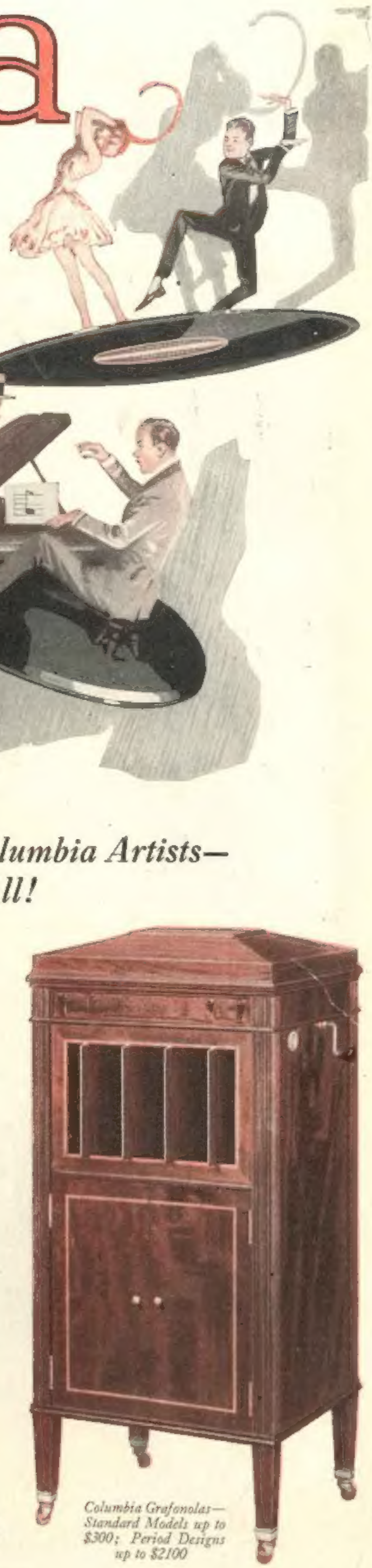
HERE'S a delightful, safe drink for children overheated by play—Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. Its bubbling, sparkling coldness makes an irresistible appeal to hot little throats. And the mildly stimulating warmth of its pure ginger content safeguards against too sudden chill.

Made of real Jamaica ginger, pure juices of lemons and limes, clean cane sugar, and clear, sweet spring water—carbonated. Serve plain or with any kind of fruit juices, as fancy dictates.

Buy Clicquot by the case from your grocer or druggist, and help the kiddies to it whenever they're hot and thirsty. Two large glassfuls in every bottle.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

# Columbia Records



Are Columbia's exclusive popular artists the real headliners?—*We'll say they are!*

Could Al Jolson sing the alphabet and make it a scream?—*We'll say he could!*

Does Nora Bayes make a musical skylark out of every song she sings? *We'll say she does!*

Are Van and Schenck the cleverest trick singers in vaudeville today?—*We'll say they are!*

Can Bert Williams get a laugh-a-line out of any song he talks?—*We'll say he can!*

Has Harry Fox got fox-trots in his voice?—*We'll say he has!*

Does the Columbia Grafonola play these artists' records just the way they want them played?—*They say it does!*

***Get the New Columbia NOVELTY Record Booklet.***
***Every Columbia dealer has it.***

***Exclusive Columbia Artists—***
***Headliners All!***





Columbia Graphophone Company New York

Canadian Factory: Toronto

*Columbia Grafonolas—Standard Models up to $300; Period Designs up to $2100*